UNDER ENGLAND'S FLAG

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UNDER ENGLAND'S FLAG

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A PRISONER OF FRANCE, the Memoirs, Diary, and Correspondence of CHARLES BOOTHBY, Captain Royal Engineers, during his last Campaign. Square Crown 8vo. Cloth. Price 6s. Containing Frontispiece Portrait of the Author, and several Pen-and-Ink Sketches.

"We cordially recommend this charming bit of autobiography."—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Should be in the hands of all young soldiers, for it is a manual of soldierly kindness and fine humanity."—*Vanity Fair.*

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Captain Charles Boothby, R.E.
Born 1786. Died 1846.

UNDER ENGLAND'S FLAG

From 1804 to 1809

THE MEMOIRS, DIARY, AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF CHARLES BOOTHBY, CAPTAIN OF
ROYAL ENGINEERS, COMPILED BY
THE LAST SURVIVORS
OF HIS FAMILY,
M. S. B.
&
C. E. B.

SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS
WITH VARIOUS PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES FROM
THE AUTHOR'S DIARY

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1900

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· UBIQUE ·

QUO · FAS · ET · GLORIA · DUCUNT

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INTRODUCTION

WHY should I now write my life, or retrace the more adventurous part of it? I have no material to afford instruction or impart knowledge even to the humblest class of readers.

I have been an unobservant and an unintelligent traveller. The exclusive occupation of an arduous profession may indeed excuse this, but cannot obviate its sterilising consequences.

I have no new events, no unknown regions, no wonderful discoveries to unfold. Reader, there are a great many good reasons for not troubling thee with a book, and thou mayest well inquire why I have not attended to them.

The fact is, they have had considerable weight with me, and for these fourteen or fifteen years have served to keep my manuscripts quiet in my desk, and they would have kept them there for ever if, by reflection and consideration of the

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times, I had not conceived a hope that their publication might be useful to my countrymen.

Another motive I have, which I mention last, because it is the most serious, and this is, that I have found much of the writing and style of contemporaneous authors calculated to undervalue religion, to undermine it by sneers and insinuations, and to look down upon it with compassionate airs of superior illumination.

Hundreds who are startled, interested, and attracted by the audacity of assaults upon religion neither know nor care what has been the deliberate conclusion of Newton, of Locke, of Milton, or of Pope. Therefore, let the man who has through life felt religion to be as a guard and shield spread before him, becoming a more ample and secure protection as the exigency became more pressing and severe, let him oppose his sober experience to that of the scoffer, whose works and words give out that he has found some secret of happiness in throwing religion aside as a troublesome, childish, and unfashionable restraint.

Most indolently, most imperfectly have I served my God, but I have never in any part of life forgotten Him, never have ceased to love and fear Him.

The return He has made to me it is that I think worthy of remark.

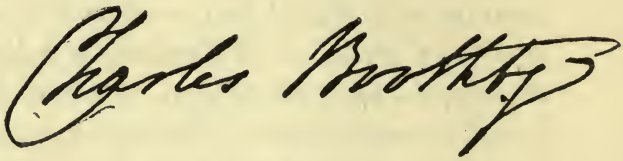
In the depression before Him of conscious unworthiness, He has enabled me, in spite of my transgressions, to carry my heart serenely and lightly in my breast.

Whether my soul has conceived her danger from the wars of earth or the storms of ocean, the conflict of armies or of elements, if I have had courage, if I have had comfort, if I have had the tranquillity and firmness of a man, I know of no source from which I can have derived them, excepting only the kindness of God speaking to my soul through the promises of religion.

In sickness and in suffering, the friend and the nurse remove every object of external disquiet, and the faults of the strong are forgotten in the sufferings of the sick. But what friend, or what nurse is, or has ever been to me, so kind as the Spirit of God.

Silently then, (removing the far more disquieting subject of internal uneasiness), the mountain of recollected offences, and the anxious cloud of apprehended evils, are melted away before the steadfast beam of Christian hope, like snow before the sun of summer. Does it need, then, much

learning or much study to contradict the sneer of the mocker or emancipate the spirit of his victim? I think not, and hope that in the book now offered to the public something like good fruit may be found. The seed indeed is small, but may God give the increase.



SUTTERTON, LINCOLNSHIRE,
1824.

NOTE

Captain Boothby's design of publishing his journals was never carried out in his lifetime, and now, six-and-seventy years after he wrote the above introduction, they are brought out for the first time in book form. Incorporated with them are his letters to the various members of his family, which, having been written without any thought of reproduction, are perhaps even more vivid and natural than the journal itself. These carry on the narrative, and bridge over what might otherwise have been gaps in its continuity.

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UNDER ENGLAND'S FLAG

THAT branch of the military profession to which I was destined (the Royal Engineers) requires an early dedication to its peculiar studies. We are put under military discipline while we are yet boys, and are in many respects good soldiers before we come to be men. Hence a consequence is derived to this service which I think is favourably felt by its members in after life; and this is, that their companions in arms and in the labours and dangers of war are, for the most part, those with whom they have shared the yoke of education, and the more than redeeming pleasures of youthful fellowship. Much doubt, therefore, in the selection of friends, and much of the disappointment and injury which so often accrue from a bad choice, are hereby spared, since at a period when Nature seldom permits any sustained disguise, each young mind has furnished itself with friends, chosen, as it were, in the castle of truth. Here it has obtained

the knowledge of which to seek and which to shun. Thus, when at the age of seventeen or eighteen I assumed the sword of a British officer, the branch of service into which I entered contained numbers of my chosen friends, whose hearts I knew to the bottom, and who knew mine. A character on both sides was already established which we would have died rather than sully, and certainly the advantages of this emulous friendship did not terminate with the individual, but extended to the service in which they were employed. Of all my early friends, I never knew one who was not eager and importunate to be placed in the front of danger and of enterprise, or who thought even for a moment of sparing any extent of labour, peril, loss of liberty, or life itself in the service of his country; and most of these, in the flower of youth and dawn of military glory, have fallen in battle.

After about a year spent on a home station, in compliance with my earnest request, I was nominated, early in 1805, to proceed with a foreign expedition, going, no one knew whither, under the command of Sir James Craig.

This order plunged me immediately into a new state of existence, wherein every sort of agitation, activity, and conflicting emotion succeeded to the monotony of routine duty. I exulted that I was so early to taste of foreign service, and the note

of preparation and outfit was well suited to the stirring propensity of youth ; but in the midst of all my satisfaction and ardent hope there did lurk a fear and a dread at the bottom of my heart of something I had first to encounter.

My father and mother had accustomed the hearts of their children to such unbounded tenderness and love as is sure to draw a proportionate return ; and in spite of the commonness of such separation, I knew better than any one else could that the thoughts of my departure would make that home unhappy whose happiness and peace I prized above all other things.

I knew that my incomparable father, whatever he might feel, had no wish to make a home soldier of his son. I knew he would both mourn and approve my departure. But it was a thing which lay in my way and hung at my heart, and my first object on arriving in London was to seek my new commanding officer, and gain his consent to my making a hurried journey to take leave of my friends.

The name of my new chief I had long known, for his fine person and dark flashing eye had been pointed out to me when a boy as belonging to the finest officer in the service, and his manner and conversation were all that a raw boy could hope to find in a young man, of kindness, genius, and experience. My heart beat with the thoughts of serving under such a master, of being trained to

actual service under his eye, and (youthful vanity perhaps added) of being made by him as fine and clever a fellow as himself.

He entered at once into the feelings which made me so desirous to make a journey home, and the moment he could ascertain that the time would serve, "Be off then, Boothby," he said, "but make all the haste you can back; and if I have left London, lose not a moment in getting to Portsmouth."

Away I went. The parting scene was more trying even than I anticipated, but "Time and the hour run through the roughest day," and I was soon on my way back to London. I had seen my father's venerable form and manly features shaken with childish weeping as he held me to his breast, and though long the pang of that sight dwelt in my mind—for I have ever since cherished that sacred picture as one of the holiest my memory can retain — I never shall forget the relief and lightness I felt from having got through this sad passage of tears and lamentations. On arriving in London I feared that my Chief had left it, so I hastened to that second mother who had spent the short interval of my absence in collecting all the various articles desirable for an officer in the Mediterranean, to which we were supposed to be destined.

I found her in her drawing-room, where every

sofa, cabinet, chair, and table was covered with my clothes and linen, which hers and other kind hands were marking. The perpetual consciousness of doing kind and useful acts had made an angelic smile the inseparable companion of her face, and with that loved, that dearly-remembered smile did she now receive me.

To all the stores she had so laboured to procure for me she had added as her own present a complete writing-box and dressing-case combined—a luxury of peculiar value to me, which my own funds would have found it difficult to compass; but finding me uneasy lest I should be left behind or be thought tardy by my commander, "Go," she said, "you shan't wait for your baggage; we will have it all packed up, and I will send my butler with it to Portsmouth, that I may be sure of its reaching you."

Down to Portsmouth then I went on the outside of the Mail, in the highest health and the ardent spirits of youth—spirits that made, I suppose, even my body buoyant and elastic, for the Mail overturned in the night and threw me on the road without giving me so much as a scratch or a bruise. It was about twenty miles from London when we met a team of horses standing in a slant direction on the road, the night very foggy with misting rain, and the lamps not penetrating farther into the mist than the rumps of the wheelers.

The coachman, to avoid the waggon, turned suddenly out of the way and ran up the bank. Finding the coach swaggering, I got up, with my face to the horses, hardly daring to suppose it possible that the Mail could overturn, when the unwieldy monster was on one wheel, and then down it came with a terminal bang. During my descent I had just time to hope that I might escape with the fracture of one or two legs, and then found myself on my two shoulders, very much pleased with the novelty and ease of the journey. I got me up, and spied the monster with his two free wheels whirling with great velocity, but quite compact and still in the body, and as soon as I had shaken my feathers and opened my senses I began to think of the one female and three males in the inside, whom I supposed to be either dead or asleep. I ran to open the door, when the guard, having thought of the same thing, did it for me, and we then took out the folks one by one, like pickled ghirkins, or anything else preserved in a jar, by putting our hands to the bottom. We found that the inmates were only stupefied, though all had bruises of some kind, and one little gentleman complained that he was nipped in the loins by the mighty pressure of his neighbour, who had sat upon him some time after the door was opened, to recollect himself or to give thanks for his escape.

THE START.

"Down to Portsmouth then I went on the outside of the Mail."

The lady told me "she was terribly hurt indeed," and so, when we got to the supper place, I gave her a kipperkin of boiled port wine with much spice. She agreed it was very nice, and looked more cheery, but the rest of the inside passengers seemed to think that it would not look well to eat after being overturned.

Not one on the outside was hurt in the least degree, and I, being on the top of the coach, had the farthest fly.

I had not been without my fears that on arriving at Portsmouth I should have to hasten on board, and perhaps sail without my baggage; but the wind had changed, all the troops were not yet embarked, and nobody seemed to be thinking of anything but gaiety and amusement, or the not unpleasant business of laying in comforts for the voyage.

Sir James Craig and Lefebure were lodging together, and kindly took me in till I could provide myself better. With Lefebure I had early acquaintance, and since entering the Army we had been employed in neighbouring stations, and I knew that under Sir James Craig's command he had come to be reckoned perhaps the best officer of his early standing. He, I found, was to be of our company, as well as Hoste and Lewis, two more of my earlier friends.

Our second in command was Sir John Stuart,

whom I saw for the first time. The best and bravest could not have chosen fitter company than every one of these. Sir James Craig and Sir John Stuart were of great experience and superior rank. Sir John Stuart had served long at Gibraltar; Sir James Craig everywhere. The rest might be called equals, for in youth, inexperience, and rank they were about equal, but of the whole party I was the junior officer.

Two excellent vessels, a ship and a brig, were appointed for our accommodation, and some of us were allotted to the ship and some to the brig.

Each party now addressed itself to the important task of laying in a comfortable sea stock, and the two ships agreed, as opportunity should occur, that they would interchange fresh meat on the voyage.

For our part we provided several sheep and pigs, a milch goat, and a great many ducks and fowls, with hay and grain for their provender, a prodigious quantity of eggs and potatoes, butter, cheese, and lard, of pickles, sauces, spices, portable soup, white and brown maccaroni, vermicelli, and celery seed, with a variety of other stores, but particularly a great stock of bottled porter, a barrel of ale, and a pretty allowance of wine and spirits.

The procuring and embarking of all these various things, animate and inanimate, fell in equal

portions to Lewis and myself. It was no light task, but neither was it bad fun. Lewis was a pleasant, lively, and most efficient colleague; many a voyage did we make to Spithead; many an hour did we spend on board to see proper accommodation prepared for our live stock, and to place our stores out of the reach of damage or of breakage.

The general obligation of such provisioning makes the streets of Portsmouth like a rabbit-warren, the scarlet purchasers popping in and out of the shop doors incessantly in long succession.

Between two and three weeks passed over not unpleasantly, for letters and various accidents had extended my acquaintance amongst the staff of the army, and tended to wear off any feeling of strangeness.

The general impression was that Malta was our destination in the first instance, as indeed it was known that we were charged with despatches for that island.

On the 18th of April 1805 we set sail — a numerous fleet of transports under the convoy of the *Queen*, a three-decker, having the Commander of the Forces on board and his staff, and the *Dragon*, a seventy-four, carrying Sir John Stuart, the second in command, and his staff.

The army was supposed to be from 8000 to 10,000 strong, accompanied as well by four com-

panies of artillery, and a prodigal supply of all warlike stores.

PORTSMOUTH, *April* 17, 1805.

MY DEAREST FATHER—I can only say we are all going on board, and expect to sail to-morrow, certainly for the Mediterranean. Don't write any more to this place. I am perfectly happy and comfortable. God bless you, and my mother, and Louisa. — Ever yours, my dearest Dad, CHAS. BOOTHBY.

You must not expect to hear from me any more, but I will seize every opportunity.

FROM JOURNAL NOTES

Began to blow hard as we made the Scilly Isles, chops of Channel so rough, landsmen on beam ends. In Bay of Biscay, increased to squally gale. One entire day in cabin. Great confusion from violence of motion. Every day afterwards on deck.

April 26, 1805.—Delightful starlight night. Fleet in compact body with lights astern ; silence only broken by mellowed sea noises. So happy a time for the feast of thought, that I could not leave deck till after midnight.

April 27.—Voyage ten days old. Wrote to my father.

Off the Coast of Spain,
Between Cape Finisterre and Ortegal,
Sunday, April 27, 1805.
Calm air, bright sun, and a cheerful prospect of land.

With much satisfaction, my ever dearest Father, I sit in the boat astern and turn my pen to a usual and most comfortable employment.

I have been so *very ill* in that Stygian boiling Bay of Biscay, that I would willingly have given something to boot with my commission for a "Burgamy pear" or a "Brown Burer." Nature, I thought, could not stand it! I knew there was nothing in me to comply with those violent requisitions! It began to blow hard just as we made the Scilly Isles, and the winds and waves overcame me in the murky chops of the Channel. But I will not keep you or myself longer upon these disagreeable topics, and so will quit them.

I do not suppose that I shall be able to send you this until we arrive at Gibraltar, but I will add to it from time to time.

Oh, how I long to be roving over those Spanish mountains, and to be relieved from this constant see-saw.

The coast which we see is very romantic. We are about eighteen miles from it, and are under strict orders not to land at any port we may put into, without express permission. So I think it most likely that officers will not be allowed to go on shore at Gibraltar.

Tuesday, April 30.
Land thirty miles distant.

Since I last sat down we have made about 100 miles. On Sunday we were hailed by the *Prince*, the ship in which are our other three comrades—Captain Lefebure

(our commandant), Nicholas, and Hoste. They told us on board the *Prince* that the Toulon fleet was out, and being too strong for Sir John Orde, he had put in to Gibraltar, and that they expected we should put in to Lisbon—a slender protection ! !

We were more than half inclined to credit this, as we believe that Sir John Orde has not more than five sail, and the French might be reinforced from Ferrol.

Our convoy is, we think, very inadequate, because the loss of this little army would be a sad damper to England, particularly from the nature and quantity of stores, and the six Royal Engineers attached to it ! ! !—only the "*Queen*," the "*Dragon*," and a "*Bomb*."

A breeze springing up last night had been preceded by the appearance of a shoal of porpoises, which took a westerly direction, and whose novel gambols and beastly black appearances amused us much.

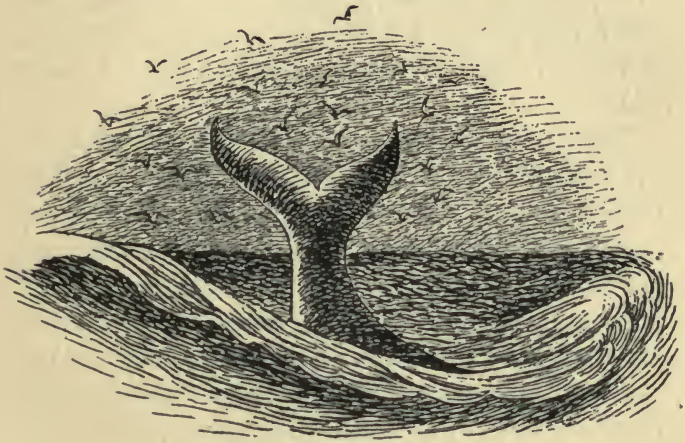
The *Queen* made signal to bring up and lay to, which we did all the night. We supposed that she was waiting for the *Dragon*, who had left us at mid-day to reconnoitre, and we began to consider how we should like a French prison.

This morning the *Dragon* returned, and we suppose all clear, as we are now on our voyage with a smart breeze.

We see the coast of Portugal very plain, and can distinguish with the naked eye the buildings immediately on the beach, and with a glass we discover further into the country, which appears beautiful.

We have met shoals of Portuguese fishing boats, and to-day we have been much amused with the sight of a sea-monster of immense size. He frequently gave us very good views of his grand tail, and he was attended by

a foreign suite, inhabitants of the surmounting element. His tail was forked, and on one side he displayed a jetty brightness, and on the other a dazzling white. He gave us glimpses of other parts of his body, which increased our respect for him. He was, I should think, two miles distant, and yet we saw him perfectly distinct.



Off Lisbon Rock, *May* 5, 1805.

We have had blowing weather from the south, but I stood it seaman-like this time. The weather now quite calm. The Ordnance agent is on board. He confirms late reports of the Toulon fleet of twenty-one sail being out, and that Lord Nelson is after them, but not, as we thought, off Cadiz, in which case we expected to put into Lisbon. What they may do I fear! Lord Nelson has but ten. Is he to strive with impossibilities and get the better of them?

The Admiral sending despatches to England, I seize the opportunity.

God for ever with his blessings surround us in one happy circle. . . . Adieu. We soon shall meet again.

CHARLES BOOTHBY.

May 7.—Put in to the port of Lisbon.

The orders issued to the troops are to be ready to land at a moment's notice with artillery and every preparation of war in case of emergency, but no one allowed to go on shore on any account whatever.

Hence we conceive that some attempt from the French fleet (said to be at Cadiz) is thought possible; and should it approach the Tagus, the Commander-in-Chief had determined to land his forces and seize the batteries commanding the river, and this, we conceived, would be excellent fun. Meantime, however the orange groves might tempt us with their fragrance and their verdure, no one was allowed to land. The Portuguese boats, though, brought us off plenty of oranges still attached to their green branches, which tickled the imagination to heighten their zest, and to quench our salt-sea thirst after fruit and freshness.

The *Orpheus* frigate (it is said) sends intelligence into the Tagus that Lord Nelson blockades Cadiz with such a force as the combined fleet dare not encounter. Whatever the intelligence was, however, it produced orders to sail.

We hear that General Junot blustered a good

deal at a British armament entering the Tagus, and declared that the first man that set foot on shore should be the signal for his departure. He was spared the trouble, however, for this afternoon we set sail, having received orders to be on the alert to repel any attack from gunboats as we approached the gut of Gibraltar. Good amusement in drilling all hands on board to the service of the great guns and small arms.

May 12.—A beautiful breeze brought us off Cadiz, where we passed through great Nelson's fleet, lying to, and, as we imagined, blockading the combined fleet, who had by this time got to the West Indies. We were now at the point where precaution was necessary.

As junior I took the first watch. A most beautiful moonlight night showed to admiration the coast of Barbary, terminated by Ape's Hill, and on the other hand the not less sublime outline of the Spanish land.

The moon with her immeasurable column on the waters, silvering the prominent points in the dark grandeur of these newly seen and far-famed shores, while the fleets in quiet approached it with swift wings, and the keel-ploughed deep seemed kindling with diamonds and with fire—a sight never, never to be forgotten! Nor do I know the price that (after experience of its sublimity) could have bought this watch from me.

I felt sure that if any attempt were made on us, we should distinguish ourselves, but the blessed wind was too fair and strong, and the whole fleet glided along in silent and unspeakable triumph, the elements that had opposed now inviting to accelerate our speed, the sparkling waves pursuing but to push us forward, and the winds never drawing breath from our full canvas, transparent with the peerless moon. Lewis took the second watch, and in four hours I was again to relieve him, but before they had elapsed he came into the cabin and told me I need not disturb myself, as we were close under the Rock. But we had scarcely composed ourselves before a desperate cannonading began. Up we both jumped, and being nearly dressed, ran on deck cursing the gunboats. But it was only the Spanish batteries saluting the dawn of the birthday of the Prince of Peace! ! !

However, the wonderful and beautiful Rock would not let us leave the deck until broad daylight had unfolded all its features. To be so first seen, uprising like the very wall of heaven, and tracing its giant outline upon the dark blue of night, while mortals in their little ships are bounding upon the liquid diamond that bathes its foot, was fortunate, for of all the shows and sights I have ever seen, none so transfixed me with delight and splendid novelty as this glorious

Pinnacle of Rock. Close to it we seemed, its peopled and fortified steep rising above us high up into heaven, light above light moving upon the rich darkness of his umbered face, so that to see where his long uneven ridge ended in the sky, the spectator's head must hang back between the shoulder-blades. After a short sleep, curiosity called us early on deck, and it is impossible to conceive a scene more busy, beautiful, and variously attractive to an inexperienced eye than the Bay of Gibraltar at this time presented. In the first place, even to the most sedate mind, there is a sort of magnificent personality in the form and situation of the Rock fortress itself, difficult indeed to describe, but impossible not irresistibly to feel. There he rears himself proudly out of the blue water into the blue sky, while all around within the sweep of his thunder lies in uniform subjection. Vast mountains and bold shores shut in the horizon, but they approach not him; in the heart of a great kingdom, in the midst of enemies, within his own circuit he is unapproachably supreme. The moment friendly ships come within his shadow, the foe ceases to pursue, and retires in acknowledgment of his power.

On the other side of the Bay, the Spanish port and depot of Algeciras, about seven miles distant, furnishes, in time of war, objects of continual interest. Swarms of gunboats are assembled there,

as well as in the African fortress of Ceuta, fifteen miles distant (other side of Gut), and in unfavourable winds infest, damage, and sometimes carry off the merchant vessels as their prey in the very sight of the impregnable fortress, whose garrison, from their parades and quarters, can quietly behold every vicissitude of their running contests, exhibited on a scene beautiful beyond all description. The two fortresses, as daylight ceases and again returns, hear each other's warning gun, and know that either keeps its watch, while vessels constantly approaching from east and west bring produce and intelligence from every part of the world, and every ship that arrives or passes through the Straits is subject to the inspection of every individual. No need to look into the arrivals—all passes under review, and each inhabitant has a place on that high theatre from which to contemplate the spectacle at his own pleasure.

Thus when our friends informed us when the combined fleet had gone up or down, and how long after Lord Nelson had followed (viz. a month), they told us not what they had heard, but what each officer had seen for himself, and had counted as the number of each fleet.

In good time some very old and early friends come off to invite us to the shore, and, to our inexpressible joy, leave is given us to land. We

GIBRALTAR—NORTH VIEW

A sketch from Drinkwater's "Gibraltar" (1785).

are not, however, to sleep on shore, and receive the most exact caution to be ready at a moment's notice, as the greatest expedition will be made to proceed. My excellent little friend Archer, with whom I had been educated, was one of those who came alongside our ship to welcome his old friend and playfellow and to do the honours of Gibraltar.

It was now we were made acquainted with every point and chronicle of the Rock—where formerly endangered, where subsequently strengthened, whence terribly remembered by the enemy. These were subjects involved in a labyrinth which the practised eye of our Commandant could unravel at a glance, and in two days he knew more thoroughly the strength and power of this fortress than many a brave officer resident upon it for half his life.

Some fear subsists that we shall be detained some time at Gibraltar. We are still obliged to sleep on board, and to use precautions in case of attack from the gunboats. If the expedition is broken up, some of us may be ordered to remain. Should I like it or no ?

It is a great local confinement, and often entails spare sea diet, but there are garrison amusements, balls, private theatricals, and the most delectable library I ever saw for a not learned man ; the apartment splendid, the prospect beautiful, the arrangement admirable, the decorous stillness of those who enter most auspicious, and the terms very easy

and encouraging—a trifling half-yearly contribution and entrance of three days' pay conferring a perpetual share. Bathing in extreme luxury. Also the corps to which I belong have a most gentlemanlike and well-regulated mess, and handsome quarters most enviably situated. So that however disappointed I should be in ulterior views, I determined to think I might be worse pleased than by being ordered to remain here. Yet I learn from friends at headquarters that Sir James Craig by no means expects that his army will be dispersed or its ulterior object changed.

June 15.—*In statu quo*, thoroughly tired of the place by this time, and most anxious for despatches to send us on our way.

From this day till June 17th an alarm of preparations amongst the gunboats of Algeciras obliges us to remain on board, and this day it seems we are about to sail. Exceedingly rejoiced at those symptoms of departure, and hoping that the fine western breeze is to take us swiftly up the Mediterranean. No such thing. We beat about, now the African and now the European coast, in delicious weather, and the going quite close in to these bold shores, so as to contemplate their picturesque beauty, takes off much of the tedium of shipboard. The African side in point of beauty is not comparable to the Spanish—few tracts of coast, indeed, could rival, none exceed it, or the

happy, brilliant accidents of night or day, of dawn or sunset, in which we were perpetually viewing it. The object of this cruise was to elude a meditated attack from Algeciras, as so large and spread-out a fleet of ships (not of war) were particularly liable to surprise, damage, and disablement where the enemy is always so near, the night so dark and starlight clear, and weather so serene for sudden operations.

June 25.—The fleet now commences its voyage, and we observe the *Lively Frigate*, having Sir James Craig on board, make all sail, and soon she vanishes from our view.

The voyage is only memorable to me from the unspeakable splendour of the sun's setting and rising, which I chanced often to contemplate transfixed with wonder.

Towards the end of three weeks a good breeze, which had brought us off the island of Gozo, fell from us, and left us nearly becalmed about twenty miles from the harbour of Valetta, giving us full leisure to view the nature of the coast and the face of the country.

Great was our curiosity to see the mode of living on that brown island,[1] of which fame had spoken so much.

When in England we get into a chaise to be driven to some place of note not seen before, we

[1] Malta.

all know there is a sort of interest and stretching of necks as we come near to form some notion of what it will be like. But how much greater the interest when we get into a ship, spread our sails to the wind and our keel to the dark blue water, and set forth to visit some far-famed island long heard and read of as a far-distant thing, and now find ourselves skirting along swiftly by the very shore that girdles in its cities and its wonders; and the more barren, rocky, unadorned, and forbidding the first range of the shore we approached, the more we thirsted to see the high bastion of the capital frowning over the bright blue deep.

July 18.—A light air rose with the morning and wafted us into the harbour of Valetta. Here, as at Gibraltar, some of our comrades come off to welcome us, and though unknown at present, the strong bond of belonging to the same service, wearing the same coat, and hatched, as one might say, in the same military shell, induces them to hold out to us the ready hand of brotherhood and friendship.

Impatient as we were to get on shore and satisfy our curiosity, we had for the present enough to do in remarking the grandeur of the buildings, the spaciousness, security, and many branches of the harbour, and, above all, the stupendous character of the fortifications.

Valetta altogether appeared to me the most

magnificent city I had ever beheld. Everything contributed to imbue the scene with traits fit for some splendid picture of growing Carthage; nothing mean or sullied, nothing to stain the clear clean hue of every colour; the sea, the sky, the transparent air, the chiselled stone, the native rock —all seemed as stainless, bright, and *soignée* as a Venetian painting, while the masses of shipping of every description, whose decks displayed a masquerade of divers costumes, brought the image of all nations before us, the gondolas and open boats, with gentlemen dressed as if for Court, with powdered heads uncovered, under umbrellas of every colour, and wearing silk coats, looking so enviably cool as they touched from ship to ship. All was so curious, so undeniably *abroad*, that we loved to realise all the anticipations of imagination, and might, I doubt not, have been amused during a much longer confinement than it was our lot to encounter.

July 19.—One day was all the trial our patience underwent, as on the 19th we were permitted to land and regale ourselves, like children, with touching and turning over the forms we had been viewing at a distance. From the point at which we landed, to which the fine streets of the city themselves descend, the ascent to the heart of the city is gained by stairs of vast width and breadth, but each giving a small and imperceptible rise.

The whole street, indeed, is a grand *escalier*, of which the continuous houses of rich merchandise on either hand form the banisters. These stairs appear to be carved out of the native rock, and look as if a carriage and horses might safely descend, though I do not remember that they do.

We were now on shore, mixed up in the quarters of our brother officers, previously established here, and began a very pleasant kind of life, in despite of nightly mosquitoes and daily heat intense, reflected and reproduced from the glaring rock on which it everywhere smote; and this memorandum of the heat remains fixed in my memory — the noble streets of Valetta are extremely regular, and run in broad parallels at right angles with each other—when the sun, therefore, begins to decline, the streets which lie north and south are divided by broad lines of shade and sunshine—down the broad shade then the different parties walk and talk and lounge, with sauntering pace and head uncovered; but when one of the broad crossings must be passed, exposed to the sun's fierce ray, you see every man put on his hat and dart swiftly across the bright space, as if escaping through a fire. Various commanders and married officers helped to furnish our society. Our new-found brethren put all their resources at our command, and mounting us on the beautiful barb or Arabian horses, or the scarce less beautiful

ass of Malta, "showed us all the qualities o' the isle."

Stationed at Gozo was Edward Ker, one of my boyish friends, and one of our excursions was to visit him. We were delighted to meet, and though baked and broiled by sea and land in exploring curiosities, whatever we saw seemed to compensate our labour.

What pleased me most was a large steep rock, called the Fungus Rock, because it produces a fungus famous for its styptic power, and which the Grand Master (of the Knights of St. John) formerly distributed to the potentates of Europe. Though not for the fungus did I admire the rock, but for its stupendous eminence over a blue deep bay that lies still and unfathomable below. You pass from one rock to another at a terrific height in a basket sliding on a rope; and as I hung in the air and eyed the sapphire mirror below, I conceived an eager thirst to plunge into the cooling water; my companions consented to wait until I had descended and gratified my desire. When sporting about in this delicious bath, a good swimmer cannot conceive how people can sink in that salt sea, for the water seems so solid and buoyant it requires a great effort to keep below.

These rocks form almost such a cave as Virgil describes with such a thrilling stillness of words:—

Est in secessu longo locus : insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum ; quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos ;
Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes, geminique minantur
In caelum scopuli : quorum sub vertice late
Aequora tuta silent.—*Aen.* i. 163.

It was like the place—nay, perhaps it was the place—whose inviolable stillness and stupendous barriers Virgil so divinely describes ; and whenever those still words, "Aequora tuta silent" recur to my memory, so does this scene.

This is "secessu longo locus."

A fleet from England declared to be in the offing was a subject of great interest at Malta. We used to repair immediately to the leads of the Palace, whose great height, carrying the sight clear over every obstruction of tower, church, and fortress, displayed the wide ocean to our view, covered with the expected ships, their swelling sails as white as wool, and the sea and sky more blue and bright than all comparisons.

Pleasant and full of expectation it was to watch them successively steering into the narrow port ; some stately and huge, plumed with the pennant of command, displayed the broad and checkered sides of battle ; others more humble, but innumerable ; all in gallant trim and guided seamanlike.

Then eager for the mail! the image of home imprisons the truant soul, and brings it back to its

first tenderness; the sight of the well-known but long-suspended hand, the endearing accents which distance has made so infrequent; that day, at least, is sacred to home; and if the tidings have been cheering, though the eye may glisten and the cheek of the young soldier may flush with unwonted tenderness, yet is his heart neither solitary nor sad; his friends partake of some reflection of the kindness that his soul is inwardly pouring out to his parents and his brothers.

It is time to close the chapter on Malta, but before leaving I wrote home to my mother.

La Valetta, Malta, *August* 15, 1805.

Dearest Dona Rafela—I believe this will be brought to England by an officer who has obtained leave. I do not know him. Nothing at all remarkable has happened since I wrote last. We made an excursion to the island of Gozo, which is much better-looking than that of Malta. There is more green and romanticity, but all prospect here is in the sublime, for you see grateful coincidence of rock, sea, and sky, which can stretch the mind to great capacity. But where, my dear mother, are the flowery meads, the green pastures, the murmuring streams that may soothe the mind into content with itself and charity to all around? Hot stone houses, hot brown ground—hot, hot, all hot.

"England, with all thy sullen skies, I love thee still, my country!" Dear, dear England, dearest Edwinstowe! What is objected to it? The cold? Why the cold produces that very thing which gives to England the greatest superiority over other countries—a fireside!

> Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
> And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
> Upsends a steaming column, etc., etc.

Wretched people under a burning sun, what do you know of this? or of

> The important budget ushered in,
> With such heart-shaking musick, etc. etc.

I often think of my dearest father sitting in his little summer-house by the river, and wish myself beside him.

We have no sight of futurity—Russia, Naples; beat the French; a wound, a medal, and arm in a sling.

My health is uniform, and so are my spirits; only sometimes I sigh for England, for Edwinstowe, and for you. God bless you, my dearest mother.—With great love, your most affectionate and dutiful son,

CHARLES BOOTHBY.

I cannot tell what the affairs of the continent tend to. We get no news, as the French detain the good, and the Neapolitans the bad. It was verging towards winter before Sir James Craig's expedition actually embarked. I had permission to dine and sleep ashore the day of embarkation. In the night I was seized with cholera—often in that country so fatal. No assistance and no remedy of any kind was to hand. It took its course, and in the morning I felt weak and languid, but, thanks to youth and great strength of constitution, I was well.

At daylight I went on board with a feeling of exhaustion, but no remains of disease.

In a few hours afterwards the fleet set sail, and the weather became almost immediately murky and unpropitious. We made our course round the western point of the island of Sicily without any precise knowledge of our destination. For three weeks in that Cerulean sea did we struggle with weather as moist and murky and with an atmosphere as thick as ever shrouded the chops of the British Channel. But at length the wind moderated and inclined abaft the beam, the sky and sea resumed their blue, and the classic shores of Italy beautified by degrees the farthest horizon. Soon, as evening fell, we were gliding between the fairy isles of Ischia and Capri with a smooth and steady course into the Bay of Naples.

How we watched, how we strained our eyes and wearied our arms with poising the telescope to pry into the beauteous recesses of those approaching shores! But now the night had fallen, and a dark and spangled curtain threw its veil over the beauties we were gazing at, and when we came to an anchor it was too profoundly dark for even the imagination to take hints from surrounding forms. So we went to bed and wished for day—for a day without clouds.

The next morning our dreams were realised.

Vesuvius stood close before us, solemnly breathing upwards his pillar of smoke.

Woods, with young plantations and viny hillocks, spread widely round him. To the right a fair town stood on the brink of the sea, while immediately behind it the steep mountains pushed their wooded peaks into the sky. Far to the left, and out of sight, or indistinctly discerned, lay Naples.

Soon a great number of Neapolitan boats came to the fleet to sell such things as they who have been cooped up at sea buy greedily—bread, fruit, game, and fish. Perhaps the parley thus obtained with these interesting foreigners, and the opportunity to take small flights in our grammar Italian, and to observe their dress, language, and grotesque extravagance of sound and gesticulation, were more acceptable to our curiosity than those dainties to our animal appetites.

We saw distinctly some parts of the great road to Naples, and it was quite a natural pantomime to witness a conversation between parties on the shore, perhaps discussing the object of our appearance and the probability of our movements—far too distant to overhear any sound, or see any minor hints of countenance or gesture. English folks, so seen at a distance, might have hardly been distinguished from statues or from trees. But the Italian's body is a telegraph to the distant observer while his tongue and countenance are

reasoning with his neighbour; now the orator, approaching his friend closely, with face and hands concentering towards his breast, seizes his collar or buttons, and shakes his arguments into his ears and mind with a gentle tremulation, as one coaxes gooseberries into a bottle, and again, all of a sudden, retrogrades from him, with head and hands and arms thrown back to mark the irreconcilable extremity of his contradiction.

The day following, one of my brother officers repaired to our chief's ship, and they went on shore together.

On his return in the evening he excited our utmost envy, wonder, and curiosity by giving us an account of his adventures.

In exploring the country they had come to a vine-clad hill, whose farthest side ended in a precipitous bank scarped away by the hand of labour; and spread out below, proceeding out of the bowels of the hill on which they stood, they discovered an ancient Roman town in all its unruined dimensions of streets and squares, theatres and barracks, not gray with the hoar of antiquity, but with all its plastering and painting fresh from the hands of the workmen. The painted borders of the dwelling-rooms, the appropriate pictures of the ladies' bath, the soldiers' names engraven rudely on the walls of their barracks, the ruts

worn by the Roman wheels, were all fresh despatched to us from former ages.

Of this inestimable present Pliny had described the packing up, by an eruption of Vesuvius, to which he was witness. It was only now half unpacked, and we might yet be at the unpacking of the remainder.

I was ready to jump out of the ship to see with my own eyes these incredible wonders, and when I could go, when I stood in these streets and called, without knocking, upon one ancient Roman after another (though it seemed hardly delicate to explore unbidden the private chambers, whose painting and fresh preservation seemed to infer an occupancy so recent) anticipation was beggared by the trance which that reality imposed.

They show one such things in the Museum of Portici, that the idea of imposture steals involuntarily upon the mind, but yet imposture is out of the question. The king is the showman, and asks nothing for his pains, nor is there any temptation to fabricate the commonest articles of every-day use into the semblance of antiquity in the midst of such a crowd of self-evident realities. Else, when I was shown an egg with a part of the yolk oozing from the crack, looking exactly as if boiled and cracked yesterday, a loaf of bread burnt to a cinder, and a quantity of grain in the same condition, and was told that these things had been

baked by the hot ashes of Vesuvius and buried under them for 1700 years, my belief, I must confess, was a little shy. Yet I know not that it is more wonderful with respect to an egg, a loaf, and a heap of corn than with respect to the innumerable rolls of burnt manuscript which we found Mr. Hayter so busy in unrolling with infinite patience and ingenuity, the characters upon the charred papyrus being still perfectly legible.

With respect to other things, vast quantities of tools and kitchen utensils of every description, fit enough for modern use, also very well wrought golden ornaments and elegant glass vessels of all shapes—in these the interest was equally great, and the belief more easy.

To me Herculaneum, the Museum of Portici, and above all Pompeii, were objects of renewed visitation and inexhaustible interest ; but far beyond all these artificial curiosities my mind was absorbed by that unutterable wonder of Nature whose irresistible devastations covered and formed the country all around. Indeed the recent destructive torrent yet bore upon its surface the shells of houses and habitations whose inhabitants had been expelled or destroyed.

It seems strange that after all the ruin which this terrible mountain has wrought with subterraneous thunder and ejected fire, the monuments of which endure through ages to tell the people

what he has done, yet that all should be insufficient to frighten them away from his foot, while with smoke and fire and inward groans he threatens them daily with still further destruction. Nevertheless they hew the black vomit of his entrails into building stones, and over the spot where the house and its master were buried in a grave of fire do they build another dwelling for another inhabitant.

A curiosity, partaking of religious awe, led me to its summit. I had expected a peep into the mouth of the Inferno, a visible shaft, plumb down into the fiery bowels of the earth, but no mysterious, unfathomable gulf or chimney of the infernal foundry was to be seen. Cracks, indeed, red and white with fire, burnt a good pair of Hoby's boots off my feet, as they crossed the region of the crater in every direction, and with their sulphurous vapour nearly stifled us all.

November 20.—At this time there was in the environs of Naples a corps of Russians, understood to be 18,000 strong, but what the allies might have hoped to achieve by uniting an Anglo-Russian force of 25,000 or 30,000 men with the native Neapolitan forces, which altogether might pass perhaps in round numbers for an army of 50,000 or 60,000, it is no part of my present object to retrace. The rapid progress of French victory on the Continent would naturally make the hopes

under which the expedition left England perfectly inapplicable to the present period. We had intended to assume grand operations in upper Italy in conjunction with the main armies of Austria and Russia. But now it seemed to be the general opinion that if the Anglo-Russian corps could enable the Neapolitan army to protect the frontier of its Sovereign's dimensions, more could not be expected.

On the 30th November (and let it be remembered that this was two days only before the overwhelming blow of the battle of Austerlitz) His Neapolitan Majesty reviewed the British forces on a plain between Castel-à-Mare and Naples. Many Russian officers were also on the ground. The King, the Hereditary Prince, and Prince Leopold (then about ten years old) arrived on horseback, the Queen in her carriage, bringing with her old Cardinal Ruffo, who, presently descending, showed us his red stockings. Old Ferdinand appeared in great glee, dressed in a white uniform, with a large cocked hat, and his hair tied in a thick queue. "Avançons, avançons, mon Général," he said to Sir John Stuart, who was leading him down the line. "Your troops are magnificent! your Army is as fine as your Navy! Body of Bacchus, what an imposing front!" cried the old monarch as he rode up to the Queen.

That elegant ruin, standing up in her carriage

and addressing Sir John Stuart, cried, "C'est superbe! magnifique! mon Général. Ce sont des soldats dignes des Anglais, dignes de nos dieux tutelaires."

She was now old and hazed, but her figure was erect and her mien princely and graceful. Her form had not yet lost all its original brightness, nor appeared less than a queen in ruins.

The line now broke into column, and passed the King and Queen in reviewing order. All on the ground, even the Russian officers, were loud in praise of the appearance of our troops, and certainly 3000 soldiers never formed a more complete and warlike line. I was much amused with the juvenile Prince Leopold, who, dressed like a little field-marshal, and mounted on a superb little charger, richly caparisoned, as often as the officers saluted his Royal parent, lifted the cocked hat from his flaxen head (displaying a queue thicker than his father's) with a grace the most measured and majestic. Before the Royal party left the ground the wintry sun approached the western wave and blazed upon the brass plates and steely muskets of the soldiers, which Coleridge, who dined with us afterwards, called "a beautiful accident," and clothed in poetic phrase.

We were a good deal struck with the Royal equipage. It was an old shabby carriage drawn by six miserable horses, tied together with ropes,

very ill representing, to our English eyes, the eight proud cream-coloured Hanoverians and the gilded trappings which attach them to the splendid vehicle of our own Sovereign.

December 10.—Early in December the restriction which kept us from visiting the capital was removed. Whether the motive had been to prevent our collision with our Russian confederates quartered in its environs, or whether French employees were still to be temporised with, I neither knew nor inquired. The army began its march to the frontier, and we who had duties still to perform in the neighbourhood of Naples freely satisfied our curiosity by frequent excursions to that interesting place.

Many paternal admonitions did we younger ones receive from the well-versed poet Coleridge to beware of the temptations of Naples, to beware the

> Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
> Quips and pranks and wanton wiles,

which would beckon us in every street, and chiefly to beware of the duchesses and princesses, for, said he, "The higher the rank the greater the danger." But I think a youth who has learned to pass unharmed through the streets of London may be trusted in any town in Europe, for all the world is honest to the honest.

One day I went to the Theatre of St. Carlos,

and while yet in the lobby my ears were imprisoned by a strain that seemed vocal indeed, but like no human voice which I had ever heard, too potent for woman, too clear and silvery for man.

On coming in sight of the stage the appearance of the divine songster corresponded to the perplexity of his voice — most fair and graceful to behold, but yet neither manly nor effeminate. This was that very Velluti, amongst the triumphs of whose unequalled talents it is not the least that they have prevailed upon the rugged Londoners to acknowledge the wondrous beauty of his celestial melody.

Before leaving Naples I saw there a great many of the things which ought to be seen, and can say truly that *I saw them*, and to be able to say this, is, I believe, the commonest reason for going to see them.

December 22.—We were now on the march to Sepia, whither the army had gone to assume a defensive position. I had procured a handsome and excellent horse at Naples, whose round and well-fed back exactly fitted my English caparisons, and which soon acquired the name of Napolitanno ; never man had a gentler or a better steed, and it redoubled the animation with which I looked to be immediately committed in actual service with the enemy to find myself mounted on so comely and spirited an animal.

Active service, however, for the present was not to be our lot, for before our duties near Naples permitted us to reach the army on march to the frontier, our commanding officer[1] rejoined us in haste, and set all hands at work to delineate the position of Castel-à-Mare, and to produce so exact a military plan of that bold promontory as would enable him to show fully to the Commander-in-Chief in what way it might be best occupied to cover the embarkation of the troops in presence of an enemy.

As one of the first objects of Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz was the extinction of the Bourbon Crown of Naples and the occupation of the kingdom, no doubt it was become necessary for a British commander, committed upon the soil of that kingdom, to secure a position behind him, under cover of which he might in any event command his embarkation.

Sir James Craig, however, subsequently resolved (and indeed the well-known state of the Continent left him no alternative) not to wait till his little army came in contact with the overwhelming legions of France, but to embark without delay.

The Royal family also resolved not to trust themselves too near to an irritated foe, but to transfer the Court of Ferdinand to Palermo.

The great and ready skill therefore with which

[1] Captain Lefebure, R.E.

the wild and noble features of Castel-à-Mare had been applied to the purposes of military defence, and the zealous and unwearied pains with which we had portrayed and mapped out the fastnesses of these rugged mountains, were of no avail beyond that of scientific practice, as the Anglo-Russian army, long before the proximity of the enemy could communicate any hurry to its operations, quietly embarked where it had landed, and sailed for Sicily.

December 30. — A great many horses which had been purchased for the field equipage of the army were left at Castel-à-Mare for want of means of transport, and for lack of some better arrangement they were successively turned loose into a large enclosure belonging to the dockyard. A scene took place among them very painful to witness, but yet highly picturesque. They were of both sexes, and consequently the most fierce and disastrous contests began amongst the males, whilst their iron heels armed them against each other with more than natural power, and soon these noble animals were disfigured by painful wounds, disabled limbs, and blood.

To have shot them as was done at Corunna would have been much more humane.

December 31.—It was evening at the very close of the year 1805 when we set sail, and night when we beheld the volcanic blaze of Stromboli flash

across the dark sea and disclose by fits the isles of Lipari.

Morning unveiled to us the features of those neighbouring shores, now narrowing more and more the gulf into which we were sailing, until they form that narrow and rapid sea that parts Calabria from the Trinacrian coast.

The view of Sicily apparent at this time, though not without beauty, is kept in complete subjection to the rich and lofty magnificence of the Italian shore, whose mountains, topped with cliff and clothed with wood and vine, come steep from sky to sea, with nought between but a border of golden sand, interrupted here and there by peaks and masses of rock for ever washed by the sapphire sea.

On one of these sandy bays, and quite at the foot of these rich and lofty mountains, lies the little town of Scylla and its boat-covered beach, then the main promontory flings a longer slope towards the sea, terminating the beach of Scylla and suddenly forming itself into the abrupt, naked, and primeval rock on which the castle of Scylla is erected.

This is the Scylla on which ships might run that would too anxiously avoid the whirlpool of Charybdis.

After passing the Faro of Messina, whereof Scylla forms one of the confines, the Sicilian shore

assumes a bolder and richer form, till at length the romantic seat of Messina itself rivals the grandeur of the opposite scenery, and grafts upon the beauties of Nature somewhat of the proud aspect of metropolitan magnificence. I say this while surveying Messina from the azure bosom of her river-like sea, for her real magnificence has passed away, and her streets of palaces stand in ruins to this hour. But for the painter's object no harm is done. The rich façades of elaborate architecture are standing entire, and their want of substance on the other side is concealed by the dense town behind, and the castle-crowned heights above, tier above tier of church or convent, each showing its firm footing upon the natural and luxuriant earth ; the whole background is finished and filled up by mountains richly clothed with the verdure of dwarf wood and perennial flowers, the heavenly atmosphere ever glistening above and over all things. Nothing on this earth, I should say, can exceed the outward beauty of Messina.

1806.—It must have been about the middle of January when we entered the harbour, an immense round basin, enclosed by a curved tongue of level land jutting out from the line of coast like the blade of a sickle, from which it is said the town derives its name ; the point of the sickle, terminating when at a short distance from the main shore,

leaves only a narrow entrance into the harbour, which is defended by a fort established on the sickle point.

From every wind and every sea this harbour is perfectly sheltered and secure, but as the narrowness of its entrance makes it sometimes operose for vessels to go in and out, the ships of war and those which expect to be soon for sea anchor in the road outside.

The transports were moored close to each other, the ships of war anchored in the roadstead. The troops were kept on board, but the officers after a time were allowed to go on shore and look about them.

A few days afterwards the troops were disembarked, and we were soon established in the Convent of St. Francisco di Paolo.

The legend which conveys the tradition of this convent's foundation is in various situations rudely represented on the walls, and consists of a man sailing across a narrow sea, with no other vessel, sail, or mast than such as his capôte and walking-staff

would furnish. This was St. Francisco di Paolo, who in that miraculous manner is said to have passed over from Scylla to the spot whereon this convent was erected. Our accommodations here were not splendid, but such as we could enjoy after the confinement of shipboard. The monks were civil and obliging though poor, and the abbot presented us with some rich Calabrian wine that might have passed for cherry brandy.

It was now immediately the business of our Commandant[1] to place the city of Messina in a respectable state of defence, for as it was certain that the other side of the Straits would soon be occupied by the legions of Napoleon, Messina, which was to be the grand depot and headquarters of the British army, must be placed beyond the apprehension of surprise.

The military position of Messina is by nature extremely defective, and though the existing defences were not in all points the most judicious that could have been devised, yet were they of sufficient importance to incline our Chief to adopt the principle of improving what already existed, rather than that of substituting new ones. These works at Messina, extending to forts occupying the heights adjacent to the town, and overlooking the eddies of Charybdis and the castle and rock of Scylla, tended to bring me again and again, and

[1] Captain Lefebure, R.E.

for hours and hours, in contact with the lovely environs of Messina, whose charms are more indelibly imprinted on my memory than those of any other place in the world. We soon moved from the convent into the town, where we occupied a good house opposite to the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief.

March.—This change of quarters gave me a commodious opportunity of seeing the reception of old King Ferdinand by his Messinese subjects. He had come from Palermo to Melazzo by sea, and from Melazzo (by advice of his Minister) had made his progress on horseback, so that he arrived at Messina miserably fatigued and covered with the dust and soil of travel. Yet the reception he met with from these loyal Sicilians was enough to revive him. In the mid-tide of the dense flood of bareheaded people, he and his horse were borne along down the principal street ; on one side was Sir James Craig bowing in his balcony, and under the windows the vast crowd concentered their faces towards the King, so that in front of him they moved backwards and behind him they moved forwards, facing him on either side. And never in all my life of twenty years did I behold so touching an exhibition of the passion of loyalty.

The good-natured and kindly-mannered but wearied and worn old man, in the midst of his thanks and nods and brief salutations, was begging

in some degree for quarter as they thronged about him, and while anxious to gratify their desire of touching him by extending his hands and suffering their pressure on his legs and knees, kept begging they would let him move on, that he might come to a place of rest.

Meantime they rent the air with their "Vivas," and ever as he passed, a new concourse of knees was seen to bend, and picturesque and eager heads were bowed around him, pressing devout and reverent kisses on his legs or hands, the skirts of his coat, or the housings of his charger.

Never shall I forget the scene. In vain they might have talked to me of the weakness and tyranny of his reign, or of his misrule and neglect of these very subjects. He was their old and lawful king, now seen for the first time in the pressure of misfortune and in the weariness of that journey he had made to inquire of their disposition towards him. And this was their beautiful answer. They received him with embraces, with loud benedictions, with kisses and genuflexions, which plainly told him they remembered nothing but the sacred bond between him and them, endeared to them the more by his age and evil fortune and his struggle for independence.

At length, though to all appearance (and as I was afterwards credibly informed) deeply touched by this perhaps unexpected scene, he was glad

enough to be got into his quarters, opposite to which a magnificent façade of a triumphal temple had been erected for the scaffolding of fireworks to be displayed before him.

At night forth he came bareheaded into the balcony which fronted the street, and after saluting the immense concourse of his shouting subjects, he discharged a rocket, which was guided by a wire-conductor into the centre of that gorgeous temple, and immediately it was living all about with quivering fire. No description can paint the succession of glorious shapes which, amid the clear darkness of an Italian night, animated that palace of fire, and at length, like the finale of grand concerts, every part became such a volcano of fiery gems, and fountains of burning spray, and whirlpools of dazzling stars, that I could not refrain from joining in the shouts of ecstasy.

In honour also of the King's arrival, the most celebrated and costly of all their religious processions was anticipated. This was the procession of the Anima (or soul, as I understood) of the Virgin Mary ; but as I know nothing of its origin and but little of its symbolical intention, I will not attempt any description.

April 1806.—In this climate it is essential to the expeditious progress of works to take the earliest advantage of daylight, while the air is for several hours cool and the sun still low and feeble.

Accordingly we had to be up and dressed before five o'clock.

It happened one morning about this time, when I was buckling on my sword and about to sally forth, that the floor began to shake under my feet. A violent rattling of doors and windows was heard all over the house, and bits of plaister began to shower from the ceiling. I was presently sensible that we were experiencing the shock of an earthquake; and as it seemed to increase in violence and to be accompanied by violent cries of human distress, I opened my door in some haste, and immediately beheld some Sicilian inmates of the house, just as they had sprung from their slumbers, scouring along the passages and making for the stairs. I followed, and beheld the issuing from every room of persons of every age and sex, who were racing down the stairs, with no thought but of present danger, and seemingly unconscious of the exposure of themselves and of each other.

Signor Scamporaccio, the Padrone di Casa, partaking at first of the general terror, and having sprung downstairs like a wild cat and secured himself under a strong archway that issued into the street, of which shelter he urged me to partake, then began to grin at the preposterous figures of his descending lodgers, and especially pointed my attention to the unadorned dismay of a fat old lady, a relation of his wife, whom he sportively called

"La Baronessa." She was of immense breadth and weight, and yet came howling downstairs full trot. On looking into the street, the general terror was too real and too energetic to be ludicrous. The people fell upon their knees wherever they happened to be, some prostrate and laying their foreheads in the dust, some, with frantic hands and uplifted voices, addressing heaven with the frenzied cry of hasty deprecation.

From that posture and from that earnest importunity no creature rose or desisted until the earth had ceased to shake and her houses to rend and groan.

So violent a shock had not been felt for years. The upper part of the spire of the Madre Chiesa was thrown down, and some other buildings materially injured. Every ship at anchor, and some sailing in the mid strait, felt the violence of the shock, but happily there was no injury to human life.

A slighter shock in the course of the day frightened the soldiers from their work on the heights, and still more some Sicilian overseers from the duties of superintendence.

Looking at the ruins with which Messina is surrounded, and knowing them to be the fruits of a dreadful earthquake that caused the loss of thousands of lives, it is impossible not to sympathise with the undissembled terror of these poor

Sicilians whenever the tremulous earth reminds them of her instability, for they conceive it to be the angry hand of God shaking over them with menaces of vengeance, and their cries are no less vehement and abrupt than the cries and entreaties of a child at the uplifted rod of a parent.

April 1806.—Sir James Craig now published a farewell order to the army. The new Minister of War (of Mr. Fox's Administration) had written most flatteringly to him, assuring him that all had been in perfect accordance with their views, and now that the army was in security and comfort, he could resign the command with less regret.

He had long borne up against the pressure of severe disease, in the honourable hope of directing the courage of his men and witnessing their victories, but now he was sensible that he owed it to them to make way for a commander whose zeal might be equal to his own, and whose activity sickness had not impaired. He gave much praise to the quality of the troops, whose discipline had certainly been much advanced by his personal exertions.

The necessity of this resignation had long been painfully obvious to the army, not by any faults of discipline, but by the ghastly and suffering appearance of our revered commander, who was much respected and regretted by every branch of the army.

Towards the end of April our Commandant

was sent to ascertain the strength of the places on this side of the island, giving particular attention to Augusta and Syracuse, and about four days afterwards I was ordered to follow him.

One of my brother-officers good-naturedly lent me a beautiful donkey he had brought from Valetta to carry my servant and *malle*.

My pride at starting, mounted on the sleek and spirited Napolitanno, and preceding Il Bruto Domenico and the ass, was somewhat quenched by the drenching rain in which we set forward, and soon received another fall in the person of Domenico, seen sprawling in the mire, and the donkey at large.

The ass, however, was of infinitely more importance to me than his rider, so I left Domenico and pursued the animal myself.

After this little *fracas* the long-eared rebel was more amenable, and Domenico dare only curse him under his breath, for fear he should repeat the somersault, so that my meditations were no longer interrupted either by the pranks of the four-legged or the deep execrations of the two-legged brute. Furthermore, the day cleared, and the sea and sky and fertile land were lighted up, and re-awakened the sanguine glance of youthful expectation which the rain had in some degree depressed. The road is impassable for wheels ; its situation is invariably by the seaside, with mountains on the

other hand, which sometimes barely leave room for the road. In other places the wintry torrents have formed, as it were, the opening jaws of a deep and rugged ravine, called in this country *Fiumara*.

Again the bold heights approach the very border of the ocean, and sometimes a rocky promontory obstructs the level beach, and plants a firm broad foot in the midst of the waves. In this case it has been necessary to pass over or to cut through the obstruction. The rocky point of Scaletta traverses the beach as with a wall, and the road ascends into the gorge of the natural rock, which rises like a watch-tower on either side, affording such a post of observance and defence as, if properly used, might check a mighty army.

I proposed halting for the night at Taormina, thirty or forty miles from Messina, and soon viewed it in the distance, seated in the clouds on the table of a lofty mountain between two enormous peaks of rock, on the highest of which is a dark old castle.

On arriving at the foot of this mountain, a sentinel stopped me where the gate of the town is constructed, and on finding I was an English officer on duty, directed me to the convent of the Capuchins.

I had permitted Domenico to take up his

quarters at a miserable hut on the beach, where he was fortunate enough to find provender, partly to spare the donkey the pain of carrying him and my portmanteau up so toilsome an ascent, and also in the hope that my baggage might gain a little advance in the morning's march, and thus I began to ascend into the clouds alone, worn with heat and travel, and oppressed with a growing and, I fear, somewhat puerile sadness.

After a long and wearisome ascent, I had left the brightness and interest of the world behind me, and had entered an atmosphere which enveloped every object in a thick gray mist.

On reaching the convent of Capuchins, a dead man might have given me a more cheering welcome than I received from the spiritless and hair-clothed superior.

One of his bleak eyes looked full upon me and into me, while the other seemed employed in looking round me and beyond me.

On learning my object he assented with a slow scowl of sullen indifference, and without any pause or gesture indicating the smallest courtesy, he briefly told one of his subordinates to show me a vacant cell. I believe the rules of this order bind them to wretchedness, and they extend them to the stranger that is within their gates, for they offered me no refreshment, and mentioned no refectory. The cell appointed me was naked,

windowless, bedless, a bedding of straw being all it afforded.

Never before or since have I felt the heart within me oppressed and borne down by so dense and palpable a gloom—unmanly, to be sure, I felt it to be. "What ails me?" said I; "what is the grievance? Shelter is here to-night, to-morrow there lies the way, and food can be procured. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?'"

No answer could be given, but the questions were not asked in vain. I began to turn my displeasure from the monks to myself, and presently recovered a more hardy tone of mind. I left the convent and went into the little square of the town. The mountain cloud had dispersed, and a party of Sicilian loungers attracted me to the shop of a little fruiterer, where I bespoke some dinner, and learned with joy they could accommodate me with a bed, which I greatly preferred to returning to the convent.

Whilst dinner was getting ready I walked out to look about me and to summon a cicerone to my aid, that I might see the remarkable Roman antiquities for which this place is famous. I then, though very tired, placed myself in the hands of the voluble cicerone, who took me to the large ancient theatre, finely situated in a basin or natural crater formed in the summit of the mountain.

A hasty view would at that moment have satisfied me, for I was weary and wanted food, but when I would have gone away the cicerone forcibly detained me, and placing me in the remotest ring of the vast auditory, proceeded leisurely to the stage and began a long oration, ridiculous in itself, but illustrating how well the situation was calculated to carry the voice of the actor to the remotest spectator. Reluctant as I was to interrupt so remarkable and novel an exhibition as a Sicilian peasant spouting to my solitary self in the midst of the lonely mountains from the ruins of a Roman stage, it lasted so long that I was compelled to cut it short, telling him I could have fancied him a shade of the Roman Roscius, a name he appeared well acquainted with, and with a low bow attributed the comparison to my excellency's goodness.

On returning to my little hotel I found dinner ready, after which I went to the convent stables to see to my horse ; and the bed that I made for him not a little astonished the friar who admitted me, and from curiosity, I suppose, observed, and to a certain extent assisted, my operations. "Such a bed," he informed me, "was something too luxurious even for a good Christian." He said no more, but his look added, what must it be for a heretic's horse.

Napolitanno, however, who was grinding his provender with great animation, and making his

eloquent ears thank me for my present attention to his couch, seemed to have no fault to find with my handiwork, and to promise me a fresh horse for to-morrow.

My bed also was clean and comfortable, and I slept intensely, rose early, and mounting the gay and gentle Napolitanno, descended slowly towards the sea, through the hanging orchards and gardens of Taormina, my mind and body equally refreshed, and forgetful of yesterday's depression.

> On morning wings how active springs the mind,
> And leaves the load of yesterday behind.

Soon after traversing the beach which extends from the foot of Taormina, the road has to make its way (and badly enough it makes it) over the rugged skirts of Mount Etna, or as the natives call it, more euphoniously, Monzebello.

These extreme skirts of the mountain consist of various eddies and whirlpools of different dates of lava, whose black, rough substance is scantily covered by the slowly accumulating soil, seldom sufficient to ensure a clothing of vegetation, the black and naked rock forming a vivid contrast to the brightest verdure.

The pretty town of Jaci, by its elegant and regular structure and air of opulence, takes the traveller by surprise after the unpromising waste he has traversed. It seems built almost entirely of

the dark and durable material which the mountain furnishes as a poor compensation for his wide wasting destruction.

And now after a long and weary ride the clustering domes and spires of Catania rise upon our track, with a promise of splendour and magnificence for which the pretty and prosperous Jaci was but little preparation.

I was astonished at the grandeur of design and costly style of building.

The principal street, of vast width, seems to have one extremity in the ocean, and the other lost in the ascent of the stupendous mountain, whose fiery summit it seems to approach with an avenue of temples and palaces.

What an effect have place and scene upon the sensitive spirits of youth! At Taormina I felt abandoned and cast out from the beauties of the civilised world, whereas here in beautiful Catania I felt as if everything were my own, and that the sky was bright, the sea blue, the mountain awful, and the city splendid—all for me; and in good and grateful part did I accept of it.

No king could be happier than I, when, having seen my horse comfortably served, I ascended into the best parlour of the Golden Lion, and with my eyes upon the noble buildings of the square, sat down to a well-cooked dinner and a flask of the rich white wine of Etna. After dinner, leaving

this fair city with regret, I pursued my journey towards Augusta. On this side the mountain throws a mantle of sloping woods, and becomes more and more level and in the nature of open pasture as it approaches the deep and rapid Giarreta, which we pass in a ferry, and over which few Sicilians would believe it possible to construct a bridge.[1]

Augusta enjoys the advantages of Mediterranean sea and sky, but, *au reste*, not Hartlepool nor Skegness are less indebted to soil or surface. The town, though regular, is meanly built, and occupies a peninsula fortified towards the land.

The bay, however, is of noble extent, and by its firm anchorage and easy access affords a fine rendezvous for large fleets employed in these seas. Here Lord Nelson watered previous to the battle of the Nile. I slept in the large convent of the Augustines, close to the seaside, where the prior and monks assured me it was their greatest pride to have entertained the great Nelson within their walls, of whose glory they were perfectly enamoured.

The cheerful urbanity and comforting welcome of these good Augustines made me forget the Capuchins of Taormina, and I must say in all the many convents in which I have taken up my

[1] The sight of our Westminster Bridge greatly astonished one of the Sicilian servants on our return to England. "Cospetto," he exclaimed, "and they pretend they could not make a bridge over the Giarreta!"

quarters I never experienced but that one unpleasant reception.

The Governor of Augusta, on whom I necessarily waited with my credentials, was very polite, spoke of Captain Lefebure in the style sublime, and finding I must start in the morning for Syracuse, insisted that I should come that evening to his conversazione.

A good many people of both sexes and the higher officers of his garrison were assembled to stare at the Giovane Inglese, and for an hour or two it answered my purpose very well. I had no objection to be looked at, but liked looking at others still better, always taking a greater interest in people than in lifeless things.

I slept comfortably at the convent, and was on horseback early in the morning.

The ride to Syracuse is not particularly interesting along the shores of the Bay of Augusta, and after ascending the promontory which bounds the bay to the south, the road no longer finds accommodation by the seaside, but makes its way more deviously over hill and dell until it approaches the obverse side of that dilated rock which shelters Syracuse and its harbour from the blustering north. Upon an extended table of this ridge lie the ruins of the ancient city of Syracuse, and as the road ascends, the naked rock is tracked in deep ruts by the carriages which trafficked with the ancient

Syracusans, just as ruts are deeply worn in the more frequented streets of Pompeii.

The present town and harbour of Syracuse, with its lovely vale stretching far into the west, are finely seen from the heights over which you approach it.

The peninsula on which the town stands divides the harbour into two compartments.

The grand harbour to the south and west is one of the most beautiful in the world. The other is of little importance except in a military point of view.

The fortifications, houses, and churches of Syracuse are all formed of the beautiful stone[1] of which its great northern screen consists, and in consequence of these vast quarries and excavations, ancient and modern, nothing can be more abruptly broken and scarped than the environs of this fortress.

The land front is finely and elaborately executed with magnificent gateways ; the town is dense and unequal ; the cathedral an ancient temple (I believe of Minerva), whose Christian front acts as a garish mask to its ancient heathen sides.

I presently found my friend Lefebure, who received me with joy, and after giving me some account of his proceedings, took me to the good old Governor. "I know not whom this Governor

[1] Not unlike the Portland stone.

takes me for," said Lefebure, "but he really overwhelms me with honours; his coach is always dodging me wherever I go, and when I consent to take a little tour into the country, he mounts upon the box, with all the decorations of his rank and symbols of his power, and drives me himself. I am half dead with the variety and quantity he makes me eat, and bewildered with the daily company of barons and princes, baronesses and princesses, with their dark eyes and soft accents, so articulate and intelligible, and yet to which I dare hardly attempt to reply."

"Well," I replied, "this does not sound to me so distressing as you represent. I am glad I am come to your relief. This noble governor shall stuff *me* now with good things and drive *me* in his coach, and *I* will now listen to the soft accents of the dark-eyed Principessas, and expose myself to their smiles at my blundering answers. So *have* with you, Lefebure; take me to the Governor; we shall be in time for his dinner."

"Oh," he rejoined, "don't distress yourself. We are both engaged already to dine with him to meet a hundred people. But it will be taken well if I present you to him first." So away we went. The Governor, a good, solicitous old soul, was of course charmed with the Bravo Giovinetto, and offered everything within and without his power both to me and to Lefebure.

The number of the people at dinner could only, I think, be exceeded by the number of the dishes, and when I found the order of proceeding, I no longer wondered at the surfeit complained of by the temperate Lefebure, for the Governor, having relaxed his girdle and tied a napkin under his chin, surrounded by laughing beauties ready to applaud every word he spoke and every morsel he distributed, sent in succession for every dish, and having divided it absolutely and unsparingly into portions, it was carried round, and if any one failed to taste, the wail and lament of apprehended sickness was raised around him, and some sweet princess with bewitching eyes loaded his plate with her own fair hands.

I am not aware that English people can quite realise the ease and good-humour and incessant but not unpolished mirth with which this great dinner from beginning to end was accomplished. And but for that, I hardly believe the economy of man would be able to dispose of such sudden and copious supplies as were then thrown into his system.

Well it was the Governor, after dinner, took us in his carriage to show us his points of vantage without the town, for to walk would have been very inconvenient!

The worthy Governor of Syracuse was not the only person prodigal of attention and kindness to the two English officers.

There then lived upon a beautiful farm in the midst of the vale an English gentleman of considerable genius and learning, whose energy of character and acuteness of judgment, and the application of English skill to a Sicilian soil, had given him a very powerful ascendency over the population within his reach. Equally a master of the language, from the Tuscan tongue to the dissonant jargon of the Sicilian peasant, his tall, athletic, but not ungraceful figure, and his intelligent and finely-featured head made him no ill representative, among foreigners, of the personal predominance of an Englishman.

I had met him at Valetta, where he had opened an acquaintance with me by accusing me of some resemblance to Lady Hamilton. He immediately remembered the circumstance, and perhaps even so slight a thread acted as a bond of old acquaintance. Yet there is a stronger bond than that which draws one to a countryman in a foreign land.

My Anglo-Sicilian friend showed Lefebure and me how truly he felt this by the unbounded kindness and grateful hospitality he extended to us, and his handsome, noble-hearted wife received us with a smile of welcome that was redolent of home.

Our fare was studiously Engish, and to our delighted eyes appeared the effect of magic.

There was the burnished brown of the small fillet of veal, the small smoked ham, cauliflower, potatoes, and melted butter; the household loaf of barm-raised bread as white as snow; the ample slice of fresh-churned butter, not lard of goat's milk, but yellow butter, from the breathy cow. And then the bubbling and loud-hissing urn, the presiding lady, plates of real bread-and-butter, and genuine tea, attempered with thick cream!

No one untried in travel can imagine with how keen a zest a robust English appetite returns to these wholesome and ordinary provisions of his country in lands where he has no hope of meeting with them.

On our return to Messina we simply retraced our steps, and met with nothing remarkable, so I give no account of our journey of 120 miles.

It was about the second week in May when Lefebure and I arrived at Messina, and on the 25th of that month our force received a valuable acquisition by the arrival of the 78th Regiment of Highlanders, a beautiful regiment, 900 strong, whose picturesque national dress made a great impression upon the Sicilians, though the women, indeed, seemed to think it due to modesty to say the dress was very ugly. "La Baronessa" also maintained "It was an ugly dress,

and a very curious dress, and a very curious thing that such a dress should be approved of in England, which she thought was a cold country." The arrival of this regiment gave us the more satisfaction, as rumours were afloat that Sir John Stuart would take advantage of his interregnum to do some dashing thing.

A great sensation was created by the resolute defence which the old Prince of Hesse Philipstahl continued to make at Gaeta.

Our Gilespie had been sent to his assistance, and was well qualified by his knowledge of the language, his military science, and his daring constancy of character both to assist the brave Prince in his defence, and to give true information and sagacious comments to the British general.

Sir Sidney Smith, the naval Commander-in-Chief, came to Messina immediately from the scene of action. He had brought with him a plan of Gaeta and of the French approaches, which he wished to have copied, and being well acquainted with the commanding engineer, requested his assistance for that purpose. Our Commandant brought the plan to me to copy, and said, "When you've finished the plan, Boothby, you will like an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the hero of Acre. You will admire him of all things, but be sure when you see him, he will take you to Acre."

Accordingly I copied the plan with my best skill and despatch, and then carried it on board. I had to wait a considerable time. At length I was summoned into the Admiral's presence. He held the plan in his hand, and good-humouredly said, "So, sir, you are the young officer who has had the goodness to copy this for me. Well now, sir, just look here. They pretend to tell me that this place is indefensible—*me*, who know pretty well what determined hearts can do behind very simple barriers—who have seen a handful of men behind the angle of a wall bid defiance to the bravest troops led on by the first general in the world—I mean Mr. Bonaparte at Acre. Tally-ho! said I."

I was really in pain lest a smile should be detected on my features, which would have seemed to belie my sincere admiration for the gallant spirit in whose presence I stood, and that anxiety gave me an air of deeper attention to the inferences of strength and capability of Gaeta which he drew from the defence of Acre.

And it is well known that the brave old Prince of Hesse fully justified these inferences by the spirit and duration of his resistance.

The gallant Sir Sidney then repaired to the Court of Palermo, into which the defence of Gaeta and the mountain spirit of the Calabrese were infusing vain hopes, vain aims, and inordinate desires.

Old Ferdinand, who had entrusted Sir John Stuart with the defence of the east coast of Sicily from Milazzo to Cape Passaro, now invested Sir Sidney Smith with viceregal power by land and sea in the territory of Naples, and the whole persuasive power of the Court, and I suppose of the chivalrous viceroy, was then addressed to excite the British general to hazardous enterprise, but probably the natural ambition of his own brave breast was the strongest advocate.

The floating viceroy adroitly disarmed any jealousy which his powers might have excited in the breast of the land commander by saying, "This appointment would have been more suitable for you, but I made no difficulty about it, thinking it a great object that *one* of us should have it, and the whole powers of the commission are quite as much at your disposal as if your name had been placed in it instead of mine."

The phrase ran, "How nicely Sir Sidney had got himself made viceroy," but I can easily believe, remembering their worship of Nelson, that it was a much easier thing for the King and Queen to give such a commission to a renowned naval officer, whom they might view as Nelson's successor, than to a British general.

Sir John Stuart, however, had too much sense to care a straw about it. He saw here an opportunity of glory, and however circumstances

might fail of their promise, he saw at all events a justification of the hazard, and he was no more to be daunted by the sense of responsibility than of danger.

I was in great terror lest I should not be included in this heart-stirring expedition, but I was soon put out of suspense.

All the arrangements being complete and the fleet ready to sail, Sir John Stuart, in order to gain the advance of it, drove with one A.D.C. in his barouche to the point of Faro, and then embarked in a ship of war on the evening of the 30th of June 1806. We were watching him from our quarters opposite when he stepped into his barouche. Never man, I thought, seemed better pleased with what he was about, or looked more to personate the spirit of enterprise. A nice military figure, he jumped gaily into his carriage, laughing with his aide-de-camp, and nodding kindly, drolly, and significantly to the vivaing Messinese, who, notwithstanding the profoundest secrecy, had a pretty good guess what he was after, drove rapidly off.

June 30.—We then embarked when the fleet was already getting under way.

No happiness is greater to a young soldier than the high expectation attending an expedition of this kind. The great things he looks forward to are close at hand ; there is no prospect of protracted

toil and uncertain pursuit, but in the full vigour and freshness of his strength he moves quietly and swiftly to his object on the silent waters, expecting every moment to fall like a thunderbolt on the astonished foe. Several hours during this interesting night, big with expectation and imagining the eventful future, did I walk the deck, contrasting the present fair heaven, refreshing sea, and noiseless vessels with the dire principles of destruction and slaughter within them. Wistfully I looked toward the bold outline of the Italian shore, on which the condensing fleet was bearing with unflagging wing, and wondered how soon the hour of action and of glory could begin.

About midnight on the 30th June we came to an anchor in the Bay of St. Eufemia, and an order was immediately passed through the fleet that the troops should land at two in the morning.

A heavy surf upon an open beach made this operation difficult, but it was effected without loss and without opposition. A vast plain with much cover of brushwood extended from the beach to the receding mountains.

It began to be believed that no enemy was near, but upon the Light Infantry running forward a firing commenced, which continued in a sort of bush-fight the greater part of the morning. The enemy consisted of about 300 Polish sharp-shooters scattered about in a very thick brush-

wood. They did their duty well, retiring as we advanced. No fox-hunters after a long frost could appear to enjoy their sport more keenly than our soldiers as they ran at the enemy with shouts and cries of delight. The event of the day was some 20 of the enemy wounded, 2 officers and 100 men taken prisoners. We had only one man wounded.

The army now took up a position on the high ground in advance of the place of landing, one flank upon the town of Nicastro, the other below the village of St. Eufemia, whilst at the same time it was thought prudent to throw up an entrenchment on the beach, under cover of which an embarkation might be effected, should the pressure of superior numbers or unforeseen disasters render a retreat to our ships desirable. Sir John Stuart expressed surprise at the celerity with which this service was performed.

During the whole of this long day, and part of the next, the reports concerning the enemy were various. One prisoner (a Gascon) answered gaily to the question of number, "Oh, a trifle; some 27,000 or 30,000." But towards evening on the 2nd of July it was discovered that an enemy's force had occupied the heights overlooking the plains of Maida. The lights of the enemy exhibited at night extended along a considerable front, and a rumour prevailed that he intended battle.

On the 3rd some information was obtained of the strength of the enemy, and it was rated so low as between 2000 and 3000. At night the order of march was given to commence at two o'clock, our General being probably anxious to come to blows before the enemy should have collected his full strength; but whilst the order of march was forming, an important reinforcement of several thousand (as we have since learned) arrived in the enemy's lines.

If this reinforcement had not arrived, the opposing forces would have been nearly equal. As it was, Sir John Stuart, at daybreak on the 4th of July, with about 4000 men, found himself in presence of 7500 of the best troops of France.

To my eternal regret, I was not present at the battle. My mind was in a state of curiosity and high expectation, and when I received the order to remain behind, though aware of its necessity and justice, my disappointment was childish and excessive.

An entrenchment which we had thrown up on the beach required still to be completed, and our Chief was very anxious to strengthen it by an inundation, for which the mouth of a small rivulet offered great facilities. He felt it necessary to entrust an officer with the execution of his intentions, and as junior officer (in that spirit of perfect fairness with which he always treats us) he selected

me, and sent me strict orders not to leave the spot until duly relieved. There was a high square tower at a short distance from our entrenchment, which was occupied by four companies of Watteville's regiment under Major Fischer, who had remained to protect the point of debarkation.

By the time some sound of cannon announced the approaching conflict of the two armies, my inundation wanted little of completion, and my men were well under the observance of this tower.

From hence, therefore, with the veteran Major Fischer, I saw the general movements of the battle, near enough to be filled with the most terrible interest, to see the masses descend from the heights, tracked by smoke and fire, to see opposing bodies approaching to collision, and by the rapidity of motion to distinguish horse from foot, and where approaching columns had been lost to sight, to recognise their conflict from the sudden smoke of the volleys. But though near enough for this, I was too distant to pretend to give the description of an eye-witness, not indeed being able to distinguish one regiment from another, or indeed the enemy from ourselves, except from the direction in which each was moving.

What anxious moments did we pass, near enough to see where the battle raged, but not in what way it was decided. However, it was more

like victory than defeat, we thought, as no runaways came to spread bad tidings, and the whole system of sights and sounds seemed rather more distant than more near.

At length I descried a brother-officer riding alone towards us. I flew to meet him.

"Well, Theso, you have been fighting all morning. What have you done? We are half dead with anxiety."

"Oh," said the good-natured fellow, "would you had been with us! Never was anything more complete. They are all but destroyed."

"Now, God be praised!" said I, running to seize Theso's hand. "God Almighty be praised! This is grand news indeed."

"I came to tell you," said he, "that you need stay no longer here. We don't think of entrenchments now."

"Then I may ride to the field, where I can better understand all you have been doing."

So saying I mounted my horse, Theso giving some directions as to the right track, and away I cantered.

This might have been a scene harrowing to the last degree, for I might have found it full of suffering I had no power to mitigate, and have paid dearly in agony of mind for the gratification of a natural and overwhelming curiosity. But the noble compassion and prompt activity of the

victors, aided by our generous sailors, had already removed from the field, without distinction of friend or foe, all who stood in need of the offices of humanity.

Still it was a field of battle smoking with recent carnage, peopled with prostrate warriors distorted with the death agony, harnessed for battle in gay colours, feathers, and gold, but stained and bathed in their own life-blood, having on that gory bed suddenly closed all the sanguine, joyous hopes of life.

A sight so disfigured, what heart of rock could long dry-eyed behold!

The events of the battle were in some sort told by the mute and motionless, but sad and appalling forms with which the ground was covered; all indeed were still and silent, but all bore the attitude of struggle, of fearful flight, or eager chase.

A picture of a battle represents but one instant; no figure can move, yet all seems stirring and tumultuous.

So, in some sort, is the actual field of glory. The chieftain's hand is lifted to strike; his lips have not closed since the shout of victory or mandate of battle has passed through them. The passions, too, in the midst of death remain strongly impressed upon each warrior's features. The daring courage, the bitterness of anger or revenge, and

the thrilling agony of mortal pain—all speak distinctly in the countenance of the dead.

The route of the flying enemy was thickly tracked through the straggling course of the shallow Amato and up the heights beyond by slaughtered bodies of the 1st Regiment of French Light Infantry, which had ventured to charge ours with the bayonet. All lay in one direction, in the attitude of headlong desperate flight.

I forget the number of this regiment buried on the field, but a skeleton of it only could have escaped.

Amid all the disfigurements of wounds and scenes of human agony, nothing so powerfully inclined my heart to pity and compassion as the letters which lay near each unburied soldier, representing the last remains of the affections and softer feelings, as the body represented his warlike powers. Many of these, in female characters, were expressed with all the tender beauties of the French tongue, and, with an absence of reserve taught by the Revolution, showed by their intenseness of feeling how bitterly living hearts were to be grieved with the tidings of the scene before me.

No one can tell from description how wretched is the feeling, when standing over the body of a youthful soldier, to read in a fair female hand such expressions as these :—

" Oh, preserve thy life ! Venture not too much

for the sake of thy poor Adèle, who has never ceased to deplore thy absence, but who will think the first moment of thy return an ample compensation for all her sufferings."

Return! shall that prostrate blood-stained figure ever return to the poor Adèle? The beauty of youth indeed has not yet left him, but by to-morrow the form even of humanity will be gone! Many of the letters were from all degrees of kindred—mother, wife, sister, daughter. It was impossible to read unmoved.

Poor Harry Paulet was dreadfully wounded in the thigh, and our Commandant had a beautiful horse killed under him.

Having been unable to be actually present at the battle of Maida, I write the following account from subsequent observation and inquiry, by which I satisfied my natural thirst to know all the events of this memorable day.

Battle of Maida

July 4, 1806.—The position of the enemy was at right angles with the trend of the beach, and so distant from it as to admit of operations between the sea and his left flank, which was weak from the nature of the ground, an inconvenience the enemy could not avoid from our being masters of the water, upon which was Sir Sidney Smith with

a line-of-battle ship and three frigates. The British marched with extended flanks and a heavy column in the centre, the right flank covered by the sea, the left flank exposed, so that during the approach of the English the left flank of each army was more particularly exposed to the operations of the other.

General Regnier, thinking with some reason that the impetus of assault has much influence over the fate of battles, determined not to wait for our attack. He descended from his position, crossing the river Amato, which bathed its foot, and rushed upon the daring foe that was advancing to attack him.

It happened that the Light Infantry Corps, under Colonel Kempt, in advance of our right, was opposed to the Premier Regiment de L'Infanterie Légère, one of the most distinguished regiments in Napoleon's service. After these two regiments had exchanged some well-directed volleys, the French corps rushed forward at the *pas de charge*, their commander exclaiming furiously as they advanced, "Ne tirez pas! ne tirez pas! À la bayonnette! à la bayonnette!"[1]

"*Steady, Light Infantry!*" shouted Kempt. "*Wait for the word!* Let them come close, let them come close! Now *fire! Charge bayonets! March!*"

[1] "Don't fire! don't fire! With the bayonet! with the bayonet!"

All this passed in a moment, but duly as ordered each deed was done. When the French were very near they received a murderous volley from their steadfast-hearted opponents, who then, as one man, rushed forward to the charge. Just as that thing, which it is said has never happened, viz. the equal shock of opposing lines of troops, seemed inevitable, just as the two regiments seemed in the very act of contact, the French Light Infantry, as one man, turned round and fled. They were driven across the river and up the heights, and a horrible slaughter took place of this beautiful regiment, which was almost totally destroyed.

Other regiments now volleyed and charged, as is usual in battles, and the enemy's left being totally routed, Regnier redoubled his efforts to make an impression with his right, but with no better success. Neither cavalry nor infantry could make the smallest impression in front.

The cavalry now made a rapid movement to turn our left flank, which was unprotected; but at this critical moment the 20th Regiment, which had just landed, led by the gallant Colonel Ross, advanced in such a manner, and so skilfully availing itself of the advantages of cover which the ground afforded, that the cavalry were compelled to go to the right-about under a galling fire.

The victory was now decided, the enemy flying with the utmost precipitation. But as we had no cavalry, he was enabled, with those regiments which had less entirely committed themselves, to preserve some order in his retreat.

The slaughter on the side of the enemy was immense, indeed hardly credible when compared to the smallness of our loss. In killed, wounded, and taken, the French loss has been estimated at more than 3000, while our total loss exactly amounts to as many hundreds, our killed amounting to 40 privates and 1 officer, while 700 Frenchmen were buried on the field. A French general (Compère), severely wounded, is amongst the prisoners. He led the enemy on to the charge with an *acharnement* that seemed like individual hate, and on being taken he rode with his shattered arm through our ranks, menacing with the action of his other arm, and cursing and swearing with the most voluble bitterness.

Another prisoner said, "Ma foi! they told us the English were fish that could only fight by sea, and knew nothing of the matter by land."

An officer asked him "What he thought now?"

"Oh, now," said he, "it's quite another thing."

Surely this must be considered a brilliant victory when the disparity of numbers is taken into account, and it is the more gratifying to us because Regnier stands so high in reputation, and

also because one of these French fellows had formerly spoken very slightingly of the talents of our gallant little General.

After having advanced some miles in pursuit of the enemy, our army resumed the position of the morning.

The action began at half-past eight, and the firing ceased at eleven on the 4th of July.

July 5.—The army after so severe an exertion formed a sort of camp of rest about a mile from the field of battle, and near the sea, so as to have an easy communication with the fleet.[1]

Tents were established for the convenience of the officers, and all the wounded were comfortably accommodated on board, while whatever could contribute to the comfort of the troops was brought to them on shore.

After a short refreshment of this kind, the army advanced to Maida, and there took possession of some French stores.

Having increased its distance from the sea, all the comforts of camp equipage were abandoned, and we now bivouacked in the open fields, and shared in all respects the fare of the private soldiers. Our mess of raw meat was delivered to us in the same proportion as theirs; our camp kettle hung gipsy-like over a fire of sticks, and each officer's

[1] Yesterday I met Sir Sidney Smith upon the field, and he asked me to dinner on board.

cloak and blanket spread upon the ground served him for a bed and his valise for a pillow, where he lay with his sword by his side and his spurs on his heels, while his horse was picketed close at hand. In the morning I went to some rivulet or spring with shaving tackle and brush in my pocket, and sat down beside it, to lather and brush and scrape uncomfortably enough.

This was a fine climate and a fine season, and that mode of lodging on the bare ground had nothing in it really formidable to youthful strength and spirits, but I never thought it agreeable ; and by far the worst night I spent was one in which we had all endeavoured to be a little more comfortable by making huts of branches of trees, and beds of the new-cut corn. An unhandy Sicilian, who acted as my squire of the body, had undertaken to make "my Excellency" a superb "camera frondosa." Nothing could be worse. A few ill-arranged and ill-supported branches to shade my head only, and over these a loose thatch of wheat. I had made my own bed of golden flax, but he assured me this generated a malaria, and made me change it for bearded wheat. I no sooner lay down than every bearded ear, as if endued with life and motion, began to work itself into my pantaloons, which for coolness were of the dark blue Sicilian web silk, then worn by all our officers. Soon the discomfort this occasioned was increased by the changeful night.

My Dominico, the unhandy, had made the mouth of my little canopy to face the seaward wind, which now blew rudely upon me, drifting in all insects of nocturnal wing, especially the large, cold, chaffy locusts, with which the country was so covered that your horse kicked them up like dust under his feet. Awkward, ill-guided creatures, as big as one's thumb, that when they got upon one did not know how to get away again.

My under-lip, like that of all the officers, was almost cleft in two by the effect of sun and night air, so that to laugh or smile brought tears into one's eyes, and every time the wind dashed a locust against my face I gave myself a slap on the chops that stung my poor lip to distraction. Then it began to rain like the deuce, and soon giving weight to the wheat at top, the branches could no longer support it, so down it all came, wet bearded corn, branches and insects, all at once on my face.

I was extremely glad when this memorable night was over, and ere earliest dawn the signal for awaking sounded through the leafy roofs under which the army had that night reposed. At two o'clock I was busy in preparing my horse for his march, caring little now for the ill construction of my hut or all the disasters of the night.

The enemy, who had advanced to meet us from

the south, having immediately after the battle retreated northwards to Catanzaro, instead of attempting to cover the country whence he came, it was plain that he no longer thought of defending Lower Calabria, which province with its garrisons he thus abandoned to his victorious adversary. Sir John Stuart was strongly minded to pursue these extraordinary advantages, and with his small unassisted army (for there was no indication of a national rising) to drive the French still further to the north, and increase the extent of his footing in the kingdom of Naples. There was certainly more gallantry than prudence about this idea ; for when the interests which depend on this little army are considered, the importance of the Island of Sicily at this moment, and our trifling numbers for territorial occupation, there can be no doubt that those about the General, who prevailed with him to be satisfied with the conquest of the province[1] almost touching this important island, with whose safety he was entrusted, did better service by their counsels than they could at that time have rendered by their swords.

Of this number, I believe, was his Quarter-master-General, a young man of great acquirement and high military promise ; and certainly not the least influential of them was our own Com-

[1] Calabria.

mandant[1] of the Royal Engineers, whose vigorous and strong professional opinion certainly had great influence, for the Quartermaster-General in reference to it used these emphatic words, "It has succeeded." It was in conformity with the decision produced by these counsels that the Headquarters had moved to Monte Leone, and the General was now disposed to content himself with placing the province of Lower Calabria upon such a footing of military occupation as would delay its reoccupation even by a very superior force, and ensure to us for a considerable time both shores of the Straits of Messina.

Most of the ports to the southward of Monte Leone were so inconsiderable as to surrender on the first appearance of a military force or of a ship of war. But the port which by its position was by far the most important (viz. the castle, strongly built upon the rock of Scylla) was in a good state of defence, impregnable to assault, fully garrisoned, and commanded by the chief engineer of Regnier's army; so as might have been expected, the commandant had treated the Admiral's summons to surrender with contempt. It was necessary, therefore, to march against the place. And when the commander of the brigade which sat down before it gave a more serious summons, the Frenchman answered that before

[1] Captain Lefebure, R.E.

he could surrender he must at least see the means by which he could be reduced, meaning without doubt *heavy artillery, so placed as to batter him in breach.*

It became necessary therefore to attack this castle by a regular siege, and the army on the 12th of July began its march at four o'clock in the morning. It had not proceeded many miles before I, being then about fifty miles distant, received an order from my Commandant to repair to the siege also. So I set forward alone.

The road lies over bold mountains, and is so intricate and devious that I lost my way and greatly lengthened my ride ; but having traversed the promontory of Tropea, the route is then more certain and confirmed—keeping still indeed over mountains, but having the near-sounding sea as a general guide, sometimes showing itself through the cleft of two mountain peaks, and sending up the report of every gun fired on its surface multiplied by the muffled echoes of the mountains.

After riding about fifty miles, the incessant sound of guns advertised me of my approach to the scene of action, and soon, by one of those dangerous paths whereon a horse moves with difficulty, and a stumble would precipitate both horse and rider many hundred feet, I descended to the small marine town of Scylla (bounded to the south by the peninsular rock on which the besieged

castle stood), and saw on its highest tower (in spite of its investment by sea and land) the tricolour flag flying.

The rock on which the castle stands seems, as it were, shoved out a considerable way into the sea by the low and narrow isthmus which ties it to the shore, and from this isthmus it rears itself suddenly in the midst of the waves.

Before the castle was built this spot was probably an inaccessible peak of naked rock ; the top, however, has been blown away to afford space for military occupation, leaving height enough to afford a formidable scarp of natural rock towards the land as the basement of the artificial rampart ; towards the sea, an abrupt precipitous cliff, inaccessible to man, descends perpendicularly into the deep water.

The fort constructed upon the table of this peninsular rock was, up to a certain point, admirably adapted for security and strength. But that abrupt and lonely precipitousness of inaccessible circuit, which to the unlearned eye presented so imposing a picture of invulnerable strength, was in fact the radical defect of the position, which made it impossible to secure it against the means and measures of modern war. The great strength of modern fortification consists certainly in the glacis, or in that smoothly sloping mound which conceals and covers the rampart to

the very chin, yet is severed from it by a deep and impassable ditch, screening it from every injury, even by the heaviest and most numerous ordnance, whilst its own gradual slope is swept by a rain and hail of cannon-balls, grape shot, and musketry, both from its own parapet and that of the superior rampart. But to construct this, ample space is necessary, and consequently for a rocky peak like Scylla, joined to the land by a narrowing isthmus, this work, so indispensable to durable strength, was totally unattainable.

The strength, then, of the Castle of Scylla lay briefly in this, that its reduction required the bringing against it of heavy artillery, capable of beating down the rampart that fronted the land.

So much for the castle which I now beheld, and which, surrounded with enemies by sea and land, and cut off from all connection with any friendly force, stood up boldly in the midst of that sapphire sea and unfurled the three-coloured flag of national defiance.

I shall now briefly describe the circumstances and things by which it was at this time surrounded, not so much on account of any historical importance attaching to this little siege, as because the classic associations and natural beauties of the scene consecrate it to memory, and its local form subjected all these operations to the eye, like some warlike spectacle in the theatre of the gods.

If we can fancy ourselves within the castle and looking over the isthmus in the direction of the land, behind us and almost all round us is the sea. On the left hand is the beach and town of Scylla. On the right the bold and mountainous shore takes a gradual sweep, till over a space of sea it looks down upon our right flank. Here Sir Sidney Smith has established a battery and hoisted the English colours.

Immediately in front, from the base of the isthmus, rises a steep cliff, whose brow, divided into several distinct hills, overlooks the castle at the distance of some five or six hundred yards. These heights have a surface very spacious, rising very gradually from the cliff towards the steeps of the Superior Mountains. Farms, vineyards, gardens, and country houses occupy and intersect this sloping headland. But the head of each hill or cliff looking upon the castle has been kept bare, probably with a view to defence, though unfortunately the same precaution had not been observed with respect to the ground nearer the foot of the cliff, and looking very close upon the main rampart; for there, for marine convenience, a little suburb had been suffered to rise, and it was behind the mask of one of these houses that the breaching battery was at last erected.

Beyond that vine-clad esplanade or level district which rose very gradually from the brow of the

cliff, the heights, still clothed with cultivation, ascended more steeply towards the summit of that vast range of mountains, which makes this trend of coast so bold, imperious, and pre-eminently beautiful.

It was partly upon, and partly still above, these steeper slopes that the besieging army bivouacked, as the nearer ground would have made them liable to annoyance from the guns of the castle.

All the necessary communication with the army from Sicily and from the sea was by a rugged mountain path formed upon the side of an awful ravine, whose embouchure opened upon the beach between the town and castle.

The road which this ravine afforded was not only difficult but likely to cause frightful accidents; for when I ascended by it the first time, to join the besiegers' army, I saw where a sumpter horse heavily laden had fallen the day before with its load, and the poor animal was still visible lying on its back some hundred feet below.

To supply the requisites for a siege by such a road, it may well be believed, was difficult in the extreme, and would have been impossible but for our all-conquering sailors, who with their tackling and their "yo-hee-ho" hauled the guns and carriages up the rocks at the points nearest to the ground chosen for their position. Yet it was some days after my arrival before operations could be commenced, and

much of those days I passed in a lofty observatory built of branches, in so elevated a position that I looked down upon the castle and the sea.

On one side I saw the Neapolitan gun-boats, and on the other Sir Sidney Smith's battery, cannonading the castle, and the castle occasionally making a shrewd shot at the gun-boats, which also, oftener than the castle, were startled by the plunging fire of our naval battery. On the arrival of my Commandant all these futile operations died away. The General and the Admiral equally relied upon the resources of his science and the natural energy of his powerful mind, and after some loss from irregular experiments, no one was suffered to interfere with his plan of operations.

He went with us to the embouchure of the ravine to have a good view of the castle from head to foot; and whilst he stood with his uplifted telescope carefully examining the nature of its defences, a cannon-ball very nearly struck him, and covered him with sand; but he never even lowered his telescope or remitted his attentive speculation, and only showed that he was aware of the fact by saying, as he continued to look through his glass, "What asses, to fire in that way at an individual!"

It seemed to my inexperience that this was standing fire tolerably well — brave and invincible Lefebure! It was as he stood just so, with his eagle

glance bent on the foe, the last to quit a ruined fort he was ordered to evacuate, that in after years a cannon-ball struck his breast, and severed his brave spirit from his noble form.[1]

That there might be no disappointment in the stores expected from Messina, I was desired to cross the Faro, superintend their embarkation, and return with them. For this purpose I took one of the Calabrese boats which lay on the beach.

The warders of the castle seeing a British officer put off in a boat, honoured us with a shot or two, to the great and undissembled terror of the boatmen, while I was doing all I could to imitate the cool indifference of our Commandant on the preceding day; but we soon got out of their range, and they ceased to fire, which made me wonder the more to see that the boatmen were going a devious course, sometimes one way, sometimes another. "What now," said I, "body of Pluto! what ails the rogues?"

"Zitto! zitto! cellenza!" they whispered, and with their eloquent hands at once motioned me to be quiet, and to come forward to the prow. There on the very peak one of the men, having thrown off his jacket and shirt, stood up, as straight as a *mast*, with his flat hands pressed together on his breast, and looking down intensely upon the sea.

[1] Captain Lefebure was killed at the assault on Matagorda, near Cadiz, in 1810.

Following the direction of his eyes, I perceived at a great depth, in the bright blue sea, rowing itself contentedly along, a turtle of a size uncommon in these waters. With great dexterity they so managed the boat as to follow closely the course of the turtle; and when they had brought the prow of the boat nearly over him, the man who stood there, lifting his joined hands above his head, turned himself over, and went head foremost like an arrow into the sea.

In a moment up he came again, bearing the dripping, gasping turtle on its back, in his two hands, clear above the water, flapping its oary legs, and gasping with its hawk's beak; the man treading the water, panting and laughing at his exploit, and his delighted companions, as they relieved him of his load, all applauding him at once, helping him in, and saying, "Bravo, Signor, bravissimo! La Maestro! da capo! et viva!"

I thought I never saw a neater bit of fishing. A small silver coin served to make the turtle my own, and I determined to take him back with me to see what we could make of him.

But to return to Scylla. Before heavy guns could be got up, it was thought advisable to make such use of the Light Artillery as could destroy as much as possible the defences or fire of the enemy.

The most anxious night I ever passed was in

erecting a breastwork for two 12-pounders within half musket-shot of the place, as everything depended upon its being completed before the light should discover us to the enemy. And though I explained to the men their danger if they should be discovered, it did not appear to create in them any extraordinary vigour. On the contrary, if my back was an instant turned, I found half of them asleep or sitting down, and it was difficult to detect them owing to the darkness of the night. Only by the most violent means could I extort a tolerable portion of labour, though I knew that if we were not covered before dawn, the spot was so exposed that at least half the party would be sacrificed.

By perfect silence, however, we avoided discovery during the night, favoured by the enemy being himself employed, as we could distinctly hear by every move, which, at cautious intervals, interrupted the silence of the night. The radiance of the stars faintly delineated the features of the gloomy horizon, and when the light of day discovered us to the enemy, he opened upon us a very brisk fire of musketry without intermission for an hour and a half, which, after being partially silenced by a howitzer, continued at intervals until the battery was finished. We were so well covered, and so little remained to be done on the outside, that only one man was wounded.

Nothing could be prettier than the siege to a person out of fire. The ruddy evenings gave the most tranquil warmth to the scene, which was bounded in front by the Lipari Islands, with Scylla on the left, and the beautiful Calabrian promontory on the right, and the only thing wrong was that the volcano should (quite contrary to usual practice) choose to remain in perfect repose.

When I left Scylla, the two 12-pounders had destroyed a part of the fort which hitherto had given us considerable annoyance, and in two days it was expected that we should open a battery of four 24-pounders within 150 yards of the castle, which could not fail in a few hours to knock it to pieces. The result was that Scylla surrendered on the 23rd July 1806.

Now for myself. I was ordered to put myself under the command of Lieut.-Colonel M'Leod, who with his regiment (78th) was to proceed on a reconnaissance on the eastern coast of Calabria; and here I am, installed on board the *London* transport, and probably after a month's cruising we shall come back and settle quietly in Messina.

"London" Transport (off Calabria),
July 20, 1806.

My dearest Father—I seize the only advantage immediately resulting from being cooped on board, viz. the opportunity to address one's friends leisurely and

comfortably ; and as the duty on which I am now going is not likely to be at all dangerous, I have no fears of alarming you by giving as much account of myself as will be comfortable to you and me.

H.M.S. *Amphion, July* 24, 1806.

My situation has been considerably amended as to comfort since coming on board this ship, which is commanded by the brother of my friend Hoste, R.E., whom I never spoke to until my arrival in the Bay of St. Eufemia. Yet with the most gratifying attention, he has rescued me from the miserable transport, where I was destitute even of those comforts which usually palliate the sufferings of a transport imprisonment, and taken me into his own cabin, which is like most other cabins of men-of-war—a compact assemblage of convenience and comfort. It was besides in some ways better that I should be here with Colonel M'Leod, who came the moment we fell in with the frigate, which, with the vessels and boats under the command of Captain Hoste, is to co-operate with the troops under Colonel M'Leod.

Very important despatches were intercepted yesterday ; they were from King Joseph to General Regnier, containing a positive order to retire to Cassano, which is completely out of Calabria.

The King is afflicted and yet more astonished at the conduct of the troops, which rendered nugatory the good arrangements of General Regnier. He would have the 1st Regiment of Light Infantry reminded that they never before had any fear of the English, but always made them fly before them ; and the rest of the troops—that they have, until this unfortunate moment of panic-struck terror (for which His Majesty

is unable to account), been uniformly victorious. But above all, they are desired to remember *that they are Frenchmen*, and also to be assured that the Emperor shall be ignorant of their conduct until some fresh intelligence convinces H.N.M. that it is really a body of French troops of which General Regnier has the command.[1]

We are every moment receiving on board the leaders of the Patriot Mountaineers, who are the most striking, barbarous-looking fellows.

6th August.—I send these sheets as they are. I have no time to revise, and add the conclusion of my expedition, as tho' I am at present on board the *Amphion*, yet not much time will elapse before I tread the firm ground of Messina.

The march of the enemy from Catanzaro towards Naples was very much harassed by the frigate, which threw her shot with admirable precision, insomuch that the column, dispersed and flying for cover, with the utmost precipitation, presented a favourable moment for the Mountaineers, which, alas! they let escape them.

This system of annoyance on our part was followed up on the enemy's camp, north of Cotrone, from whence they marched in the night, leaving a garrison in the fortress which surrendered to our summons.

When we went on shore we were joyously received by the poor oppressed inhabitants, and the nobility of the town vied with each other in attention to us.

Being chief engineer I was attached to Captain Hoste and Colonel M'Leod, so that my situation was as pleasant as possible; for neither of the commanders treating me

[1] I saw these despatches.—CHARLES BOOTHBY.

with the least *Big-wig*, we carried on the war like three jolly fellows.

A carriage waited each day at the Marina for our coming on shore, and a good dinner was prepared for all the officers.

The first day we dined at the house of a baron whose family had during the stay of the French been in the most terrible alarm, as the house was just in the range of fire between the vessels and the fortress.

One daughter was very beautiful, and I asked her if she was glad that the French were gone; she looked pensive and pale, and answered "Ma quanto."

There was something gratifying though melancholy to me in the way these people clung to us in all their fears—for the French being gone, their alarm as to the depredations of the native masses was equally oppressive.

During dinner, some of the savage chiefs entered upon business with Colonel M'Leod, and this young creature showing evident signs of inquietude, I asked if she were afraid? "Con voi—no," with much softness of expression, replied the beautiful Italian.

The British authorities, however, with very laudable solicitude, by threats and promises ensured to the town tranquillity, and quite calmed the fears of the inhabitants.

Yet I was shocked at some of the misery which I saw; alas! human misery can attain a very high pitch.

Colonel M'Leod desired me to give him a report upon Cotrona.

Now, reports are very ticklish sort of things, it being no difficult matter to get the wrong side, and then you are subscribed a fool in black and white to the end of your days—and this was the first time I had been called upon to act by myself. I obeyed orders with much

trepidation, but as I afterwards found that Colonel M'Leod, in a despatch to Sir T. Stuart, called my paper "an able report, the ideas in which coincide with his own," I am well satisfied, and indeed I have had a most pleasant expedition.

MESSINA (*2 hours later*).

I find that General Moore has arrived. I hope I was recommended to him.—Ever your dutiful son,

C. B.

MESSINA, *August* 13, 1806,
and August 28.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I am just returned from a most unexpected cruise in the Gulf of Taranto (mouth of the Adriatic), where I was despatched at a very short notice to reconnoitre Gallipoli and Tarentum, port towns in the Gulf, and I this day carried in my report to H.E. General Fox, who is a man of pleasant manners and sensible appearance.

I was sent out in H.M.S. *Wizard*, a very fast-sailing brig, Captain Palmer commander, and as he could not take me into the harbour of Tarentum in the brig, owing to the batteries on an island at the mouth—from which they gave us a hint or two—he lowered his boat, and we advanced unmolested, very near the walls of the town, which imprudence nearly cost us our liberty. For the enemy on the watch let us come on as far as we would, and the moment we turned, sent out a boat full of soldiers with a huge sail. We attempted for some time to sail before them, but finding they gained on us very fast, the sail was *downed*, and we threw ourselves upon hard rowing for escape, which at one time neither the

captain nor myself had any hopes of; and I felt no small degree of exultation to find myself on board H.M.S., as I was far from wishing to be captured in so silly a manner.

They tell us of peace, but I will not believe it. No Minister can, no Minister dare make peace in the present position. Nothing, in my opinion, but this island being an acknowledged British colony, could justify our admitting Joseph's title to Naples, and we cannot do this without providing for this king, and if he be provided for, somebody else must be robbed. No, no, it won't do.—Adieu, my dearest mother, ever your affectionate son,

CHARLES.

September 1.

To-day I wish my dearest father much good sport, and you a good appetite to enjoy his success.

I am ashamed, my ever dearest lady mother, to send you so dirty a letter, but I trust you will excuse it, as I was hurried by the idea of the vessel sailing.

Sir John Stuart carries the mail in which are these letters. I hope the country will receive him as the daring nature of his exploits and the fulness of his victory warrant and demand.

MESSINA, *October* 10, 1806.

MY DEAREST FATHER—I have seen but little of General Moore. When I meet him he treats me in the most agreeable way possible. I dined with him the other day. He came very close to my heart talking of you in a very friendly manner. Not indeed that he said much, but when he mentioned you, he had a sort of friendly satisfaction very agreeable. He told me I was

not such a slim fellow as you, and asked about your shooting, etc.

I feel it a sort of comfort to have some interest with a man who may possibly prevent my being left in holes and corners when I should be elsewhere.

General Sherbrooke is here. I do not know him, but hear he is a first-rate officer.

We are extremely anxious for the packet. We expect to hear by the next arrivals what our countrymen think of the battle of Maida.—Your dutiful and affectionate son, C. B.

CATANIA, *Feb.* 21, 1807.

MY EVER DEAREST FATHER—I did not remember until I dated this letter that probably in the course of this day I should come across your recollection. I beg your blessing, and that of my dearest mother, and I pray God to bless you both, that you may long be able to give it me on the return of this day.

My change of place prevents my writing so often as formerly, from not being in the way of opportunities.

The packet of January has arrived, and possessed us of very late papers.

It is believed here that the French, having crossed the Vistula, have been beaten by the Russians, and any reverse with so large a river in their rear would be incalculable. It is likewise believed that Buonaparte is at Paris, endeavouring to reinforce his army, in spite of a general ferment throughout France.

An expedition is expected to leave Sicily every hour, generally supposed to be destined for Alexandria ; but it is difficult to conceive why we should wish to garrison Alexandria (the Porte having defied us). As Turkey

will do for the enemy as well as Egypt in respect to India, to seize Constantinople would seem more desirable, for I think there is no doubt but that Napoleon will occupy the states of his ally as far as he thinks expedient; and thus we should anticipate Buonaparte and preserve the passage of the Dardanelles.

If this expedition is going to Egypt, I am glad I remain here, but if Constantinople, I shall much regret that I was not ordered to join it. There is still, I believe, some doubt about its going at all, but I trust our dear old sturdy State will still be superior to the continental commotion. She never saw the time more calculated to try whether she be a solid fabric or no. For in this dearth of political talents, and of all talents (for there are no great men as yet visible), she must go almost by herself.

I am now quartered in this most beautiful town (Catania) upon Mount Etna, which I shall ascend when the fine weather comes, if I am still here.

I am rather inclined to believe that the war is near its close; but I cannot discern the end.—Ever, my dearest father, your very affectionate and dutiful son,

CHARLES.

AUGUSTA, *May* 25, 1807.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I make an effort to save this packet, because you will perhaps be anxious about Egypt, of which you will now learn such unpleasant intelligence. There is at present no prospect of my going there, altho' I expected it some days ago, for I should think that the first advices from England will lead to the evacuation of that precarious possession. By what I can learn, General Fox

designs to maintain Alexandria until he can receive new instructions.

Captain Lefebure, to my great vexation, has at his own desire been relieved from his command by Major Bryce. He wrote me a long and very kind letter upon the subject, and I transcribe a paragraph which occurs at the latter end, because I know it will give old Dad pleasure:—

"Dear Boothby, praise from me is superfluous, but I must yield to my feelings, and give you my hearty thanks for your unremitted, zealous, and useful professional support since we have been on the same service."

I am here under the command of Colonel Campbell, who, I suppose, is one of those men than whom there *cannot* be a better. I never knew him before.

Augusta is on a peninsula between Syracuse and Catania. The party of Guards with whom I live is the pleasantest society that can be, and I sometimes go over to Syracuse, where I see Lord Fred Bentinck, who is a capital fellow.

General Fox comes here to-day. He came here some time ago, but was suddenly called to Messina by the Egyptian despatches. Being obliged to go away early in the morning, he desired me to walk home with him after dinner to show him a plan of the works, in which walk he talked a great deal about Minorca and your family. My kindest love to all.—Ever your truly affectionate son, CHARLES.

The packet is gone, but a friend of mine goes to England under convoy of the *Intrepid*, which will sail immediately with General Fox, leaving General Moore in chief.

COPY OF LETTER FROM SIR JOHN MOORE TO LIEUTENANT BOOTHBY, R.E., AUGUSTA :—

MESSINA, *August* 18, 1807.

MY DEAR BOOTHBY—I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 22nd July, on my return from Palermo, two days ago. All I shall say at present is, that I have a strong wish to serve and to oblige you.

I shall speak both to Major Bryce and to General Oakes on the subject of your wishes, and when an opportunity offers, if the situation is thought eligible for you and can be managed, you shall have my interest.—I have the honour to remain with great regards, very faithfully,

JOHN MOORE.

AUGUSTA, *Sept.* 14, 1807.

MY EVER DEAREST FATHER—The arrival of the packet at Malta has relieved very strong apprehensions for her safety. If, as I hope, there are a great many letters for me, I shall not get them until they are delivered at Messina, and sent from thence hither. It always happens in this manner that my answers are never able to reach the return mail, but on this occasion I am determined to answer by anticipation.

I can at least assure you that I am perfectly well, which is all in the present press that I have time to do.

The heat of the summer caused an epidemic of fever, which has now, however, almost entirely subsided. It plagued me for about a week, since which I have been rudely well, though the weather has been hot to a most irksome degree, and I have been obliged to brave the sun at the peril of no other inconvenience than the prickly

heat—if you know what that is. I have indeed been harassed more by anxiety than labour: the former, however, is nearly at an end now.

When I found my fever gone and my appetite returned, and nothing left but depression of spirits and a little languor, I puts me into a boat at night by a beautiful moon, more lovely than the sun, and starts me for Syracuse for the next day's races, where I had a horse to run, and I knew there would be jollity.

I arrived much fatigued and slept a most excellent night, and breakfasted late next morning—no sooner finished, than the sporting gentlemen entered, and roused me up with a long pole, and the quicksilver mounted directly; for these were people that I much affect.

But first of all, for fear you should suppose that there is much extravagance in this affair, I must tell you how it goes.

The races have been generally about once in six weeks, subscribers pay a guinea, and each subscriber may, if he pleases, enter a Sicilian horse. The guineas thus collected are divided into four parts or three, according to the number of horses, which are also arranged in classes according to their merits. The winner of each class gets one of the divisions of the money, and then all the winners run for the last division. They are weighted by handicaps.

In this manner my horse has won for me upwards of twenty guineas. I should always subscribe whether I had a horse or not, because the meeting is more pleasant than anything in this horrid country, and I can afford it. With a little care I keep my head very well above water.

Well, on the race day I was very merry, and dined in the evening with the Jockey Club, which was enter-

tained by a man by everybody loved and esteemed for his excellence of all sorts, and who was by me additionally regarded, because we were made acquainted by a letter from poor Gould,[1] who was his first cousin. Finding myself *de buon appetito*, I drank lots of champagne well iced, and since have enjoyed robustness of health.

I do not see where will be the sense in talking to you about what you will see in the papers. They now say that the seven islands are all strictly blockaded; and it appears, by a letter from our Consul at Corfu to Colonel Campbell, that Cæsar Berthier with 1500 men had taken possession of Corfu, and felt himself critically situated with so small a force in case of attack from us.

I fancy Zanti and the other islands are not yet occupied by the French. We are all in a bustle to put the fortresses in a good state of defence, and indeed, now the French have nothing else to do, it behoves us to be very much on our guard if we are to keep the island.

But I imagine that the immediate preparation was against any attempt that might be meditated from Corfu —the very island which now appears to have been in equal fuss on our account.

As I have been some time resident here upon other business, I was desired to draw up a full memoir upon the defences of the place,[2] which I set about reluctantly and fearfully, unwilling to write myself ass, and not knowing that it would so soon come in question.

The thing gave much anxiety and trouble, but it seems that I have not come very wide of the mark, as I am threatened with an order to execute most of my pro-

[1] Lieutenant Edward Gould, a great friend.

[2] Augusta, on the east coast of Sicily.

posals. This is very pleasantly terminated, as I wrote to recommend that an older officer should be sent down (which some would call spiritless, *but we call honest*); and now I find that the Captain whom I particularly wished to have, is ordered to come here immediately.

September 27.—Since I last wrote I have been highly delighted with a visit to the crater of Mount Etna, which is not only more sublimely terrific and more dreadfully beautiful than anything else I ever beheld, but much more than my imagination had ever pictured. I had been so much occupied since my residence in this island, as to be prevented from joining any of the numerous parties of last year. Thus I began to be very apprehensive that I might labour under the reproach of residing near two years in Sicily without beholding one of the most stupendous objects of nature—the greatest of volcanoes. But the history of my ascent to Mount Etna must be suspended *sine die*.

We were fortunate in finding the crater in an incessant state of fiery eruption—tremendous indeed! It threw out red stones very near us. The guide was alarmed. Hereafter I may relate more at length an excursion strongly impressed upon my mind.

An expedition is on the eve of departure from Sicily. It will have about 7000 men, commanded by General Moore and General Paget—the Guards and Moore's own regiment (52nd),—in short, the flower of the army.

I wrote to go, and was gratified to find that I was in the arrangement. I am told that it is intended to place me on the staff. At any rate I am delighted to go.

Nobody can guess our destination. All parts of the world have been conjectured, England and Ireland not excepted.

I have been very lucky never to be ill on these occasions, and am much pleased at being remembered, though in this out-of-the-way place, and being placed immovably on the list.

I long to see General Moore wave his hat, and hope we are to trim the real French—and no auxiliaries nor Turks.

Burgoyne is Commanding Engineer, and almost all my friends and people to whom I am attached are going, which gives much huzza to my feelings. I should certainly have hanged myself had I been left in this hole after the Guards had left it, and when all my world had gone forth. Perhaps my being on the expedition may much expedite my return to God's dearest blessings, which I prize so far above all other earthly goods. It is fortunate for a man's piety when the objects of his gratitude are so undeniably great as to fill his heart and make him know how good God has been to him. I have come to that state when I would be thought truly pious—I had always a hankering after it,—as I find that nothing encourages half so much the gladness of the heart or the sublimity of the mind.

With infinite love, your truly affectionate

CHARLES.

October 17.—At the time the above was written the fleet was getting under way, and was to rendezvous at Syracuse, where it was to be joined by the troops from Egypt, who were already at Messina. Colonel Campbell had no idea of the destination of the expedition. An order has since gone out for its recall to Sicily.

"Elizabeth" Transport, Mediterranean Sea,
240 miles from Gibraltar. Foul wind, fresh.
November 29, 1807. 30 days at sea.

My dearest Louisa—I know nothing more efficacious in my present misery than writing to you, by which for the moment I may lose the consciousness of it. Do not be alarmed; they are only the miseries of this restless element and stinking prison to which I allude.

On leaving Sicily some one persuaded me that our undoubted destination was Palermo. When that was passed, we all thought Lisbon the mark. Now we learn by the *Minstrel* (which spoke the *Queen* about ten days ago) that the Prince Regent of Portugal has declared against us; and I am inclined to think that this event may make the object of this army a secret to Sir John Moore himself; but Brazil is the general speculation. For my part I think our return more likely, as it appears of increasing importance to rivet Sicily as our perpetual colony—a measure which I am persuaded would be unattended with difficulty in the execution, and, as far as I can judge, filled with advantage in the end.

But leave we this to the wise, while we content ourselves with ourselves.

I find complaints about not writing so unavailing that I am quite puzzled how to act. I will have no letter that can be written in a day; I will have a journal! a compilation! Why do I see others—Colonel Campbell, for instance—receive packet upon packet copiously filled? Do you think that because he is a great man his friends write to him about State affairs, which are better treated in the papers—or Philosophy, or History perhaps? No, no; they write to him those heaps of gossip which are interesting only to him, but which of course delight him

a thousand times more than any other subjects. Those incidents, dear Lou, which you think too trivial to send two thousand miles, never considering that domestic anecdotes so many thousand miles as they travel are so many thousand times more valuable to a man of affections than if sent to him a trifling distance, which you would not scruple to do.

It surprises me the more that you, my dearest lass, are silent, who write with such apparent facility and impress your expressions with the graces of your nature—the true secret to make correspondence delightful—when that which I have long loved in yourself breathes through your letters and gives them the air of your conversation.

I therefore recommend that you would keep a regular journal, enough to make me an immense letter once a month ; and don't be particular about a subject, so as you talk about what is actually going on amongst you. If "Molly Morley be brave to what she war," it is very interesting to hear so, and if you still keep your taste for barley sugar ! which I doubt not ! But Brookes' exploits must always be productive, with his badgers and things, and I thank you again for those anecdotes. I wrote the lad a letter some time ago. How I long to see him ! Nobody makes me laugh half so much as he does, and I love a hearty laugh.

But my home letters feel always so skinny between the finger and thumb that I am always sure there cannot be much in them, and every line I read I grudge, for fear of coming to the end. When once I do get home what a zest will my absence give to every blessing ; for wherever I go or whatever I see, I may say with the feeling Goldsmith—

My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee,
Still wanders o'er the peaceful scenes I love,
And drags a lengthening chain at each remove.

I long incessantly to return to the bosom of that family to which may be applied the words of a less celebrated poet—

Nor last, tho' noticed last by me,
Appears that happy family,
No pen can do strict justice by,
And mine should be the last to try—
Wher'ever going—there approved
And only known to be beloved.

COUCH, canto ii.

This letter will probably be concluded from Gibraltar, where I may have a better idea of my destination. At present I am tired out with this tedious passage and tossing about from one side of the cabin to the other. The soup in my lap! and my fist in the pudding. Oh dear! Oh dear! But now, please Neptune, we may have a fair wind, and may run into Gibraltar in two or three days. The only amusement on board ship is light reading and making verses. It is quite impossible to bore.

Since I came on board I have read with a good deal of attention for the first time Dryden's Virgil and Pope's Homer, from which in themselves I did not derive half so much pleasure as the conviction of Milton's decided superiority to both.

A man reading a translation cannot of course judge of the language or numbers of the original, but these I believe are not of the first consequence, and Pope is generally esteemed a greater master of both than Milton (though I am myself quite of a contrary opinion); but it

is in the thoughts that Milton so astonishingly surpasses, I think, both Homer and Virgil; for surely nobody who reads *Paradise Lost*, and the *Iliad* by Pope, can doubt how cumbersome rhyme is to an epic poem, or how much it relaxes the energy of the verse, or how much grander a translation of Homer Milton could have furnished than that for which we are so greatly obliged to Pope. I prefer the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*, and the *Georgics* to the *Æneid*, for the latter is something like a servile imitation of the Greek.

By the way, if you have never read Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, let me recommend you to a most delicious entertainment. Although the biographer portrays himself an inconceivable goose, I never met with anything so interesting as his book, nor so wonderful as the conversation and universal wisdom of Johnson, whom he will never believe to be a coward, though it were proved in fifty thousand courts—and this indissoluble attachment is with me called rectitude of heart.

GIBRALTAR, *December* 4, 1807.

After a most unpleasant passage of thirty-six days, we arrived here on the 1st inst. We have received no intelligence of any sort. Sir John Moore has sailed alone to the westward, and it is supposed that his object is to concert what may be best, by what he may find to have happened at Lisbon. All thoughts of South America seem to have subsided; and if in the end we do return, our advance and enterprise do not seem to be yet quashed, from the orders which the General gives us.

I have been much gratified by a letter from the mother of my friend,[1] promising that the epitaph I sent

[1] Lieutenant Edward Gould, R.E.

should be placed on his tomb, and professing to have derived much comfort from my sympathy, and from the affectionate tribute paid to her son's memory. It has in a manner set my heart at rest on this melancholy subject, for there is a great mental satisfaction, if no solid sense, in the consideration that I have performed the last sad duty to his ashes, by establishing a little register of his virtues and our friendship, which otherwise would have sunk with me and those who loved him into oblivion, the idea of which is horrible.

5th December.—The mail closes to-morrow and I have no time to alter or peruse anything—so take it as it is—it's just a talk.—Yours, CHARLES.

ISLE OF WIGHT,
ST. HELENS, *December* 29, 1807.

EVER DEAREST FATHER—If you have not been prepared for it, my arrival in England will be to you an agreeable surprise, as in fact it is almost to me.

We had a favourable passage of thirteen days, and came to anchor last night. When I have seen Sir John Moore in Portsmouth and General Morse in London, I shall be better able to fix my movements; at present my thoughts are to stay here two or three days, then to London, and so meet you at Sudbury before the 9th.

Hereafter I shall probably wish to adhere to General Moore, who has intimated a disposition entirely friendly to me. But I cannot help hoping to spend the greater part of the winter with you—a hope, however, too flattering to be implicitly trusted. I heard, by means of Colonel Campbell, the valuable intelligence that you were all well on the 12th November. As I trust we

shall meet very soon I need not lengthen this letter, farther than to say how much I am, my dearest Dad, your ever most affectionate CHARLES.

P.S.—There is not such an air of happiness in this letter as my situation may be supposed to inspire. The fact is, I fear giving myself too much up to certainty which may possibly forerun disappointment.—Adieu.

LETTER FROM LIEUT. CHARLES BOOTHBY TO SIR JOHN MOORE

SUDBURY, *March* 1808.

DEAR SIR—I did myself the honour to wait upon you in London, and trust that you will allow me to say by letter what I would have expressed in conversation.

I experienced with much regret the breaking up of that army in which I felt so fortunately situated and befriended by you. But I do not despair of being again under your command, which is my first wish, and have only to fear the being sent out of the way before anything should occur.

As your kindness on that head, as on all others, left me nothing to desire, I am anxious to state that my wish to belong to an army of which you have the command is entirely independent of any hopes I might suffer to arise in consequence of your late disposition to indulge my wishes and promote my advantage, and that I shall ever esteem myself sufficiently fortunate to meet with active practice in my own particular profession under your auspices in any part of the world. I found my father and family here on a visit to Lord Vernon. I delivered your message, which gave him much pleasure,

and he is highly gratified to find himself remembered by your kindness to me.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, with great respect, your very obedient, obliged, and humble servant, CHARLES BOOTHBY.

I had not long to wait before this letter was answered by a summons to join the expedition to Sweden, under Sir John Moore, and by the 15th April I was in London preparing for departure.

BLENHEIM HOTEL, BOND STREET, LONDON,
April 27, 1808.

EVER DEAREST DAD—I feel conscious from your letter that you have not much spirits to spare. Whatever hurts you, goes to the quick with me also. But God did not mean us to be perfectly happy here, and I hope that we jog on towards the next place with as comfortable prospects as our neighbours.

If from any want of efficiency on my part, it were your business to prescribe my motions, you would (however disagreeable to your affections) direct me as I am now going. The rage that pervades the youth of blood to go with General Moore exceeds anything I ever heard of, and many suicides are expected in consequence of rejected applications.

I pray God to bless you all, and me, in such a return as lately gladdened my heart.—Your ever most affectionate CHARLES.

BLENHEIM HOTEL, BOND STREET, LONDON,
April 29, 1808.

EVER DEAREST DAD—I hope it will not be a great

disappointment to you not to find me in London, as I was peremptorily obliged to leave on the 30th.

I would have done anything to save you a disappointment. But for myself, I should have had no pleasure in the meeting unless you were merry, and much pain at parting if you were sad.

Your remittance was very convenient and sufficient, and I am not in want of anything.—Ever dearest Dad, yours, C.

SHEERNESS, *May* 6, 1808.

The ships are under way and bound for Yarmouth. Thence I suppose to Gothenburg. Perhaps I shall see Sir Brooke in my rambles.

YARMOUTH, *May* 9, 1808.

We arrived in the roads this morning, and I have just come on shore for an hour to get a few things that are wanting, as a fine fair breeze is to be taken advantage of immediately, and I hope to see Gothenburg in less than a week. General Moore is on board the *Mars*, and not an officer is to be seen on shore, as the Fleet is to sail at three o'clock.

Amity Brig, *May* 10.

Got under way at 4 o'clock P.M. Wind blowing towards evening with rain, and threatened a gale; moderated again, and the moon rose in unclouded majesty.

Fine clear night. List of men-of-war of the convoy. *Mars* 74, *Audacious* 74, *Tigress* 16, —— 16, and *Piercer*.

Friday 13.—All last night hazy weather,

moderate breezes; in the morning thick fog—so thick that not a ship in the Fleet could be discovered except at intervals, although the voices of the people aboard could be distinguished.

The faint form of the ships, at times in the fog, had rather a sublime appearance. The Commodore was on our starboard beam, which we knew by his occasionally firing guns of guidance; the sound was very near, but the flash could not be perceived. About twelve o'clock he made a signal to alter the course, and at two o'clock he made another signal, and we had some anxiety lest a mistake should make us lose the Fleet.

At about three o'clock, however, the fog cleared away, and discovered the Commodore close on our larboard-quarter, steaming the same course with us, some thirty or forty miles from the coast of Jutland.

These Baltic fogs are extremely unpleasant, and lie chiefly on the shoal called Jutland Reef. The vessel was obliged to be constantly beating drums and ringing bells, lest some other ship should come upon her unknowingly, from the perfect obscurity in which we were involved.

Tuesday, *May* 17.—Wind blowing very fresh and a heavy sea. At a quarter before three had Gothenburg on the lee beam. At half-past three pilot came on board, at four anchored near Elfsborg Castle; experienced much pleasure from

the force of contrast—coming at once from very rough sea-weather into harbour, and leaving the waves in the lurch.

Aspect of Gothenburg Harbour very wild and bleak.

Wednesday 18.—May go on shore, but not to sleep. Mr. Hindmarsh takes us in his boat and we land at Tod's Quay.

After entering the gates of Gothenburg, we went into a shop to inquire for an inn, and found a very pretty boy translating English into Swedish. His book was entitled *Village Dialogues*. He spoke English very well, and also French and German, and was exceedingly modest and well-behaved. His father stood by, and contemplated the acuteness of his son with delight, pleased to find that he could make Englishmen understand him.

We proceed, meet a gentleman, and ask for an inn where a dinner might be got.

"'Twas a shocking place," he said, but told us of an hotel. I then asked where I could hear of foreigners who might be in Gothenburg. "Did not know. Who did I want?" "Sir Brooke Boothby."[1] Had seen him that morning; showed me where he lived—"*Not at home.*" Go to dine at Eryxon's and find party of officers.

[1] It may interest the reader to know that the Sir Brooke Boothby here mentioned was the father of Penelope Boothby (whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds is so well known). She was his only child, and died when six years old, in the year 1791.

After dinner go again to call on my uncle (Sir Brooke Boothby), whom I had not seen for nine years. We were delighted to see each other; had tea, walked to Tod's Quay, embarked at nine, and was on board at 11 P.M.

General Stewart is the kindest creature in the world. He went the other day to ask the General (Sir John Moore) to appoint me his aide-de-camp, as the brigadier-generals were to be allowed them; but General Moore's answer was, that he intended me for himself.

If the General has an opportunity of putting his intentions into execution, I shall have the situation which I wish for more than any other in the Army. But my mind misgives me that we shall come home without achieving or seeing anything.

My uncle has introduced me to the best society here. We went to a ball on board the *Victory* the other day, and the prettiest lady said to me in very pretty broken English, "Wan I dance wid you, sair, I will assure you dat I wish we dance de whole long of de sheep"; and when the two dances were over, she said, "Sair, I tank you; I will assure you it is de plaisantess dance I dance to-day." Seeing me smile she added, "You not belief it. Ah! it is true!" I went simpering up to another lady and said, "What a very fine day, ma'am, for our party." She curtseyed, and uttered

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

PENELOPE BOOTHBY.

Born 1785. Died 1791.

Only Child of Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart.

from her throat with a smile, "Bakkelseg Morgon Vakka Thikka Pukk," and so I simpering replied as if I understood her, "Yaw, yaw, Pukk," bowed and went away.

June 14, 1808.—Agree with Wilmot, Sandham, and Foster to go to Trollhättan, and on Friday, 17th, at 5 A.M. start in two gigs with two horses each, arriving at half-past one, after a pleasant journey of fifty-two miles, stopping an hour on the road. The waterfall fell below my expectations, although it be terrible to stand close beside an enormous body of water in motion so rapid; but the view from below is much less grand and astonishing than I can conceive a cataract to be, nor do I think my ideas of the tremendous much invigorated or more defined than they were before, and as a proof that the cataract did not fill or satisfy the mind, I observed, that on beholding it, I ever cast my eyes to the lofty precipice on the right, saying to myself, "Oh, that it came tumbling over that!" The canal was just what I expected, and a most laudable work.

June 19.—Start for Ström at four. This road offers to the eye of the traveller much picturesque beauty. A great part of it lies as if through a beautiful English park, and from the excellence and trimness of the road and culture of the verdure you imagine yourself in some studied approach to a great man's house, while the beauti-

ful gleams of the romantic Gotha, seen through the trees, make you exclaim, "Happy he whose eye is frequent on such a prospect." The Gotha is an exquisitely beautiful river: its waves are true silver and azure; its banks are green, enamelled with flowers, embossed with dwellings, and feathered with woods; and its stately windings are frequently caught through an irregular perspective colonnade of the trunks of trees, while their beautiful foliage embowers you above, and calms and attunes your mind to the beauties of the farther prospect. Its vessels never overpower it (I mean as landscape), that is to say, you never think of a crowd of masts, of coals, of bawlings, of canals, and all the horrors of navigation.

A graceful sail now and then glides swiftly through the trees, or dimples the silver surface, the here-and-there cascade having eminent beauty, deserving of notice; and the cultivated fields enwrapping the hills.

The skirts of the vast cataracts at Trollhättan, and indeed at Edet, are applied to the sawing of timber; and in various parts of Sweden the sledge-hammer is raised, the borer driven, and the polisher whirled by the same perpetual power.

Thursday, *June* 30.—Sir John Moore embarked last night. Learn that he had been a prisoner at Stockholm, and had made his escape. See General Stewart; learn that the point in dispute between

the General and the King[1] had been the attack upon Norway, which His Majesty had stated was impossible, but in a subsequent conversation, being reminded of this statement, he denied it in the most positive terms.

The General said, "Not only I, but Colonel Murray, heard you; but if your Majesty says you did not say so, I must have misunderstood you."

The King accuses him of disrespect—in a rage.

Sir John, to pacify, concedes so far as to say he will wait for further despatches, but on going home and reflecting, finds his instructions too positive to admit of it, and apprises the King that he must depart from the country.

The King sends to him in the middle of the night to say that he must not leave Stockholm without his permission.

The General immediately despatches a messenger to embark every part of the army, and remonstrates upon the detention. No answer; but the next day a repetition of prohibition arrives.

Sir John takes a drive in the curricle of the Secretary of Legation beyond the first stage, where he is taken up in his plain clothes by a messenger, who, with his courier's pass, gets along uninterrupted. He arrived at Gothenburg on Wednesday, 29th June, and pushed off for the *Victory*. Only the Admiral knew him.

[1] Gustavus IV.

Saturday, *July* 2.—The General desires to see Burgoyne and me immediately, and we go on board the *Victory*.

Sir John Moore informs us that the Admirals, particularly Keats, are anxious about the little island of Sproe in the Great Belt, upon which during winter the French might establish themselves, and harbour gunboats, to the annoyance of the passage in summer.

The French had designed to possess it, and built a barrack on it, and there is a probability that next winter they may complete their design, which formerly they began too late.

The Admirals desire to forestall the enemy, and I must go to see if the nature of the island and our means admit of such a defence being established before the necessary departure of the Fleet. The British have destroyed the barrack made by the French, so that barracks, storehouses, etc., for the troops must be established, as well as fortifications.

Sunday, *July* 3.—Get up at 3 A.M.; pack. At four pilot comes on board. Fleet gets under way. At seven Admiral sends on board and takes me away.

Go on board the *Superb*. No instruments, no colours. Apply to be sent on board the *Victory* to see Sir John Moore. Sir John comes up himself to take me to the Admiral's breakfast. General Stewart brings instructions; Admiral very civil.

Sail with a convoy of merchantmen and the *Etna* towards the Belt. The army leaves for England.

July 5.—Heavy foggy weather with rain ; coast of Jutland in sight.

July 6.—Came in sight of Sproe. Next morning I go on shore with surveying implements, half survey it, and next day complete survey. *Superb* in sight. As I go on shore in the afternoon, I receive a note from Admiral Keats to breakfast with him, and come again on board the *Superb*. Takes me altogether into the cabin. I enlarge my scale of plan, and prepare it for the field.

Sunday, *July* 10.—*Victory*, *Edgar*, and *Cruizer* in sight, entering the Belt. Admiral Keats takes me a *divil* of a row to meet the *Superb*. Captain Graves dines there, and begs the boys to go on shore. Joey Easterbrook prefers it to the Admiral's dinner. Poor FitzClarence left behind. "It was a cruel thing," he said. After dinner ye Admiral, Captain Graves, and myself, go on shore. Boys shoved off ere our arrival. Admiral snuffs the green air ; walk over the ground, gather wild spinach, return on board. The youngsters were in dismay! The Captain's Newfoundland dog Tigress having run down a sheep, which had taken refuge in the sea, they feared it would be laid to them, but they had neatly skinned it, and hoped their mess would benefit by it. Little

rascals! The Admiral, from prudential motives, took particular care that they should not taste it.

Dear little Georges begged the officer on deck to let him put me on board the *Brunswick*. This began our friendship. He put me on board, I having agreed with Admiral Keats that, as I should finish with the island to-morrow, I should again come on board the *Superb*.

Tuesday, July 12.—This day drew up my report. Ships weigh, and anchor again.

July 19.—Desired by Sir James to travel in plain clothes. Make necessary change. Signal made, "Send Mr. Boothby on board the *Swan* cutter immediately. Make haste."[1]

Sit down in the cabin with a party of particular friends. Georges in the chair, Lord Bury on my right hand, little Johnny Russell over against me. Boat ready; cutter waiting. Take an affectionate leave of my friends, Georges, Lord Bury, and Johnny, and part from Admiral Keats in the kindest manner; indeed, his behaviour and friendly conduct had quite attached me to him.

When taking leave of the wardroom officers I am entreated below to wine, steadily refuse, but Captain Jackson being gone with the Admiral, Mr. Crowe, the first lieutenant, orders me to be carried below, upon which officers, youngsters, and marines

[1] This hasty summons meant that he was to proceed at once *via* Ystad and Helsingborg to England to rejoin Sir John Moore.

surround me, and spite of a strenuous resistance, carry me bodily by neck and heels into the ward-room, where I drink adieu.

Sent on board the *Admiral* to receive more despatches. Get on board the cutter; nasty odious little thing. Pass close under the *Superb's* stern. All hands crowd the poop, and actively wave me many farewells.

Wind foul; go to bed.

July 20.—Wind still fouler. Change our tack, and at length conceive hopes of arriving at Ystad, a pretty-looking town as seen from the distance; but nothing can be more park-like and beautiful than the shores of the Great Belt.

Get on shore about 5 P.M. Sailors take up my baggage. Go to the inn. Mr. Lucas brings Mr. Strom (clerk to an Ystad merchant), who undertakes my passports, horses, etc. Asking about Swedish travelling, it appears that robbing or breach of trust are species of dishonesty unknown to the Swedes. Send my baggage off at ten, start at eleven. No moon, good horses. As I go along, astonished to see the sea on my right hand. "How the devil," said I, "can this be?"

The sea, in or out of sight, must be to the left hand. But still I saw the sea approaching even to the edge of the road, broken by beautiful ports, isles, and rocks. "Diable," said I, "what call you dat?" pointing to a fine harbour, embossed with

islands and romantic shores. The driver looked, but returned no answer, for he saw nothing but the white mist arising from the face of the earth. The deception was complete. A bank on the left of the road obstructed my view, but on the right it commanded an extensive tract of country. The thick, white, shining mists lying in the low grounds gave them the exact appearance of water at that dusk time of night, while mountains in their range sketched out the harbours and islands which I had discovered.[1]

Overtake my baggage, and arrive.

July 21.—At Everslip by half-past one. Dispatch the holker for horses. Go into a room in the house, like an oven; no light, but merely darkness visible; lie on a sofa; see a black many-legged reptile glide across the wall; start up and go out to meet my baggage.

Men impatient for payment. "What will you have?" "For my two horses, five dollars." "Rascal! I will give you one and a half, which I know to be right, and a half for yourself." "Very right, tanka," said he. Baggage arrives—relieved.

Daylight now, as with a mantle, robed our world, and bade fictitious seas and white mists yield the deceptive mask. And now I took the reins.

> Crick, crack, the horses fly,
> At every click more swift they hie.

[1] The editor has seen precisely the same effect before sunrise in Scotland, over the Ochils near Crieff.

Sudden each blade of grass, each feathered shrub, gleamed golden bright, and turning to the east, the glorious orb above the hills exalted half his disk.

> This morn his crimson robe he chose, translucent,
> That sheds its glowing tints on every mound,
> And spreads its warm refulgence o'er the ground.

Arrive at Regerberg much tired, and roost. Wait for horses; start at half-past twelve, and arrive at Glumslouf. View beautiful—wooded banks of Zealand, Copenhagen spires. Meet divers Swedish nobles; they are diverted at the manner in which I expedite the hostler. "Holker," said I, and he looking back, I shake a bag of halfpence at him, and he runs like blazes.

Arrive at Helsingborg at five; much delighted as I approach with the view of Zealand.

The *Orion* and *Vanguard* and *Calypso* in the Sound, and beautiful Cronberg Castle beyond them.

Drive to Mr. Fenwick, the British Consul, and deliver letters. He, a gentlemanlike young man, actively obliging, procures me a room, and invites me to his house. Covered with dust and sweat, I plunge delightedly, and lave my limbs, then I robe myself afresh, and freed from all my dirt, sally forth and drink tea at the Consul's. The boat announced, we proceed on board the *Orion*, and I deliver my despatches. As Admiral Bertie is not on board,

I reclaim them, and pursue him to the *Vanguard*. Return on shore, sup with Mr. Fenwick, who gives me a snuff-box. Go to bed at twelve.

July 22, *Friday*.—Get up half-past 2 A.M., open the window, to find a midshipman looking for me, so I dress quick and send baggage to boat.

Admiral had said at daylight the *Calypso's* instructions should be perfectly ready. Get on board about four—delightful brig. Captain goes on board the *Orion*; no despatches yet. Fine breeze, which would shoot us by Cronberg Castle and the swarming gunboats, blowing to waste. At 2 P.M. calm.

Signal made by telegraph: "Come on board; bring the engineer." So we go on board, and *Calypso* weighs; as the breeze rises away we go; there is no firing, and we dart along.

July 25, *Monday*.—Fall in with a Dutch fishing-boat and board her, and get ten or a dozen very large cod. Fish ourselves; catch numerous mackerel in a light breeze—beautiful dying—green, blue, red, and rose. Becalmed. Plumb for cod; catch plenty, very large codfish and ling, also a dogfish. Cabinetmaker begs the skin to finish off his work. This evening the sun set in unusual splendour; he sank down into a thick indigo bank, whose edges he tinged with colours dipt in heaven. Sky tinctured green, and all above was yellow golden radiance, richly fretted in vapours,

which blended off to the wilder clouds in the richest roseate glow. The sea was glassy smooth, but heaved gently with majesty, in her borrowed robe of gold refulgent, while in the east a perfect bow shone in full colours, striding over heaven, an arch superb, which the reflecting waves joined underneath again, making the round complete :—

> The horizon round was dim, sublime,
> And wild, warm clouds mingled with ocean line.

Rain,—imperceptible breeze ; slip through at four knots. 140 miles from Yarmouth.

July 28, *Thursday*, 4 A.M.—Fair wind, going nine miles per hour. Board a suspicious vessel like a French privateer and find her a Greenland schooner. Heavy rain, dirty weather, close to Norfolk coast. Anchor for the night.

July 29, *Friday*, 4 A.M.—As we were getting up anchor the fog came on very thick. And though the wind at length relents, the envious fog still obscures the entrance to port ; as it clears away we weigh anchor about 1 P.M., at which time I land, having preceded in the gig with Captain Bradby.

I wait upon Admiral Douglas, and hear that Sir J. Moore is at Portsmouth and expected to sail hourly. After this very fretful. Go on board again to make distribution of bag, but return immediately and get on shore half an hour before

the mail starts. Take my place. In the mail are two men in coarse jackets and trousers, just escaped from France, having broken their parole. The joy of having escaped seemed entirely to fly away with all compunction, if indeed they had any conscience. They had undergone great hardships, so I smothered the severity of my disapprobation.

July 30.—Go to the Blenheim Hotel, Bond Street. Find that General Moore has taken care that I shall follow him. The General invites me to breakfast to talk of my report. See Sir R. Milnes. Call on Mrs. Meynell.

July 31.—Breakfast with General Moore. Office to-morrow. No tidings of baggage. Write letters home.

BLENHEIM HOTEL, NEW BOND STREET,
July 31, 1808.

MY LOUISA—First let me tell you that I am going to-morrow to Portsmouth to join or follow Sir John Moore, so hope not to see me just yet.

Having completed my services in the Baltic, I arrived at Yarmouth yesterday, and hearing that Sir J. Moore only waited for a wind, I was upon tenterhooks until in London, so half an hour after I landed I put myself into the mail, and arrived here at nine o'clock this morning. "Keep moving" has been for some time my motto.

Now, my own lass, have I much to discourse with thee about. There is my journey to Trollhättan and my peregrinations in the Baltic, my travels again through Sweden, all which, as I kept a circumstantial journal,

you shall be sure to have. The civility and kindness of Admiral Keats, with whom I lived, made my stay quite delightful. After I had been on board three days it was necessary to transfer me to another line-of-battle ship, and when I was going he told me he should be back in a few days: "And then, if you please, you shall take up your quarters with me." This pleased me much, and when he did return he took me into his cabin, and I was as happy as the day was long, although very hard worked. He is by all the Navy esteemed now the first character in it, and all his officers, although they dislike him, absolutely swear by him in a professional point of view, and acknowledge that they believe a better or more tender-hearted man does not exist, but still he is disagreeable on duty. He, as Captain Keats, commanded the *Superb* in Admiral Saumarcy's action off Algeciras, dashed in between two Spanish three-deckers, and, giving each a broadside, passed clear in the smoke and engaged another ship of equal force, which he sank. Meanwhile the two Spaniards continued by mistake to fight each other in the smoke until they both blew up; thus by such conduct he destroyed three line-of-battle ships. All the great folks send their sons under his charge, and admirably kind and masterly he is with them. A son of the Duke of Clarence is with him, a fine lad. I never saw such delightful boys. The Admiral makes them write sham letters to him every Saturday. My favourite, little Georges, gave an account of a sea-fight. "My Lords," he says, "I enclose a copy of my letter to Admiral Easterbrooke (another monkey just like himself), and in an event of this importance I have thought it necessary to send my first lieutenant, Hawkins (another), to whom I refer your Lordships for any further, etc., and beg to

recommend him, etc., as an officer of distinguished merit, etc.," and so on.

The Admiral has a favourite little dog and a favourite cow. "I think it very odd, Mr. Georges," said he, "that none of you youngsters have had the civility to write to my dog or cow; it would do just as well to exercise you; besides, you might take a sly fling at the Admiral."

So next time young Georges writes :—"Dear Madam Cow," begging her to bestow a little of her great bag of milk on the youngsters—a pretty broad hint to the Admiral. But what prattle is this! I delivered my papers to the chief engineer this morning, the originals of which are sent, I fancy, to Lord Castlereagh and the Admiralty. My chief received me very graciously. I learned from him with great joy that General Moore had applied to Lord Chatham to have me follow him, and that his Lordship had acceded; but as General Moore does not command in chief, I have no staff hopes, for the present at least.

The people in this house speak in raptures of dearest old Dad. . . . Do you write by return of post, and I shall write to-morrow, and in the meantime, my dearest Lou, Heaven have thee in its holy keeping. CHARLES.

I breakfast with my chief to-morrow, and only wait my baggage from Yarmouth.

I think after a Spanish or Portuguese campaign I may rest a bit, and perhaps a peace will bless the world and fetter Buonaparte, for unfettered the rascal cannot be left.

August 2. — Wretchedly fidgety about my

baggage. Get a letter from Bradby telling me where to find it, as it has been delayed by the Custom House officers.

August 4, 5 *o'clock* A.M.—Start on the stage for Portsmouth, having sent my baggage on before.

"PENELOPE" TRANSPORT (P.S.),
August 9, 1808.

DEAREST LOUISA—Here I am embarked, and your letters in future had better be addressed to me with the expedition under Sir Harry Burrard and sent to the engineers' office.—Ever yours, CHARLES.

August 9, *Tuesday*.—N.E. Bustle aboard the *Penelope* brig. Get on board at twelve. Get under way.

N.W. Tossing ten at night. God send a good passage. Forty-two sail, including the convoy.

August 10, *Wednesday*.—Off. St. Albans barely in sight. Foul wind. At the old work—toss, tack, toss, toss, tack toss, toss tack. Stercoraceous smells under my berth; porter used to be stored there; a chance fracture stains the straw and accounts for it.

August 12.—A very numerous fleet under the land, sailing up Channel. Breeze freshens. Cool dry weather. An Italian tailor told me to-day that the English have good pay, but that in five weeks in London he spent all he had gained in the rest of the year. When mirth sat in the heart and

money lay in the pocket he could not resist it, he said; and what with dances, coaches, dresses, and feasts, guineas flew out like dust, and he was forced to come to sea again!

Breeze increased at about 11 P.M.; blew very hard; short high sea; signal to veer, and sail on starboard tack.

August 13, *Saturday*, 2 A.M.—A gale S.W. very high. Suppose at daylight he will run for Plymouth. *Rendezvous* signal. Plymouth Sound. Anchor outside the Drake Islands at 8 P.M.

August 14, *Sunday*.—Weigh and get within the bight. Write letters.

PLYMOUTH SOUND,
"PENELOPE" BRIG, *August* 14.

SWEET SISTER—Encountering a S.W. gale has led us a sad rakish life. We were glad to put in here to-night, an operation which the thickness of the weather rendered very bothering.

As the wind may blow contrary some time, write to me here, directed Army under Sir H. Burrard, Plymouth, or elsewhere.

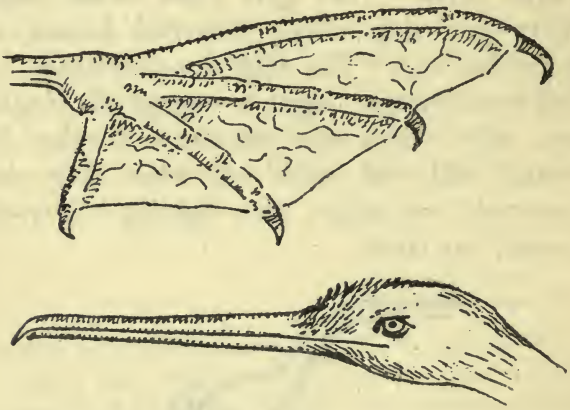
Chickens all well, but Jack and I cannot get the ducks to eat now; they waddle about and crack their toes. Jack's great delight (Jack is the cabin boy, my only companion) is my solicitude about the ducks, and I thought he never would have done laughing when I told him to clean away some tar from the coop because it made them sneeze; and when we turned them out to exercise the other day, one tried to quack and could not, so Jack

said, "He's speechless, sir." We anchored at eight o'clock —sad, sad work. Should have been half way to Lisbon. —Ever yours, CHARLES.

August 15, *Monday*.—French prize brought in yesterday, a fine brig of war of eighteen guns. She was in company with a corvette and another brig of equal force. They gave chase to an English twenty-gun ship, which disguised herself and stopped her way. The brig that was taken outsailed the other and began to engage the Englishman, upon which the corvette and other brig crowded sail and made off, while their more honourable companion, after fighting thirty-five minutes, was taken.

August 19, *Friday*.—Wind fresh, six knots, smooth water. At evening a bird flying like a duck met the ship, and lighted on the foretopsail yard, where he began looking up and down

and all about, peering, as it were, with his long flexible neck and long beak. When it became dark, Antonio, a cunning, merry Italian, went aloft to try to catch him, at which everybody cried, "Fool!"—As he perched with his face aft, the man got on the foreside the sail (they wondered how the devil he managed it), and we could see



his hands glide under the yard until they laid hold of the animal, which he brought down with him upon deck, the enraged creature snapping at him all the time with great dexterity.

He was very savage and the size and colour of a large goshawk, but a much slimmer-bodied bird; his pinions, plumage, tail, and standing position of his body like a hawk; his head but very slightly deviating from the bulk of his neck; sleek appearance; his long beak hooked at the end

of the upper limb ; his eyes, light blue, yet wild, ardent, and piercing, were placed close to the sit of the beak ; his legs short and thick, of a black colour ; his feet large, long, and triangular, the webs white, and claws at the ends of the toes.

Unfortunately and thoughtlessly Antonio's wish to have his wing cut was complied with, and he would not eat.

August 20, *Saturday*.—At 6 P.M. land discovered well on the larboard bow ; supposed neighbourhood of Cape Ortegal. Blowing exceeding hard, heavy sea, eight knots. Bird won't eat.

August 21, *Sunday*.—3 A.M. wind drops. Eight o'clock thick fog ; not yet weathered Cape Finisterre. Having seen the land at no great distance, and the strange bird refusing all food, I proposed to liberate him, thinking that of two chances for his life that was the least desperate, namely, his being able to row to some land where he might seek his food unassisted by flight. Accordingly the string was taken from his leg and he was left at large. After walking about a bit, he came in sight of the water through the door of the gangway that had been opened for him. He immediately perched upon the edge of the vessel, looking earnestly about as if to discover land, tried his wings, seemed sensible of the defect, but at last he stooped and soon reached the water.

We had endeavoured to palliate the injury by

cutting the other wing exactly in the same manner as the first, not pinioned, merely the ends of the feathers taken off. When he reached the water he rowed from the ship with amazing swiftness and began to wash himself and play with infinite delight, plunging his head into the water, and seeming in complete enjoyment. The ship was stealing on about a mile and a half an hour, and we had lost sight of the bird, when, to our great surprise, he hove again in sight, and seemed pulling after the ship as hard as he could. There was a very heavy swell, and we could see him dive up hill and down, and gain upon the ship astonishingly fast. We still could hardly think he wished to come on board again, until he came close alongside, and kept close to the gangway (where he had gone from the ship), looking up with anxiety. A man was then let down to the water's edge, when, instead of pulling off, the bird came to him with open mouth, clapping its wings, and showed the utmost impatience to be taken up. When he came on board he was much fatigued and his plumage was wet. He still refused to eat, but a little fish and water was put down his beak, which he swallowed. He seems weak and ill, and I fear will die before we are able to relieve him. He is become tame, however, and has his liberty about the deck, and he knows he may go when he likes, which I hope comforts him. I would give

two guineas at this moment (and I have but six) to restore him those bits of feathers of which he was robbed; but, at any rate, he is no longer disgusted with the nastiness of the ducks, with whom we put him at first, in hopes they might get acquainted and induce him to take pot-luck with them; but he treated them with the most scorning contempt, and seemed to think them most filthy companions, and the devotion and animation with which he cleansed himself from their filth when he got into the water was quite beautiful to see. At twelve it cleared up so as we could see the land—Cape Finisterre. Light breeze. Fog gone.

August 22, *Monday*.—This morning the strange bird at four o'clock leapt again from the side and pulled from the ship with a swift and steady course until out of sight. He kept up his looks amazingly well, and probably the fish and water stuffed down his throat sustained him, and, as if aware that he had exhausted himself before, he never stayed to wash or amuse himself. Fare him well.

August 24, *Wednesday*.—Fogs, foul wind, good breeze towards evening. Land ahead. Signal made for Mondego, and bear away accordingly.

August 25, *Thursday*.—A nice breeze at 12 A.M. and very clear. Sandy shore, sand hills, north of Mondego. Lay to for three ships astern.

August 26, *Friday*.—Breeze blowing right out of harbour. Very angry at the wind; expect not to get in to-day. At half-past nine boat alongside. Onions, pears, apples, apricots, bread. Learn from them that the great fleet is gone to Lisbon, and am then sure that we shall follow. Soon after signal to steer W.S.W.

August 27.—Dead calm, fog, rain, heavy sea.

Foul breeze.

Sad work.

August 31, *Wednesday*.—At 5 A.M. Rock of Lisbon in sight. Pass through Sir Harry Burrard's fleet on their way to England. When we come abreast of the Rock, seven o'clock, we soon hear from the agent that the army had made a bad business of the landing, which took place on the Maer, many lives being lost. It was supposed that we were either to land in the same place, should the wind favour, or return to Mondego.

An action had taken place, in which Sir H. Burrard was in person. 5000 French taken, 800 British lost. The British forces said to consist of Sir A. Wellesley's expedition. Stand in at ten o'clock for the Rock of Lisbon. Come in sight of the Tagus blockading fleet, under command of Sir Charles Cotton. Bring to, then go on the starboard tack, and God knows when or where we shall land. *Eurydice* leaves us for Halifax.

September 1.—Still tacking for Lisbon. I go

on board—the commander of the convoy, Captain Mayne—*Primrose* brig sloop.

Tell him that, being astray, I was just now particularly anxious to get to the army, as I supposed the Engineers might possibly be actively employed. He then told me that the game was up, that Junot was allowed to return to France with his troops and plunder, but that the English had told the Russian Admiral that he must either surrender or fight; that Sir J. M. and Sir A. W. were raving at Sir H. D.[1] and Sir H. B. on account of the terms allowed to General Junot, and that we should go in to-day or to-morrow. Stand out till twelve. Wind blowing very hard.

September 2, *Friday*.—Signal to anchor. Beat up towards an anchorage near the Rock of Lisbon, where the *African* and convoy had brought up last night. At nine o'clock see a Russian flag of truce go to the British Admiral.

Come to an anchor off Cascaes at two o'clock. Go on shore. See Captain M'Leod of the *Barfleur*. Find on inquiry that it is not known where the army was. It had been at Mafia, but it appeared that it was moving. The 42nd Regiment, commanded by Colonel Stirling, had taken port at Cascaes. The Colonel despaired of getting important despatches to Sir Henry, so I deter-

[1] Sir Henry Dalrymple.

mined not to set out for the army until their situation is known. Write home.

Off Cascaes, *Sept.* 3, 1808.

My Louisa—After the most tedious and provoking passage we came to an anchor yesterday noon off the fortified town named in the date, at the entrance to the Tagus. Things are in this situation, General Junot having lost a battle, much to the glory of Sir A. Wellesley and his army, in which the enemy were nearly two to one. Sir Henry Dalrymple, by terms which at the first view appear unaccountably favourable to the French, has induced him to capitulate, and he, with his troops, are to be sent in our transport to Rochefort, and the Russian fleet on the Tagus, we hear, is to be taken to England under Russian colours, to await the event of negotiations with the autocrat.

In pursuance of this treaty, Fort São Julião, and all the works and places more remote from Lisbon, are already under English colours, and it is expected that to-day or to-morrow the embarkation of the French will take place. Sir Harry Burrard, they say, arrived himself just before the action commenced, having landed at Mondego, but left Sir A. Wellesley to carry through the plan of battle, which was fully designed. The event was that the enemy were amazingly beaten.

Just as the French had fallen back on their entrenchments, it is said that intelligence was brought of Sir J. Moore having arrived with 14,000 men, which new situation of things and proportion of armies relatively convinced Sir Harry Burrard that the enemy must capitulate, and although (it is said) Sir A. Wellesley did all

but *kneel*, saying that unless he was permitted to follow up the glory of the day that of the army would be tarnished, Sir H. B. persisted in putting a stop to hostilities, and a capitulation has been finally entered into by which the main point is carried, but in which the pride of the army and the wishes of the Portuguese do hardly appear to have been sufficiently considered. The enemy was at our feet, and after very hard fighting the army had a right to conquest, and after being ground by their oppressors, the Portuguese should have been allowed the natural triumph of seeing the objects of their abhorrence humbled.

I went yesterday to Cascaes, with intent to join the army, but the commanding officer (colonel of the 42nd) knew not where it was, and could not forward despatches of importance to the General. To-day I shall go to the Fort São Julião and make a stout attempt to get to them, but all fighting is over here. Farewell, own lass.

CHARLES.

September 3, *Saturday.—Penelope's* boat lands us at Fort São Julião at one o'clock. Go to Colonel Blunt (commanding 3rd Buffs). Very civil man. Sends his orderly with us to Ociras to point out the road to Cintra, where the army is. At Ociras, a mile from Fort São Julião, get animals. Arrive at the Palace of Cintra, occupied by Sir Henry Dalrymple. Get an excellent bed, the inn kept by an Irishwoman. A romantic spot. The mountains of Cintra part of the range of the Rock of Lisbon.

September 4, *Sunday*.—See Squire, Lord W. Bentinck, and Burgos. Walk with Burgos towards English camp. Meet mules. Return with him and ascend the mountains of Cintra. Meet General Moore—bon ! Reach the top, crowned with a convent, continuing the very highest peak of the Rock. Noble view from thence. Take many angles with a righted compass. Go west over the mountains to a reputed curiosity, which Mulcaster calls the convent of cork. Find it lined with cork—cork door and cork ceiling, etc., to keep out damp. Go into refectory ; drink and eat. Table hewn out of the top of an enormous pebble, whose bottom formed the ceiling of the church. Find Williams and Drevil at the inn, having come from Sir A. W.'s army. Williams and I sleep at the inn. In the morning army to move towards Fort São Julião.

September 6.—Dine with General Moore—bon ! Ordered to hold myself in readiness for Elvas.

September 10.—Buy two horses at 18 guineas each. Dine with Squire. Fletcher arrives and tells me I march at four o'clock the following day.

September 11.—Pack up till two. Row servant. Send artificer off with baggage and start myself. Arrive at General Moore's quarters. Go to Lisbon to embark the horses.

September 13.—March with regiment and arrive at Vendas Novas, passing through uninteresting

country. Here is a palace belonging to the Prince capable of containing 10,000 men, stables for 500 horses, adequate kitchens and water. Beastly contrived, great staring barrack rather than palace, and the French had torn down wainscoting and false doors in search of treasure.

Proceed over like country until within five miles of Montemor o Novo, when it becomes more rich and wooded; indeed, all along the beautiful foliage of the cork trees greatly relieved the sandy sterility of the way.

Arrive at Montemor o Novo. Regiment camps out. Get good billet. Wall round the castle. Examine the position. Sup and sleep excellently. Silver ewers and covers.

September 14.—Re-examine position. Nuns of the castle send to say glad to see us. Breakfast —tea, coffee, bread, butter, honey, eggs, sweetmeats, oranges—latter sent by the nuns. The Prioress from St. Domingo—the colour of gold. Eat cakes and see the ravages of the French in search of money.

Regiment marched through this morning at five o'clock.

Start for Arrayolos, distance twelve miles.

September 15.—Arrive at Venda do Dogue, apparently a poor farmhouse, and we found that the farmer was a Captain. I observed that the Captain was a sensible man, preferring to gain

bread by open honest industry to starving his wife and family by a strained support of gentility; and on asking whether we might not venture to offer some sort of compensation for what we were supplied with, my servant told me they were the richest people in the country; that this was their place of retirement from their palace in the city! We had a sumptuous breakfast, with sweetmeats. Started at twelve and reached Estremoz at four —a walled town with a citadel. Here we find the regiment. Get a billet on Adjutant Gaze and find that the Spaniards are before Elvas. Propose to Colonel R. to go forward to reconnoitre. Regiment encamp a league beyond the town.

September 16.—At six o'clock start for the camp, and find I had better not go forward, as Cockburn, who was gone to Lisbon, had brought intelligence that the Frenchmen had required an officer from Junot to authenticate the orders of surrender, and a suspension had been entered into between all parties for six days; also the fort had made a convention with the town—one not firing, the other not supplying or admitting the Spaniards. Therefore he thought the appearance of an Engineer might excite jealousy, etc.

Get permission to go on.

Bring Elvas and Fort La Lippe in view. Arrive at the first post of cavalry in rear of the

Spanish camp. Sent from one camp to the other, till at last, about two o'clock, we reach the Colonel's tent off Badajoz. We step into the tent and join the Colonel and other officers at dinner—a most excellent mess of rice and salt fish, in a camp kettle, and first-rate sausages. We get on most merrily. I give the health of Fernando Septimo. The jolly Colonel roars. Replies the thundering tent, and the whole camp resounds. Bon!

Conducted to the General. He doubts our errand, and bids us wait the return of a British officer from Badajoz. This was O'Brien, who had been sent on before with a communication to the fort.

We said No; if the General would not give us permission to see the batteries, we would go to Elvas.

The General's aide-de-camp said that we could not go to Elvas because of the Convention.

I asked if there was a Spanish guard over the gates. "No." "Then pass us through your camp."

An officer conducted us through the greater part, and pointed out the road to Elvas and left us.

We were brought up by the advanced posts, commanded by a Colonel of Cavalry—true Spanish face. He made some difficulty, but passed us at length, and we arrived at half-past four at the

gates of Elvas, where we sent in for permission to enter the town.

While we were waiting in the sun, sufficiently vexed at our occupation, up came two Spanish dragoons and said that by order of their Colonel we must go back with them.

Finding that we were two armed to two, we refused compliance with their arbitrary message; but soon four more arrived, and intimated that they were prepared to enforce it. I then desired that we might wait the answer from within the town, Bernardo damning them into compliance. The gates at length opened, and a Portuguese officer and guard appeared, when we were admitted in pomp, and the poor dragoons refused a hearing. We said we were far from wishing them to enter, and Bernardo set up a loud laugh. We then went to the General, who took us to the Bishop—a good man, trembling at the critical situation of his town.

I explained what had happened, and he rather wished our return. I said we could go there to-morrow on our way home.

He then offered us his country house, and we were taken to the Junta, of which the Bishop is the head, and it was resolved there that we should stay. The Bishop told them what I had told him, that there was no doubt of the French surrendering the town, because the whole French army was in our power, and it would ruin them if

the Convention was broken. Lodge at the house of a jolly, hospitable Major de bon Cœur.

September 17.—Start for the Spanish camp at nine o'clock, having procured credentials from the Judge. Visit the cavalrymen's tent. Nothing passes about yesterday. Rains excessively hard. Conducted to the General; find O'Brien there. Now well received. Get permission to see the batteries—four 24-pounders and 6 guns,—and am set down to a ham, the finest I ever tasted.

Return to Estremoz. I, a Christian, talk much by the way to O'Brien, a sceptic. Agree on poetry. Lose our way five times. Pass through Borba, the prettiest Portuguese place yet seen. Arrive at Estremoz, and get some dinner at Colonel R.'s.

September 18, *Sunday*.—Seek for breakfast. Find in a coffee-house a nauseous party of Portuguese officers, who gamed and drank and smoked and stank. The dignified commander of cavalry —a yellow individual covered with dirt and stars —undertook to ask for what we wanted, as he spoke French. I told him we wanted bread, honey, coffee, and boiled eggs. I watched his interpretation to the women. He said these gentlemen want "bread, honey, coffee, and eggs, all boiled together," to explain which he made a motion with his hand to stir it about. The woman looked petrified, and we roared, and the cavalier

was confounded. Swallow our breakfast. Get another billet.

Colonel R. has a field day in the square, to show the people how to do it, which went off admirably.

September 19.—Colbourn returns at 5 A.M. with a French officer, a nice little fellow with a red face, much tired by attending Colbourn's rapid steps from Lisbon. We arrived at the camp, and at the General's found some difficulties —no admittance to the fort without communicating with Badajoz. A messenger was despatched, and we said we would go to Elvas. That could not be permitted. They begged we would remain with the General until the return of the messenger, which would be at six o'clock. Colbourn said first of all, "Very well"; but upon consulting, we agreed it would be better to go to a village about a league off and return at six. We communicated this to the A.D.C., who seemed much troubled, and said his General understood we should remain, and would be much better pleased if we did.

"But we have changed our minds."

"Ah! but I don't know whether the General will permit it."

"What! would he keep us prisoners here?"

"Oh, no."

Upon which he ran to the General and returned with answer, "That we must do as we pleased."

We then went to a house about a league off, ate some bread and fruit, and returned at 6 P.M. to find the messenger not returned, nor post horses from Elvas arrived.

The having the French officer with us in the Spanish camp, where every one was ready to cut his throat, gave us some uneasiness, for we witnessed in the Spanish, officers and all, a hatred not to be overcome for a moment. The Adjutant-General came to me and whispered, "Is that an Englishman?" "No," said I, "French." He started away, and the effect it had on him immediately called to my mind the case of a man with hydrophobia at the sight of water. They would offer him nothing to eat, although they saw him sinking for want of refreshment and rest. So whatever they gave us we offered to him before we would touch it. Even the old cook who filled my glass with a smiling face settled his countenance into a solemn gloom as he transferred the mouth of the bottle to the Frenchman's cup.

This sort of thing made us determine to decline the entreaty of the General and to sleep in a small town called Bersim, in which Colbourn knew a house where our charge would be secure.

"Et me voilà à cheval encore," said he as we left the camp. Our kind demeanour to him contrasted with the Spanish scowl; our jokes, loud laughter, and general merriment seemed to give

him the utmost confidence in our protection. He was about seventeen years old, with a florid countenance and slight form ; a page to Napoleon and a lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Dragoons.

When we arrived at our house about ten o'clock the master received us very well, and immediately began talking of the French, asked if they were all embarked, and hoped we would send them to the bottom. At this the little Frenchman cocked his ears, and bursting with laughter, asked if he did not tell us to send 'em to the bottom. This afforded us much amusement a great part of the night. We put the Frenchman in the middle, that they might have the less chance of finding him.

September 20.—O'Brien and I, getting up, could not perceive the head of the Frenchman, so we removed softly the cloak to see whether it was on all safe. Our host coming in about six, I asked him how he did, saying, "England for ever! no Frenchmen!" which made our little friend laugh right heartily. The old man again hoped we should send them to the bottom. "Why?" said the Frenchman. "*Because they are good-for-nothing fellows*," said the host. At last he began to suspect, by our laughter, the difference of uniform, and the two different languages, which he perceived we spoke among us, that all was not right, and I being dressed in blue and

the Frenchman in green, he set us both down for Frenchmen ; and though I assured him I was English, all the household looked at me with a very doubting civility afterwards.

At ten o'clock we started again for the camp, and arrived there about twelve. The answer had arrived, and the Spanish General Galazo admitted of our communication with the fort, but sent thither at the same time some ridiculous proposals of his own. We set out for the fort accompanied by a Spanish aide-de-camp. The commander of the fort was General Novellard. After settling our business, the Spanish aide-de-camp proposed from his General that the French should evacuate the fort in twenty-four hours and lay down their arms on the glacis.

The Frenchman, instead of reply, gave him a most severe rowing upon the little attention paid by the Spaniards to the laws of war. The officers, he said, had neither probity nor honour. "If," said he, "you recommence the fire, I shall destroy Elvas, while all the harm you can do to me will be the loss of ten or fifteen Frenchmen ; the harm you do to the fort will injure your friends and allies the English, whose possession it now is. I had hoped that this business would have been ended in a manner worthy of civilised soldiers, and that all our rancour, our hatred, and our courage would have been reserved for another

field of battle. I will have no communication with you. If you send a flag of truce I shall fire upon it; so you have served mine. There are forty Spaniards (besides two, my prisoners, who have broken their parole) offered for three French prisoners in your hands. I have made this offer twenty-five times unanswered! I consider this fort is an English possession, and in the execution of a treaty under the sanctity of the French word we will all perish. Messieurs Anglais, come to your fort; its guns shall protect your approach; here you shall be lodged, but I cannot march out my garrison until the Spaniards have decamped, for they are not soldiers, and in spite of all treaties, would assassinate my people in the road."

So spake General Novellard, a keen, cool, sensible Frenchman with a hawk's eye.

In reminding the Spaniards that the Convention of Lisbon allowed them to show themselves again on the Spanish frontier, as well as in the drift of his whole speech, he showed a cunning desire to set us together by the ears.

But although the Spaniards had provoked us, and we enjoyed the whole thing, we refused even a smile, or motion of assent or approbation.

The Spaniard was greatly agitated, and spoke bad French. He said he had no plans.

We then went to Elvas without asking leave

of the Spaniards. Got post-horses there, O'Brien and I leaving our own horses. While taking our coffee we talked much with a Spanish Brigadier-General, who complained of our Convention. "We were sending 20,000 men (whose throats they had fondly hoped to cut), with their arms in their hands, upon the Spanish frontier. These men," he said, "had committed such enormities, that even though a different conduct on the part of our General had caused the erasure of Lisbon and the death of half its population, it would have been witnessed with shouts of joy, so long as the French themselves were included in the crash."

"Well, but," said I, "we have just brought you 10,000 Spaniards from Denmark." He smiled and said, "He had heard it." "And," I added, "if you will let us assist you, our greatest desire is to go with you into Spain and help you to drive out the French, whom we long to fight again. We honour the Spanish nation, and desire to be friends with it for ever." He seemed highly pleased, and made some apology for the dress of their army before Elvas.

I said, "It was no uncommon thing to see soldiers all dressed alike, but when we saw a Spanish army in the dress of peasants, it reminded us of the glorious exertions made by the whole body of the Spanish people, and we honoured them ten times more."

He seemed delighted, and said that "the Spanish people were the noblest in the world, that the Government had wished to clothe them, but with one voice they replied, 'In the dress of peasants we have rescued our country and beat the French in Spain; in the dress of peasants we will utterly destroy them.'" This Spanish General then reprobated the conduct of Galazo, who, he said, had sent his troops before Elvas in consequence of the Convention made by the English.

We were now ready to return to the Spanish camp, so we called at the fort for the French officer, and all started together.

O'Brien's horse and the Frenchman's soon knocking up, the former takes him under convoy, and Colbourn and I ride on.

This was the first of my acquaintance with Colbourn, a sound, well-judging, good man, having also great refinement of feeling, and I hope to know more of him.

Colonel Ross sends Colbourn back to get some written extracts of what the Spanish General proposed. I sleep at the inn.

September 21.—Colbourn returns about 2 P.M. and sets off with the French officer to Lisbon.

September 23.—Regiment marches at 4 A.M. We start at nine, I leading my horse, Wills and O'Brien theirs, and Bernardo the mule, because of sore backs. Arrive at Borba, six miles, at half-past ten.

I meet a man on the road to Elvas who tells me he is the richest person hereabouts, and insists that we shall come to his house, and the ladies run to us crying Viva! and embracing our knees. We repose on a couch while breakfast prepares, consisting of chocolate, eggs, bread, pears, peaches, apricots, angelica, melon, biscuits and macaroons, and a couple of boiled fowls, with excellent wine.

Arrive at Villavicosa at two. Dine with Colonel Ross. Immense sweetmeats sent by the nuns. A marquis sends two bottles of pink champagne, one of white, and one of claret, all excellent.

September 24.—Colonel Campbell, with two more companies of the 20th Regiment, march in at 6 A.M.

September 27.—Ride with O'Brien towards Jeramenha, where the French are pouring into Spain. Portuguese treasure disgorging at Lisbon.

September 28.—Regiment marches at four for Elvas. I ride through the park and overtake the regiment before Villaboim. Ride on before it to Elvas. Find Colonel Ross, Major Colbourn, O'Brien, and Q.M.G. at breakfast with the Bishop; a very chaste breakfast and quiet attendance. Monseigneur gives us a billet upon his provisore. The whole town in a frenzy of joy, a many-tongued "Viva!" I go out with Colonel Ross to meet the regiment at the gate. At the corner of a narrow street a wild-looking Carthusian

presented himself, shouting with all his might, and trembling with agitation, "Viva los nostras amicos Ingleses," which he continued to repeat incessantly, accompanied by the most frantic and terrific gestures.

The Bishop invited all the officers to dinner at three o'clock. Very pleasant dinner, excellently cooked. Sat between old Byron and Wade, and enjoyed it much. The Bishop gave several loyal toasts, and a filial Frenchman (come to seek a wounded father) stood up and bowed with the rest. He had narrowly escaped assassination two or three times in his search.

This afternoon I went with Colbourn to see the garrison from Santa Lucia march to La Lippe, and we perhaps prevented some stragglers on the road from sharing the same fate. Afterwards I go to my provisore, an old asthmatic pastor, who understands French, and has in his library Voltaire, Racine, Molière, and many other interesting books, also the *Paradise Lost* of Milton in Portuguese prose. A capital house, with a charming view into Spain, far over Badajoz.

September 29.—The next day I walk to Fort La Lippe, and the French Engineers show me all over the fort, one of them a modest and agreeable sort of Frenchman, who says, "Cela coutera cher, mais on le prendra."

Before leaving I come across an Irish rebel, who

having been sent to Prussia and taken by the French, now wishes to serve King George. He had almost forgotten to speak English.

September 30.—Bishop's conversazione in the evening.

It appears that the Junta of Seville did not authorise the interference of their foolish General Galazo in the affairs of Portugal, and it has now given him orders to join the Patriot Castanos immediately, so in obedience the Spaniards have decamped, and we are no longer obstructed in the performance of our treaties.

There is something quite curdling in the fell spirit of revenge which has taken possession of the minds of the Portuguese. No desire of freeing their country, no ardent patriotic zeal can now actuate them in their thirst for blood, for their oppressors are quelled, the game is up, and they only desire to get out of the country ; and yet if a poor way-worn French soldier were to lie down and sleep under a hedge, that the first Portuguese who saw him would cut his throat and insult his corpse is as indisputable as that an Englishman under such circumstances would spare and protect him.

Last night as I was going into my room an old gray-headed woman called to me, and Bernardo (my Italian servant) interpreting, I found she accused another female of favouring the French.

I took a stick, walked into the kitchen, and

jestingly shook it at the accused, whom, on turning, I perceived to be a very pretty, pensive-looking lady (for ladies here snuggle round the only fire in the kitchen), who entered on her defence very gently and persuasively, saying "that she hated the French as much as any Portuguese ought to do, but could not enter into the general triumph the other day when the mob murdered a solitary French officer, who possibly had not committed the smallest fault against them; nor could she think otherwise than with horror of those beastly women who ran and plunged their knives into the bleeding body."

I laid my fingers on her arm, and then carried them to my lips, in token of approbation, and shook my stick at the old dame.

The Bishop gave a grand dinner two days ago to all the officers. A French officer had come with a flag of truce into the town to see the good man, as his father had been well-nigh assassinated and severely wounded, but he succeeded in getting him under the protection of the English surgeon.

The Bishop, who is an excellent man, had him to dinner, because he dare not trust him in the hands of the people; and we all, by civility and conversation, endeavoured to assure and comfort him, which gave great umbrage to the Portuguese.

I shall now for some time be very much occupied, as I am instructed, after examining Elvas, to

inspect the nature of the frontier towards Spain, an occupation which is unlimited as to time.

October 5.—French march at six o'clock—1400 men.

I ride on the Estremoz road to the head of the march, and take leave of General Novellard.

Go to the fort to hunt for plans, and find that Wills has them.

October 12.—Ordered to Badajoz, and on to make a reconnaissance. Write home.

ELVAS, *October* 12, 1808.

MY LOUISA—I am now in much higher mind than when I last wrote, for by far the greater part of the army on this Peninsula has been placed under Sir John Moore's command, and is shortly to march into Spain, where the glorious, virtuous enthusiasm is the admiration of all foreigners.

We find that the Spaniards are now disposed to send to the devil all diffidence of the English, and will be delighted to receive us, and to profit by our assistance. I am just ordered a good jaunt on the frontier, to the Tagus at Alcantara, to get some local information preparatory to the passage of the army into Spain. Afterwards I am to join General Paget, at which I am much pleased.

No time to say more.—Yours, CHARLES.

October 12.—Arrive at Badajoz, and the day following get half a league onwards. Meet some peasants on the road to Merida, who ask for our passports. Show them English ones from General

Hope, and continue our way, but they pursue and carry Bernardo and myself back to Badajoz. I told them that an English passport was good enough, and one fellow said that it might be in England or Portugal, but not in Spain. I congratulate myself that it occurred so near Badajoz. Get a passport from D'Arcy and start again.

Six bitter long leagues to Albuquerque ; thirty miles at least of most uninteresting country.

On arriving at the town I find Colbourn, who has been very near shot for a Frenchman several times, and thinks I shall be also. He was going to Salamanca to-morrow.

October 14.—Start for Salorino, scale a great wood, and find in the midst a castle. I stop here, and dine with the keeper of these woods and domains regal, and he promises to give information, and also to accompany me in finding a road passable for carriages.

He is to take me to Cantillano, but loses his way, and takes me across the mountains of Piedrabuena to Herreruela over an immense plain.

A very civil good man, and a nice little wife. He told me at parting "these were neither roads nor times to go without an escort," and strongly pressed me to apply for one to the Alcalde.

We arrive at last at Herreruela, twenty-four miles from Albuquerque. The Alcalde is a dirty artisan.

All the town come into my room and smoke and spit and make me show them my maps.

A miserable town, and I was glad to leave my abominable host the next day and start for Alcantara, the carriage road leading us by Villa del Rey and Cartillano.

October 16.—All the people marvel at the wonders of my toilette. My comb, my brush, my tooth-brush and nail-brush, my shaving-brush and soap were all as much objects of wonder to these peasants as the comb and watch of Gulliver to the people of Lilliput.

I start from the Cam di Cartillano at eight o'clock, and arrive at Alcantara at half-past two.

The Tagus here flows between two great mountains, and the bridge is about 120 feet high.

At the house where I am billeted they are dancing the ballora—very curious. A handsome youth and lively girl, and another couple, then the old gentleman joins, others singing and playing the guitar. One pretty girl, looking half ill-natured, half—I do not know how—bewitching, sang, and I gazed and tried to find out her lover. As I sit at dinner the Alcalde (Mayor), dressed excellently with a scarlet cloak, says he is come to fetch me to his house, sends for wine, cheese, etc., and invites me to breakfast to-morrow. They all treat Bernardo as a gentleman.

Visited the bridge before dinner; go down a mountain to it, and up one from it.

October 17.—Take chocolate and biscuit with the Alcalde (Mayor) and start for Salvatierra, pass the bridge over Tagus and ascend the Estremadura mountains. Go to Zarza la Mayor, a large town on the high road to Ciudad Rodrigo, turn westward and go to Salvatierra, a small Portuguese village, and then on to Segura, a miserable place, but lodged comfortably in an old priest's house. On the road we met a man who said, "Is that an Englishman? I'm very glad of it. I wanted to see the face of one, for they are fine fellows." Yesterday, at Alcantara, the Alcalde, hearing me speak Italian to Bernardo, took me for an Italian. "I am an Englishman." "Aye, aye, your passport tells me so. Yes, yes, English."

I hope I shall get a good dinner, not having eaten since eight, when I took a thimbleful of chocolate and a biscuit. It is now six. Bernardo bought a partridge on the road, and plucked it as he rode along, saying it was to gain time. He has bought another here. Both now on the fire, besides cabbage, pork steaks, and fried eggs. The acorns of the cork trees make this country famous for pork. Bernardo a capital cook. The priest pulls a partridge to pieces with his fingers!!

October 13.—Get up at five. Arrive at Rosman-

inhal and proceed to Monforte, four leagues farther, and a prettier place. Start before four o'clock for Lentiseves, and the guide, as it grows dark, declares he has lost the road, and does not know which of the two to take. We take the right, and are so long in finding the place that we are sure of being wrong. Arrive at Lentiseves by half-past six. The Judge in his hovel issues his billet and leads us to a miserable cot. I ask for a better house. There is none. Go with the horses to an excellent stable, full of wheat straw, and in the house find a good man and woman and a blazing fire, with fried eggs and bacon and a roast chicken. Sleep in the corn chamber.

October 19.—Leave Lentiseves and traverse four tiresome leagues to Villa Velha, an inconsiderable town, situated curiously on the side of a lofty mountain, traversing in range the Tagus. In winter it must roar through them properly, to be sure. There is a mine near, made by a Moorish king to get to the Queen of Portugal, where she used to grin at him from the other side.

We go over the mountainous country about two leagues and arrive at Niza. The Judge, an old fool, and the people where I am quartered in this large walled town are plaguing me a good deal, so shut up shop.

October 20.—Start from Niza at three o'clock. Arrive at Alpalhao, and on to Portalegre, sixteen

miles, having passed several villages in the way. Here we meet Mr. Parr, Commissary, who tells me that General Moore is gone towards the frontier. General Hope still at Elvas; General Paget at Estremoz. General Crawford commands.

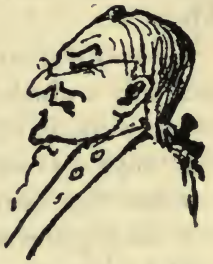
Leave Portalegre, one of the best and most beautifully situated towns of Portugal. At mid-day overtake a native of Osamar saying his "Ave Marias." Pass a great wood, twelve miles wide, and arrive at Osamar, a pretty town. Lodge in a beastly house. A priest visits me, a gentlemanlike man, who speaks French very well. We are now twenty-eight miles from Elvas.

October 21.—Start from Osamar and ride three leagues through a wood and breakfast at Sta. Olaya. Pass through other villages and kintas and arrive at Elvas. Go to Squire's quarters. Get letters. Dine at General Hope's. Get a billet. Call at the Bishop's, and sit up writing till three o'clock. Woodchafers tumble upon and bite me. Go to bed under the table.

October 22.—Get up at seven. Write and give in my report of roads. Dine with the General, and ordered to-morrow to Aliseda, *via* Albuquerque. Pack up.

October 24.—Start at seven on post-horses to Campo Mayor and arrive at Albuquerque at two. The Corregidor not at home. Go to the Secretary, who gives me a billet; but they won't take me in.

Another ditto; another ditto. At last I go to Corregidor's wife to upbraid, and she, inviting me into the house when the Corregidor comes home, I get him to press three beasts for me in the morning. While at dinner I hear Bernardo frantic with rage, and on asking what was the matter, he said, "Bella cosa, the Governor has commanded this man to bring his mules to-morrow to carry sugar from Elvas for his consumption." When the old deaf Corregidor heard it he was quite raving, danced about and stamped, his jaws toothless with age.



The man at last said he would not go without the Governor's permission. The Alcalde said he would commit him to prison.

The fellow judged well enough, for he told the Governor that the Alcalde had bound him in twenty dollars penalty. "And I bind you," said the Governor, "in thirty and a month's imprisonment," so the muleteer kept to the strongest side, which in these warlike times was the military Governor. This being the case, I saw that any trial of strength between the two Governors would inevitably keep me here until the decision, so I told Bernardo to bring me my hat and sword. "E dove dudate," said he. "To the Governor's," said

I, "and mind that you repeat my words to him word for word without a single addition of your own."

So I went to the Governor, and told him that I understood he had pressed my beasts, and that if I found myself impeded in the execution of my mission I should complain direct to my General, who would carry it to the central Junta at Madrid.

The Governor then said that the Corregidor had only a divided authority, and could not press beasts without his permission. Luckily I caught the scope of what he said, and saw that the business was over, for Bernardo began to enter into the argument with much spirit, and I, with a certain amount of vehemence, desired him to interpret and not converse, which made the immense fat lady die a-laughing.

When I heard where the shoe pinched I said I had nothing to do with the disputes of Governors and Corregidors, but that these were my passports, and I was sure that a military Governor would not be behindhand with a civil one to facilitate the performance of his duty to a British officer. This had the desired effect, and the fat lady seemed delighted.

As we went away Bernardo applauded my moderation, and told me it was a plot of the ladies to draw the Englishman to their house.

October 25.—Rise and find that the muleteer had made his escape at midnight. Go to the Governor's. "In bed." Send up to say "that I will despatch a complaint to the General at Elvas."

"Not his fault," he says; "the Corregidor should have obtained his permission to impress the beasts." I return to my Corregidor's house, desire him to provide a man, and write a complaint to the General. While writing it the Governor's approach is announced.

"Don Jose Gonsalaz di Madrigal."

I attended with much interest the collision of these two dignified bodies, and it was a fine scene. They put their heads close together and vociferated their claims of superiority.

The Governor was certainly wrong, and the rage of the old Corregidor reasonable enough.

To me, however, the Governor knocked under, and told me he would punish the man for making off; so I did not report him, but got one horse from the Governor and two from the Corregidor.

The wife of the latter seemed rather to fancy me, as she begged me to return that way, and if I knocked up the horses she would indeed be angry. She tried to be handsome, but a complaint in her eyes was a most formidable adversary.

Start, and in the course of the journey tell the guide he was more stupid than his mule. "What!"

says he, "did you say I was more stupid than my mule?" "Yes," said I, and he turned away and laughed as if he could not restrain it. We arrive at four o'clock at Aliseda, six long leagues from Albuquerque.

October 26.—Leave Aliseda for Arroyo del Puerco, a large good-looking town. Return to Aliseda, and then on to Zagala upon asses.

As the sun sets we get into the park of Zagala, thinly covered with large cork trees and underspread with smooth pasture. Here, having the best animal, I, given up to my own thoughts, insensibly ran ahead of my servant and guide, but the road turning suddenly to the right and descending to the bed of the river, reminded me of the imprudence of parting with my servants and baggage, who might take another road. I therefore pulled up in the midst of the stream, and casting my eyes upward and around, beheld one of the most beautiful nights that ever etherealised the human mind. The woods were not breathed on, all was still; the half moon rode high in heaven, frequently passed over by the light blushing clouds with which the sky was chequered. The solemnity of the scene was such as is not to be described.

I had talked some time ago with a sceptic, and been bothered with his subtilties; how did they now all fly before the sublime soarings of my spirit

at this moment! Does this airy transport tend to nothing, and must this mind with such an ardent curiosity to explore the heavens, and such a celestial gratitude for the refinement it feels in itself, perish with the body? Could I have made the sceptic take my feelings as the best argument I could offer, he had been soon converted.

A sceptic should by analogy be of a sordid mind, but this man was intelligent.

Having passed the river, we soon began to ascend through a thick wood to the castle of Zagala, crowning the very summit of a rock-gnarled mount.

When we were half up the hill my donkey started at the appearance of an animal half as big again as itself, which advanced with a majestic, deliberate step, and on going close up to it I found it was a beautiful red stag that very politely came and kissed my hand—beautiful, elegant creature.

On arriving at the gate of the old mouldering castle we thundered for entrance, but for some time all was still. At length we thought we heard the steps of some one dimly sounding through the echoes of the castle, and ere long a hoarse voice demanded, "Who's there?" "An English officer with his servant and guide." "What do you want?" "Shelter for the night." The steps were then heard to retire, and all was still. Soon after, they were again heard approaching, and the

voice again asked, "How many are you?" "Three." At last the grating gate was slowly opened, and we beheld a snug village within, and at the end of the street a fine-looking hall door with lamps, etc.

They took us to this house, and going upstairs the steward of the estate of Zagala, belonging to the Marquis of Portachio, received me with great cordiality and politeness. I was comforted to find a most capital house with curtains, etc., the picture of cleanliness and convenience, but how much more delighted when his most beautiful wife entered the room, with long black mantilla, brilliant rolling eyes, Roman nose, sweet mouth, jet black hair in short graceful curls upon her neck, tall, polite, retired, conversable. Could not take my eyes off her during supper, and feared the administrator would cut my throat. There was an old priest who disputed with me concerning Popery. Adventures romantic at first they told, as they had just killed a large wolf, whose skin was brought in to show us. They then took me into a nice little ante-room with a clean-looking bed, where I slept delightfully.

Surely no man can live more happily than my host. This is his castle. He is alike fearless of the wolves or thieves, for his peasants form an ample garrison and he has plenty of arms. He lives in modest luxury, a beautiful wife and fine children,

what would he more? The man himself was a fine black animated Spaniard.

October 27.—Rise, and when dawn began, the view of the mountains was grand, the rocky peaks tossing their wild forms above the foggy clouds.

Start for Villa del Rey and soon arrive, as the beast provided for me was a good little animal. Go on to Campo Mayor and arrive at Elvas at four o'clock.

Find the General, and soon discover that I have left Squire's map at Villa del Rey. Borrow twenty dollars from Colonel Ross to enable me to purchase the little horse that brought me from Villa del Rey, and pay forty-three dollars for the same.

Army entering Spain ordered to wear red cockades.

October 28.—Bernardo starts at seven o'clock for Villa del Rey to retrieve Squire's map.

Write my report upon the Aliseda road, which I take to the General when he has dined. Confess my sins to Squire, who laughs and receives the mortifying news with good-natured philosophy.

October 29.—Breakfast with the General, who starts with his suite for Badajoz at seven. I arrive at Estremoz at eleven and General Paget in the afternoon. I begin to fret about Bernardo.

October 30.—Sunday. Breakfast at the General's. No Bernardo. Write the General a copy of last report, and after dinner, to my great satisfaction,

Bernardo is announced, for the fellow has become extremely useful to me, and I depend on his fidelity. On journeys, also, as I ride before and he behind, he entertains me exceedingly with the drollery of his anecdotes and remarks, which are extremely acute. He has withal a very good judgment, is unobtrusive, and can bear a rub. Thus, though I allow him to talk and laugh, he is not sulky when told to hold his tongue. Then his cookery and providonata is so good and his honesty undoubted, he is a perfect interpreter, and up to their manners. I was glad of his return.

October 31. — To march to-morrow to Arronches; only hear of it when I go to dinner. Get a pair of velvet overalls.

November 1.—On arriving at Arronches, seven leagues from Estremoz, find Major Gilmore, who gives me soup. Sleep in the justice house. Little Kickery[1] comes on well. Buy a blanket, of, I think, a rogue.

November 2. — Start for Albuquerque and overtake the 95th Regiment, having first passed the Spanish boundary and taken out the Portuguese cockade. On arriving at Albuquerque we find the deaf Corregidor disputing with the General's staff in a great rage; they receive me with smiles, to the astonishment of the others, and insist on my being quartered there. At least fifty officers

[1] The horse recently purchased.

come in about quarters. They make no hand of the deaf Corregidor, but I explain the matter to the lady, and she soon arranges it, for she is, in fact, a very good Corregidor. Find the 20th Regiment here, and Colonel Ross quartered at the house of my friend the Governor.

November 3.—Colonel Ross comes to induce the old Corregidor to swear in the paymaster. The wife achieves it, otherwise the old man would have first inspected the regimental accounts!!

N.B.—The man who ran off with his mules before has never returned. I am badly off here now, for the great room that I had before is occupied, and I am in the family.

November 4.—Start in the morning with the 20th Regiment for Aliseda. Ready at three. No mule. Colonel Ross starts. The Corregidor in a fury. I start at four, leave the column in the dark, and take a doubtful road. Hear a dog bark, and ferret out a peasant, who rights us; but soon after we were again *presque au désespoir*, when a dear dog not far off began to bark. We made for the noise, holloaing, and at length a peasant rights us. It now begins to rain like the devil. Lose my way again in a great wood, but retrieve it, and arrive at Aliseda, wet and tired, at eleven o'clock. Regiment arrives at two, after a wet, painful march.

November 5.—Fine fair day, and after breakfast we leave for Brozas.

November 6.—Start again at daylight in excessive rain, and arrive at Alcantara at nine, perfectly wet. Quartered on my old friend the Alcalde (Mayor), who receives me with the greatest *bon cœur*. The General is quartered at the Benedictine convent, the richest order in Spain, and the Prior, who is chaplain to Charles IV., undertook to prepare dinner for the General, his baggage not having arrived. So one was rather disposed to expect something sumptuous, and at half-past four go up to the convent to dinner; dismayed to see a little tabletto with one glass and a pint of wine. For dinner there was a soup made of bread, water, beans, and salt in a flat plate, and a light leg and shoulder of goat—execrable; silver plates, and a few grapes after dinner.

Coming home we hear the Fandango playing and singing. Go to the door, which is immediately shut. Complain to the Alcalde. "Do you wish to see it?" said he quickly. "Yes." "Vamos." And away we went, and were now highly received among the dancing peasants. I think it exceedingly pretty, the girls seem so glorified, dizened out in all their finest costume, and preserving such a gravity of modest dignity, that awes the boors into distance and respect. They, on the contrary, with their hats on, and in all their working dirt, dance with the fair, but never touch them, both snapping their fingers all the

time, and raising their heads alternately with a graceful motion. When it was over we retired to the Alcalde's house, and entered into conversation, in the midst of which he was called out to quell a disturbance in the street. I asked what it was. "Nothing," they said; but from the looks of the women, who wished to detain me in the house, I suspected some English were concerned, so I went out, and Bernardo followed me, and, directed by the noise to a neighbouring house, we found two English officers—Tilford and Falls—in a small room, bayed by about fifty Spaniards with swords and fixed bayonets. I was going to inquire very quietly what was the matter, and prevent mischief as skilfully as I could, when that fool Bernardo, like a horse taking fright on the brink of a precipice, darted on one of the peasants, dragging him away, and calling him all the devils in hell, and cuffing him with all his might.

This immediately, as I foresaw, raised the fury of this disorderly patrole to ungovernable bounds. They heeded neither corporal nor Alcalde. They entirely threw off all authority, and seemed prepared, with drawn daggers and swords and fixed bayonets, to take the most plenary revenge. I seized Bernardo, stamped and bawled to him to be quiet, but still the fool with his damned tongue and violent gestures inflamed them so much, that, losing all distinction, having seized him,

they hemmed us in, and drove us backward into the room.

Seeing Bernardo pinioned, with a parcel of swords clashing about and twenty bayonets ready, I expected fully every instant to see him fall with fifty stabs, and pushed forward to the Spaniards, saying, "Prighonera, prighonera," meaning that they should take him prisoner and not kill him. And perhaps this hint saved him, for they repeated, "Yes, yes, prisoners; all of you prisoners." Just then Bernardo broke loose, and rushed to us within the room.

Immediately, with loud shouts and execrations, the mob from behind, pushing the mob in front, came tumultuously and blackly towards us, their bayonets thrusting open the door.

I entreated Falls and Tilford to be perfectly quiet and to use no gestures nor loud words, and told Bernardo, with an angry frown, he would be answerable for our lives. He seemed to have found his senses, and to see the madness of his conduct. I then went quietly up to the first rank (we were unarmed) and asked, "What do you want? To murder your friends? Are we not your friends? What do you want?"

Immediately reason seemed to strike one of them, and he pulled off his hat and said, "Yes, sir, we are friends, and we only want you to stay here until the Governor settles the dispute."

This was breath and blue sky, and I employed the interval in conciliating them as much as possible, and, going close among them, told them we were friends come to help them, that we had the same cause, etc., and how silly it was to make ill blood owing to some foolish mistake.

Still the storm clamoured from without, and through the windows I perceived the street full of furious faces and glistening arms.

At length, however, the calm which I had obtained near me gradually pervaded the others, and we entered into quiet conversation. Still, however, they were bitter against Bernardo, and Tilford wished for the Grenadiers of the 20th, if he could get them.

In the beginning of the fray our excellent little Alcalde (Mayor) had been very active and bold, and pushed the fellows out of the room with many a crack ; but when Bernardo put them in such a fury, he was fairly jostled to the outside, and could not get to us again until the calm reached him from within.

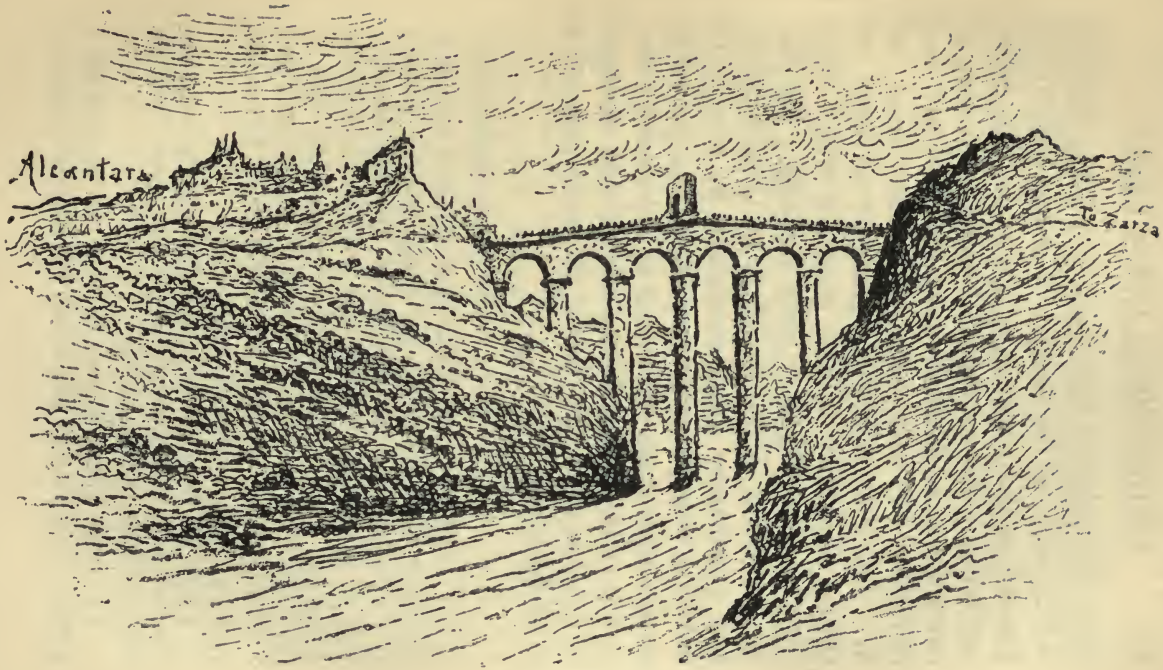
He then settled the matter by taking Tilford, against whom the offence was, into his own house. Bernardo made very handsome apologies, which were accepted with good heart, and I went home very thankful that the thing had ended as it did, and gave Mr. Bernardo very cogent hints respecting the gallant fire he had so perniciously displayed.

The cause of the foolish affair was the spite of the beastly master of the house because Tilford had come to join Falls in his billet, and he had lyingly persuaded the patrole that he had insulted his wife.

November 7.—I find that last night when Bernardo had followed me the dangerous fellow had concealed the Alcalde's long toledo under his cloak, and made a thrust at one man, but the sword luckily only passed through his coat.

The General after breakfast complains to the assembled authorities of the town that the men are not received with sufficient friendship, and that it may have a bad effect on the minds of the soldiers. The 20th Regiment marches to Zarza, and Colonel Beckwith with the 95th marches in.

The Benedictine church is extremely fine inside; the bare stone in Gothic arches extremely grand. We view the bridge. Nothing can exceed it. Its venerable air, as well as the inscription over the triumphal arch, declare its structure of antiquity. It was built by the Emperor Trajan, and is about 150 feet high, stretching from mountain to mountain. The stones are immense, and of nearly equal size, with all the roundness of time's rubbing. Standing on the bed of the river and catching the wild mountains through the enormous arches, it appears like the Bridge of Sin and Death striding over chaos. The piers seem to have been exceed-



Bridge of Alcantara.

ingly well clamped, and there is a triumphal arch in the centre of the bridge. I should think it as fine and perfect a Roman relique as any that exists, and being in this country it involves a number of inferences very interesting to the antiquary and historian. I wish some of them could see it. There is a striking grandeur of rude yet elegant simplicity in this structure which must always have rendered it most imposing ; but that very venerable air that the whole has acquired, from each great stone being mouldered by time, until there are wide joints between them, and the whole inexpressible shade cast over it by a thousand years, give it an impression on the mind (while the light clouds dance over the top of the arch) that is not to be described.

ALCANTARA, *November* 5, 1808.

MY EVER DEAREST DAD—The advanced division of the Army under General Paget is now moving onwards by the shortest route towards Burgos from the Alemtejo. The roads along the frontier into the north of Spain by Alcantara, Ciudad Rodrigo, etc., are so bad that all the artillery on the south side or left bank of the Tagus is moving on by the high road to Madrid. The rest will go from Lisbon to Almeida, and so on.

There has been a very irksome interval between the knowledge of our destined entry into Spain and the commencement of the march.

The rainy season appears to have commenced, but I devoutly hope that its effects will not be great before the

arrival of this division at Ciudad Rodrigo, from which place I believe the roads are not liable to be broken up by bad weather.

If we get in time upon the theatre of war, the British Army has every reason to be sanguine. I believe there is no man in the Army who is not confident in Sir John Moore. He has under him as generals as fine ardent fellows as ever breathed, and I believe his particular attached friends. Then the troops are the best quality of British troops, which is as much praise as can be given. So if Buonaparte himself with 50,000 Frenchmen of his best bands will please to oppose himself to the British corps of the Allied Army, we can wish no more. I shall take care that you get a line from me as often as is possible.

I rambled a good deal about this part of the country before the division moved, and had some curious adventures. I have been fortunate enough to get an invaluable servant, who is an excellent cook, interpreter, and travelling companion, of tried fidelity and diligence, and more entertaining and conversable on the road than Sancho was with Don Quixote in the same relations and in the same country. I have completed my stud for forty guineas. Two chargers and a baggage pony make my establishment, and in these I have been so fortunate that I would spurn sixty guineas for them, and was offered twenty-five for one that cost me fifteen the other day. However, by the end of the campaign I expect I shall have taken out of them a little of their worth.

It is the greatest comfort to me to be with such a man as General Paget. I consider myself as a part of his suite, and shall be very proud if I gain the esteem of such a noble man.

This morning before we set off from Brozas it was not

light, and a man was smoking a little paper cigar in the hall. The General said he should like one of all things, so I asked the man if he had one, and one ready made was produced. There was some embarrassment about which end was to be lighted, and which to be taken into the mouth, so the man seized it very readily to show him the way. I endeavoured to redeem it before it was, as I should have thought, rendered unfit for service by being in the man's mouth, saying with impatience, "He's going to put it in his mouth." "No, now let him alone; never mind," said the General. "He knows nothing about that sort of thing, you know, and I'd rather do that than offend a fellow."

It was said in such a natural, quiet, unaffected way as to be quite delightful.

Do let me hear often. I received a letter from dearest Mamsey, which gave me great delight. That Mr. Leckie is a very clever, but rather wild gentleman, who treated me very hospitably at Syracuse. I liked him very much. My friend Lefebure, to my great delight, is in Spain, most creditably employed as a missionary on affairs of very particular importance. The higher his employment is, the more I am sure his energetic mind will do him credit. I have had a very long communicative letter from him. I find he has applied to Lord Chatham for me, among a few others, to assist him in his occupation. I shall send this to headquarters by one of General Paget's staff, who happens to be going, and hope that it will tell you very soon that I am well and happy.—With greatest love, ever, dearest Dad, CHARLES.

November 8.—Start at nine o'clock for Zarza, and arrive about two.

My host is a Spanish gentleman, very civil, and the lady apologises for giving me a tin wash-hand basin, as all the silver ones are buried in the woods on account of the French.

Wait three hours for dinner, and at eight o'clock in comes cold meat.

November 9.—Get up at half-past four to start for Perales.

Shall be glad when we get to Ciudad Rodrigo and emerge from this miserable part of Spain.

We pass remarkable ridges of mountains and Moorish castles, also through great woods and watery tracts, but no towns, houses, or human beings. Perales six leagues from Zarza.

November 10.—Rise at four ; very dark. Straw makes a good torch. The guide of the 20th Regiment takes them the wrong road. Error soon discovered. Violent rain.

General starts without a guide. I return for one, and by threats get an old postillion. The road by the Puerte desalto de Perales goes marvellously over the very summit of an exceeding high mountain, excessively steep, and much injured by great rain. Looking back, while climbing, I find the view most extensive and well wooded, half obscured by a heavy cloud, whose watery skirts, as they lift, reveal more and more of the landscape ; then looking forward, I see a convent resting in a bunch of rare trees on the bosom of the mountain.

Here was formed a vast abrupt vale, in which better than ever before I could observe the system of waters as they sever the mountains. Many little runs joining, form a larger one, many of these again join, and amass a larger course, which forms a ravine; these ravines, falling into the same bottom, wear a torrent, these torrents brooks, and brooks rivers, and rivers a great river. All this lay with the most interesting development before the eye; but soon, ascending higher, I reached the clouds, and could see nothing but a circle of two yards round me, the bleak, rocky, wretched road, with a black hill on one side, and a precipice on the other, both lost in the impenetrable clouds, and what one could see of them covered with the stumps of heath, which, having been burnt, were quite black, and this, added to the excessive cold, made me feel as if I were travelling on the bare outside of the world, bordered by the chaotic beginning of things.

Soon after, without descending much, one enters a vast oak wood, which continues even to Penaparda, a miserable village. Wait with the postillion at the Alcalde's house. The General arrives an hour afterwards. Proceed to Gainaldo, a noble city compared to Penaparda. Get good billets, and a happy family by a kitchen fire make me a welcome guest. Go to bed betimes.

November 11.—Gainaldo; halt to-day. This

place is two leagues from Penaparda, six from Perales. The happy family now sitting at dinner before me by a good fire. Three fine brats have a little table and a little pot of porridge apiece. There is besides a beautiful omelet. The man and his wife and mother at another table.

The right wing of the 20th Regiment marches into the town. Ride my pony, *restivissimo!* Sentence him to an immediate hard gallop, and further to carry his master to Ciudad Rodrigo to-morrow.

November 12.—Breakfast at five ; start at seven, I on my pony, which starts very docilely to-day. The ground about this place is open and cultivated. Slight hills and enclosures. Part of the ride put me in mind of that part of the walk to Ollerton where there is a sandy hollow and a steep bit of the road. Fine morning, but the huge mountains threaten rain, which attacks us a short league from Ciudad Rodrigo, with sufficient spirit to wet us through completely. On our arrival we meet some officers of the 50th and 28th, and Colonel Ronch conducts the General to his quarters.

I get to a priest's house, who makes a good palaver ; but on seeing my little dungeon-room I sink under the weight of my afflictions. So after taking a glass of Malaga I sally forth, and get an excellent billet with a watchmaker. I intend to

tell the priest that I am very fond of him, but detest his apartments.

Sir John Moore left this morning, without baggage, for Salamanca.

November 13.—Read papers, and see a great many old acquaintances, and on returning to the house find Engineers' horses at my door—Fletcher, Burgoyne, and Mulcaster. We call on General Paget, who asks us all to dinner.

Ciudad Rodrigo, a walled handsome town, standing on the river Agueda, which runs beneath.

November 15.—Go on miserable beasts, with Stewart, to Almeida, within six leagues of this place, and arrive at dark, getting horrid dirty billets.

November 16.—In the morning I go with Wilmot round the hexagonal works of Almeida, and also to Fort Conception. The angles of the flank and the ravelin of one front blown up by the French.

Return to Ciudad Rodrigo and desired to report on the place.

November 17.—Get up at six and start on "Blacky" to examine. Try to ford the river, and fail in several attempts. At last he and I part company; he runs home on one side, and I on the other. Walk the rest, and write my report.

Ordered to set out to-morrow for Salamanca.

November 18.—Start at eight, and *en route* get a volunteer guide for Cuba de Sancho, who runs amazingly fast and long. On arrival get comfortably lodged, and start at dawn for Salamanca, which we reach by five o'clock, being in all eleven leagues.

Here meet Mr. Fletcher, Mulcaster, and Foster, who tell us that the French had pushed on cavalry to Valladolid, and also that an order has been given to the troops at Salamanca to prepare to march at the shortest notice.

November 20, *Sunday*.—Breakfast with General Paget and write out report upon last roads.

Salamanca merits particular notice and attention. The church magnificent, and the door of the cathedral the richest, most superb thing I ever saw.

November 29. — Anxiety prevails about the Allies, and I receive orders late in the day to accompany Colonel Offeney on an excursion.

November 30. — We start at six, and after passing Tormerellas meet a sickly-looking man on horseback, whom we stop. He appears a good deal frightened, and confesses to have conducted thirty dragoons to Pedroso. He also delivers up certain papers — a requisition for 50,000 rations of bread and 10,000 of forage; a paper from Besseares to the Spanish people; and another, a bulletin from the grand army, announcing

the total defeat of Castanos, which, added to that of Blake and La Romano, left nothing of a Spanish army but a small corps in the rear of the enemy under Palafax. Send this fellow with his papers to headquarters.

Start again, and having learned that the enemy had abandoned Pedroso, proceed thither, and find they had left the town two hours before our arrival. It was thought they had merely withdrawn into a wood a mile beyond, into which it was not deemed prudent to penetrate.

It appeared they had come for information, asking after us; and hearing that we had 24,000 in Salamanca, they said, "It was nothing; they had 40,000, and would soon settle us."

December 1.—Enter the wood with some precaution, and strike off to the left, crossing the stagnant Guareña to some houses, and are induced to believe that the French have gone back to Fresno.

Strike to the right to Villa Fuente, a short league distant. Then return to Pitiegua, and sleep at the house of the excellent curé, having made a hideous dinner upon nothing.

December 2.—Start for Mollorido, a mill on the road to Valladolid, and the next day receive intelligence that 10,000 infantry and 2000 cavalry have marched towards Segovia.

Go again to Tarazona, and meet on the edge

of the wood the servant of the Bishop of Coimbra on his way home from Bourdeaux. The Bishop was one of the Portuguese grandees sent as hostages to France, and the servant had been to visit him. He told us that he had both seen and spoken to Napoleon at Burgos, and that he was now at Aranda on his way to Madrid, to which the whole attention of the French seemed now turned, in consequence of the defeat or rout of Castanos.

We send this man with a dragoon to headquarters, and proceed to Mollorido, where we meet some people who advise us of a Don living at Tarazona, a village half a league to the left. Go there, and find Don Jose Mental, who had fled from Rosseda, and here he was in his own farmhouse. We endeavoured to make him a sort of master intelligencer. He promised much, but is actually no great shakes. Leaving him, we return by the sedgy banks of the wild poolly Guareña. I rode ahead with the guide, and whenever we came to a pool he gave a shuddering look thereon, and looking at me and shaking his head, said it was a terrible place, and whoever went in never came out again. This was his impression, as he could not swim, and had probably never been immersed in his life; to me it was no more than a deep pool.

December 4, *Sunday.*—General Alton calls, and

we ride with him to Bahel Fuenta *via* Villa Ruella.

Set out on return journey, not knowing the road. The guide says he is sure that the wrong road is the right one. We take the wrong, and wander a long, long time in a heavy impenetrable fog, not seeing three feet before us. At length we shoot into a flock of sheep, and I, thinking there must be a shepherd, begin to whistle as hard as I can; and soon, to my great joy, I behold three upright forms advancing towards me, and make one of them put us on the right road for Pitiegua. We had gone more than our distance, and were still five miles off.

December 6.—Take a walk with the curate. He asks me about my birth, parentage, and education, and finding I had a mother, he says, "Ah, how often does she say to herself, 'Oh, if he should be dead, my dear child!'" This throws me into the blue devils.

December 7.—Yesterday General Alton intercepted the imperial mail from Burgos to Madrid. It was carried by a Spanish courier, and guarded by two French officers and a French courier. The party was attacked by about twenty peasants a few leagues from Burgos. One French officer and the French courier were killed. The other Frenchman made his escape, and the Spanish courier set off full speed for the English outposts. The mail

had many letters for Napoleon and his dukes and nobles.

To-day we set out for Tarazona, but on meeting some people from Cantalapiedra, they tell us such a parcel of stuff that we determine to go there.

We reach Cantalapiedra, five leagues off, and ask for news. A priest, coming up, asks, "Do they seek for news here?" "Yes." "Oh," he says, "the Emperor of Russia has sent his ambassador to Buonaparte to Madrid, to say that unless he desists from his projects against Spain, the Muscovite will declare against him."

The Marquis Goraze is here in retirement. He is the intendente of Burgos, and made his escape. The people point to an equipage just arriving. 'Tis the Marchioness, drawn in a dung-cart, her daughters and women preceding her on donkeys, and the Marquis himself bringing up the rear.

After a most beautiful sunbright day and clear night there advances suddenly from the north (between Pedroso and Pitiegua) an overwhelming cloud resting on the earth. I kept before it some time, and could see far before me (though it was night), but behind me not an inch, till at last, meeting a man and talking with him a moment, it got ahead, and I found myself in the thickest pudding of a night, and was obliged to grope my way to Pitiegua.

December 8. — Stay indoors and determine on what to be done.

December 9-11.—Ride north, reconnoitre, make maps and plans.

Frost and excessive cold. Get a letter from Burgoyne,[1] dated Salamanca, about my coat. He tells me that General Hope is with them at Alba, and that the French have attacked Madrid in force, and are reported to be repulsed with loss. Also that Napoleon has declared in Paris—"I am now going at the head of 200,000 men to place a prince of my own family on the throne of Spain, after which I shall proceed to plant the Imperial eagles on the walls of Lisbon."

Napoleon has been at Aranda de Duero some time.

December 14. — Start for headquarters, and find that General Stewart has surprised a valuable convoy of cotton in some town on the Douro, taking thirty-seven prisoners, fine-looking fellows.

Colonel Murray tells me I shall find General Paget at Toro, and that Captain Campbell is going thither. Arrive at Toro. General Paget not there, and I get put up at his old quarters, and am informed that an officer had murdered his landlord, and immediately after, there enters a man with his head all bloody, and people screaming.

My first object was, and always is, with the

[1] Afterwards General Sir John Burgoyne.

Spaniards, to make them cease their storm, and then I can redress or excuse their wrongs and talk reason to them. For the passion of the Spaniard rises at the sound of his own voice; he hears it reciting in an angry tone, and his grievances mount to sudden fury and chide the tardy execution of revenge. I take the man to General Beresford.

Noises and knockings at the door all night.

December 15.—In the morning an old woman enters and gives a most humorous description of the night's disturbances.

Start with Captain Bayley for Tiedra, and there find General Paget, who had arrived with the Reserve.

December 17.—Hard frost, march to Villalpando. Met by the people with enthusiastic exclamations.

The Generals have a confab, Sir D. Baird having joined.

December 18.—Sunday. I am desired to plan the place.

December 19.—Advance to Valderas and make a sketch. The cavalry pass the bridge, and while on the bank, under-run by the river Cea, I was almost blown away and benumbed by the violence of the wind.

Sir John dines with General Paget,—and Battle is the word!!

[*The Journal here is omitted from* 19*th December to* 24*th December, the details of the campaign being more clearly related in the letter to his father, dated* 24*th December.*]

GRAJAL,[1] *December* 24, 1808.

MY EVER DEAREST FATHER—I see so many foolish letters in the papers respecting the operations of armies and the faults or merits of Generals, that however naturally I might be inclined to chat with you and give you in narrative my ideas of our movements, made and required, I have, I believe, pretty generally refrained from entering into the subject more than in a general cursory manner. The enemy was in force at Saldana, and extended to other towns on the river Carrion, which runs from the Asturias through Leon into the Douro. It was determined to beat him here if he would wait, and accordingly by a mutual flank movement right and left, a junction having been formed with Sir David Baird, the whole army advanced towards the Carrion without losing time, taking up at the end of each day's march such lines of cantonment as were the most secure that the situation of the towns and villages would admit of, keeping the cavalry in our front, then the Reserve, behind which, in three divisions, was the main army, having its flanks covered by the cavalry and flank corps of light troops.

As in the advance our patroles fell in with those of the enemy, that superior valour of which the English are so conscious, and which is conspicuous in all descriptions of English warriors in their battles with the enemy, was very strongly and repeatedly displayed by our Hussars. Lord Paget having gained information

[1] A few miles south of Sanagun.

that 700 of the enemy's cavalry were at Sahagun, conceived it possible to take them by surprise. He therefore moved at midnight with the 10th and 15th. He divided these regiments at a suitable spot, and directing the 10th to move direct into Sahagun, so as to arrive at a stated time, he himself advanced by another road with the 15th, so as to turn the town and prevent the escape of the enemy.

This plan, wise as it was, was frustrated by a neighbouring picquet of the enemy, having been attacked in the first instance, perhaps not wisely, for though some were taken, some (as might be expected at night) got off, and put the others on the *qui vive*, in consequence of which Lord Paget, advancing towards the place with the 15th in a column of division, found the enemy drawn up in line to receive him. He was thus with 400 opposed to 700, and according to all military rules, in a devil of a scrape. His Lordship, however, forming them into line, immediately led them on to the charge. The French are said at first to have stood like a wall and received the enemy with front give point. The impetuosity of the charge broke them, however, and much single-handed work ensuing, the final result was I don't know how many killed, and 140 taken prisoners, besides which 2 lieutenant-colonels and 20 officers, one of the former being nephew to Josephine and aide-de-camp to King Joseph. The 10th came up too late to make the result of this affair more brilliant.

Brigadier-General Stewart with the 18th, both before and since this affair, has been in several instances proportionately dashing and successful, and latterly 30 of the 18th attacked 100 of the enemy's cavalry, killed 20, and took 6 alive.

Our loss has been so trifling that I forgot to give it due place; it does not exceed 3 killed and 6 wounded in all—that is, seriously wounded, and these wounds have evinced (sufficiently, I hope) that the muff Hussar cap is no defence to the head, all the wounds being in consequence of their non-resistance, while our fellows hacked at the brass casques of the enemy in vain. As it was found that the chief body of the enemy under Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, was at Saldana, behind the Carrion, it was resolved to cross this river at the bridge of Carrion, five leagues distant, and to march upon Saldana with the left flank upon the river. Arrangements were accordingly made, in pursuance of which the Reserve under General Paget moved from this place at six o'clock yesterday evening, and was to take its place with respect to the rest of the army at a given time.

The bridge of Carrion was to be forced at daylight, and a subsequent battle was fully expected and ardently desired by all ranks of the army, from Sir John Moore to the junior drummer—at least so I believe, and spite of the severe frost and night cold, with snow upon the ground, the spirits of the troops beat high; they enjoyed the night march, for they thought that at last they had caught this "Duke of Damnation," whom they believed they had been running after from the neighbourhood of Lisbon. No men, they think, did ever go so fast, for they never saw anything of them, and almost despaired of coming up with them.

The Reserve had moved about four miles when an officer met General Paget, and the division was marched back to Grajal, its former cantonment. This is all I know. I suppose the enemy was found to have bolted,

and that it will not do for us to play with them in the middle of this continent.

I therefore think that we shall get away as soon as we can. I think our Chief very wise, very brave, and very disinterested.—God bless you, CHARLES.

December 24, *Sunday*.—March to headquarters at Mayorga. Make a sketch. A dragoon officer of the 10th begs to be let into our billet. I cannot say no. His horse kicks Lutgins', who rows me like blazes for letting the dragoon in.

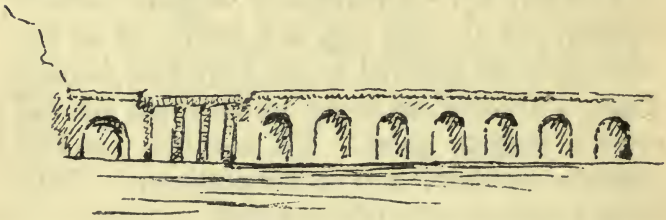
December 27.—Ammunition waggons without number, and the tag, rag, and bobtail of all the other divisions here fall to the convoy of General Paget, a tremendous string, which makes the Reserve a baggage guard. He executes this with patience, mastery, and accomplishment. Guns being posted so as to rake the road.

We get no billets at Benavente, but Lutgins perseveres and gets an excellent one, and Lord Paget and Colonel V. dine with us.

December 28.—At ten o'clock Lutgins and I, sitting at breakfast, hear a row in the streets. Ask what is the matter. "Turn out, sir, directly! The French are in the town." Oh what confusion, what screaming and hooting and running and shoving and splashing and dashing! My sword, spurs, and sash mislaid. Olla! Mount my horse and ride to General Paget's quarters. Find him just sallying forth. He at once takes up his

ground and gets his people under arms. False alarm. Nobody knows the cause of the row, but the people of the house had fled in despair. Unhappy people! Such are the miseries of war, that the unoffending inhabitants, despoiled of the sanctity of their homes, find every social tie jagged to the root, and then enters cold, desponding indifference.

Ride to the bridge, where preparations are making to destroy the same. A very wet, cold



night. I am sent with a message to Sir John Moore, and ride back again through devilish rain and numbing wind. A party of the enemy's cavalry come to reconnoitre this operation, and exchange a few shots with our pickets. All the people having withdrawn, the houses on the other side the bridge and piles of timber are set on fire, and make a most superb and interesting appearance in spite of the inclemency of the night; the mounting blaze, bursting through the crackling roofs, glares sunlike upon the opposite promontories and sub-current waters. The teeth of the

cursed saws refuse to do their duties, and hours are spent in sawing the woodwork. I leave the business at 5 A.M.

December 29.—Get to bed at six o'clock, wet, cold, and shivered to death. The Reserve marches at eight. The bridge having blown up, the enemy's cavalry in one part swim, and in another ford the river, and fall in with our pickets under General Stewart. The enemy 500, we 300. A great deal of sharp fighting ensues, in which the enemy are worsted, and seeing other bodies of cavalry coming on them, disperse and re-swim the river with loss both in drowned and killed; but the ground was so excessively heavy that our horses were blown, or their destruction would have been complete.

I post myself on a hill with Captain Eveleigh's troop of horse artillery, and see a large body of cavalry advance towards us from a neighbouring village. We make all dispositions to receive them well, and they appear to design to take our cavalry in flank, edging off towards the river. When they come within reach, and Captain E. is just going to give them a round shot, we find them to be the 15th Dragoons!

Ride to the river, where the enemy attempt to form again on the other side and fire at our videttes with their carbines; but the horse artillery soon come up, and give them a few shrapnels, which disperse them and send them up the hill.

Result (of the whole engagement) about twenty on each side killed and many badly wounded, about twenty French prisoners of the Imperial Guards, their General, Colonel of the 2nd Imperial Guards, and several officers.

I go on the bridge to see the effect of the explosion, which was complete, then ride in again, and on towards Baneza. Overtake Captain Griffiths, and converse much with him. Get pretty well put up with Lutgins, but the Scotch make inroads upon us.

December 30.—Cavalry arrive at Baneza. Start for Astorga (four leagues). The town excessively full and stinking.

On the road talk with French officers. They say that the Spaniards never fought at all, and that Buonaparte must have been looking at the action yesterday from the heights on the other side the river.

I and Gos billet together and receive orders from headquarters. Major F. Gos and Mul.[1] ordered one way, myself and Foster another.

This night tramp about the town to Q.M.G.'s and C.G.'s, etc., and am franticated about guides.

ORDER FROM HEADQUARTERS

Mr. Boothby will be pleased to proceed this night by Castracontrigo, and endeavour to reach Sanabria tomorrow evening, or early on the following morning.

[1] Mulcaster.

The object is to obtain correct information of any movements of the enemy from Benavente towards Orense, and to transmit the same by the most expeditious and secure route to Sir John Moore. Also to endeavour to induce the Spanish troops now at or near Sanabria to defend the passes as long as possible, and also to defend the fortress of Puebla and that of Monterey, and throw every impediment in the way of the advance of the enemy.

A detachment of the 76th is at Monterey, which must be ordered to retire in time to Orense, where it will find another detachment and wait for further orders.

Should there be any provisions at Monterey, and the Spaniards not be disposed to defend it, they must be, if possible, sent to any place on the road from Orense to Villafranca for the use of the column in that line of march, or else they must be consumed or otherwise destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

Headquarters will be at Villafranca till the 3rd, and afterwards towards Lugo.

All intelligence must be also put to the column marching on Orense.

Guides must be procured this night, and whenever wanted, and care taken to get intelligence whether the enemy have pushed any parties of cavalry towards Sanabria.

GEO. MURRAY, Q.M.G.

HEADQUARTERS, ASTORGA,
December 30.

December 30.—Start at twelve o'clock.

December 31, *Saturday*.—Very cold, leagues in-

fernally long (5 = 7), freezes very hard. Enter the mountains, my horse weak and broken down. Arrive at Castracontrigo at six o'clock, seven long leagues.

Hunt up the Alcalde, and desire to be taken to the curé's house. He proposes our waiting till daylight.

Knock up the curé. Get fire and chocolate, and lie down at seven. Rise at ten. Breakfast and start again at twelve. Our guides tell us we shall not arrive at La Puebla till midnight.

This is all mountainous, and snow on the ground. Arrive at seven. Taken to the Governor's, who secretly places a sentry over us, as I had not shown him my passport.

January 1, 1809, *Sunday*.—Go out to speak to the Governor. He is now very civil and frank, and tells me his intelligence, which I forward to headquarters.

Get a better house belonging to a man, who tells us afterwards that he has devoured at a sitting seventy-two eggs with their corresponding bread and butter.

Colonel Chabot, charged with despatches, arrives.

January 2.—Colonel Douglas, A.Q.M.G., and York and Hutchinson arrive on their way to the army.

I despatch spies to Benavente.

January 3.—Breakfast these people, and they

start for Monterey. Go three leagues on the road to Monbuey. Hear a lie, that the French are at Castracontrigo.

Colonel Peacock comes in late, his party halting a league behind at Otero.

January 4.—A Spanish ensign endeavours to turn me out of my quarters. I turn him out instead.

The inhabitants of Otero send to beg the Spanish soldiers may protect them from the plunder of Colonel P.'s stragglers. I write to Colonel P. to apprise him of this.

Mr. Murray, Com. G., arrives.

Commissaries, officers and soldiers, mules and devilment arrive all day. Spies return.

January 5.—Mr. Murray departs. Conceiving my commission to be performed, I determine to start for the army to-morrow, and the Governor writes to Marquis Romano and encloses my despatch to Sir John. A Colonel of Spanish Artillery arrives with the cadets of Segovia in charge. Poor little fellows! he is to take them to Corunna.

Don Alonzo Gonzalis tells the people that the English are going to embark. They do not believe it. "What," says he, "if the English have not so many men as the French that follow them, would you have the poor English stay and be destroyed?" "God forbid." In the evening I go to the

Governor's, and find round the brazier many Spanish officers, principally Artillery. They talk of the destruction of the bridge of Benavente, and speak theoretically of the line of least resistance, etc., and I am asked if we do not carry with us some new and extraordinary machine of destruction. I cannot make out what they mean for a long time, so they send for the officer who had seen it.

He describes to the wondering circle a terrible machine, in which I recognise the wheel car! Then have we, is it true, an invention for carrying musketry to the distance of round shot? It was incredible. Describe shrapnel shells. A little black fellow starts up and swears it is no new invention. He is scouted and silenced. Take my leave.

January 6, *Friday*. — Start for Villarviejo. Freezes hard, and the ground is a sheet of ice. As the sun gets up, however, it thaws.

Pass numerous villages, and at three leagues encounter the first Portilia, where the road goes over a high mountain, which is sometimes impassable, and at this time bad and dangerous, not so much on account of the quantity of snow, but because the road, undermined by the run of waters in a thaw, becomes like the worst of rabbit warrens. And besides this, the beaten path is so narrow that two mules meeting could not keep it, and the one that leaves it flounders

half buried in the snow. Pass the other Portilia, not in so bad a state, at six leagues, and reach Villarviejo, on the other side, at seven leagues. The general and busy run of waters, as if to their appointed stations, calls forcibly to my mind the description given by Milton of the assemblage of waters at the great command to let dry land appear.

Scenery wild and very high.

Get put up at the curé's house, which stinks excessively.

While cooking in the kitchen the whole family assembled round the fire, pop on their knees as the curé rises, and say the Rosary aloud. "Santa Maria! Madre de Dios!" is chimed out at the beginning of almost every prayer.

Foster and I sleep in the same room with the curé, who blows like a whale.

January 7.—Start for Monterey. Excessive, heavy, and continued rain. Overtake Colonel Peacock, in charge of £130,000, about four leagues from Verin, which is at bottom, while Monterey is at top, almost adjoining. Converse a good deal with him. Arrive at Verin completely drenched

These two days' journeys, though each called seven leagues, are at the lowest calculation eight.

About a league from Verin we are on a hill commanding a complete view of it and the Valdi mountains, most beautiful and romantic, a fine

winding stream with green meads, and in the midst villages, woods, groves, pastures, houses, gardens—the garden of Eden.

Find Mr. Murray at Verin. Consult. He has learned that the army was at Lugo on the 5th, on which same day the English entered Orense. It is therefore doubtful whether or no the English will be found there when we arrive, the distance being ten leagues.

Get billets on an apothecary and go to bed. Much disturbed. Knocked up. Sick and ill, and what rest soever my illness allowed was snatched away by voracious and innumerable jumpers that bit me in all directions, and where they did not bite they ran and hopped about my feverish body.

January 8, *Sunday.*

Because I dare not touch them for my life,
Enticing grapes and honey were produced,
And when my parched palate prompts my hand,
My qualmish stomach sends its veto up.
Baboon-faced John projects my certain cure,
And gives me burnt bread sopped in scalding wine.
I go to the Corregidor, and there
Find Murray's information is confirmed.
I write to Colonel Peacock, and resolve
To take the shortest road to Vigo Bay,
Passing the Minho, by a ferry boat. . . .
Engage a mounted guide, and disfatigue
Our weary bodies with two hours' repose.

Then, rising in the dark of night, we go
And wonder how the practised guide can find
The labyrinthine way, how he can tell
The rocks and waters manifold (from snow
Just thawed, and pushing for the lowest place)
With such sure step to evitate at night.

At last a little village we descry, and thunder at a cottage door, but, alas! the inhabitants of this cottage persist in a death-like silence and a dread repose. Thus we remain, we know not where, in a very cold night. At length the guide goes to another house by himself, and gets a Galician with straw torches, which are very pretty and convenient.

The road is very dreary and unpleasant, and still three leagues to Villadita. On arriving we get a woman to show us the way to the Corregidor's. It was three o'clock in the morning. Corregidor looks out of his window and says with a loud voice, "Alguacil."[1] The old Alguacil leads to one and another, but we make him give us a smart-looking house with windows to it. The mistress makes a rail, but first the maid comes to the balcony and says, "Good morning, gentlemen." "A curse, you ugly witch," says Bernardo, "is this a time for the compliments of the morning?" When we get into this house it is so mouldy, forlorn, and faded fine that, late as it is, we try another, where we find a man in bed in every nook

[1] Guard or watchman.

and corner. Get very comfortably lodged, and find that we are only nine leagues from Vigo.

January 9, *Monday*.—Get a most excellent breakfast, and, notwithstanding my increasing malady, I venture to swallow a quart of rich new milk, which I have not tasted for a long time.

The people come and bother and say, "Behold here are two dear Englishmen that don't know what good news we have for them. The English, pursued by the French, have headed round at Betanzos and driven the French before them sixteen leagues, and orders are come to halt the troops at Orense that were going to Vigo."

Although I did not think this account entitled to credit, coming from the Spaniards, who give and take lies with greater assurance and credulity than any other people, I thought that I might so far trust it as to the intelligence which respected Orense, only two and a half leagues distant; and they said the ferry across the Minho was not always passable.

Not feeling safe in the hands of the precarious, headlong Spaniards, I was rather anxious to get to a British column, as the circumstances of the evacuation would not be much longer in spreading, and who could tell the impression it might create.

[A break occurs here in the Journal, but we know that Captain Boothby was now on his way to join Sir John Moore at Corunna *via* Vigo Bay, and the next

tidings we hear from him occur in the letters to his father and brother after the battle of Corunna.]

On Board the "Barfleur," *Jan.* 18, 1809.

My ever dearest Father—I am very anxious that you should have a line from me as soon as you will hear of the action of the 16th, the result of which, had it not deprived us of Sir John Moore, would have been everything that could be wished. He was killed by a cannon shot early in the action, which tore away his shoulder. He, however, lived till nine o'clock, being perfectly collected, sensible, and great to the last.

The French in attacking us had at last complied with his most earnest wishes, and the battle had the effect which he foresaw, that of ensuring to us an unmolested and complete embarkation, which took place the night of the action and yesterday, the French contenting themselves with throwing a few shot among the shipping, which, operating on the fears of the masters, caused two or three transports to be lost. Otherwise it had the beneficial effect of getting the fleet under way most expeditiously.

The action was very obstinate and warm, and lasted three hours. It is the first I have been in. Our loss in killed and wounded, particularly in officers, has been very severe, considering the number of troops exposed to fire, which was not more than half the army.

I have no more time, as the bag is closed. God bless you, Charles.

At Sea, 1809.

My dear B.—As my daily adventures just now would be rather disagreeable than interesting, I shall give

you some account of the latter operations in Spain. As much as I can vouch for will be included in a relation of my own movements.

When the army arrived at Astorga, Sir John Moore sent me to La Puebla, the capital of Sanabria, a mountainous district in the kingdom of Leon bordering on Portugal. The place is in the direct but worst road from Benavente to Orense, and as it had been determined that a column should take a better though longer road to Vigo, the object of my mission chiefly was to give immediate intelligence to Sir John Moore should the enemy show any disposition (by taking the shorter route from Benavente or elsewhere to Orense) to cut off the retreat of the column marching on Vigo.

I was apprised of the time when our army would reach the different stages of its retreat, that I might judge where to rejoin it, having executed the service for which I was detached. Being satisfied on this head, I set out for Orense, making long journeys and sometimes travelling by night, the roads very bad and mountainous, rendered almost impassable by snow, but the scenery in many parts extremely beautiful and romantic, particularly in the neighbourhood of Monterey, an old mountain castle of, I believe, no military importance.

From the intelligence I procured at Verin, immediately below it, I thought it better to avoid Orense and proceed to Vigo by the shortest road, crossing the river Minho (over which there is a bridge at Orense) by a ferry.

The Minho at this place is a very rapid, turbid stream, carrying down with great velocity huge timbers and fragments torn by the waters from the mountain sides, or hurled from their tops by the fury of the winter blasts. The scenery is extremely rich and beautiful,

having an inexpressible charm viewed from the stupendous heights, immediately impending the river, over which the road winds.

The rugged steepness of the roads greatly lengthens the leagues, and the journeys, which one laid down from the experience of other parts of Spain, are obliged to be most teasingly divided in Galicia, particularly irksome to me on account of the uncertainty there was of the light in which our retreat would be viewed by the barbarous, arrogant, and ignorant, though not ungenerous, Spaniards, for few of the most enlightened would be capable of exculpating me in any cause of anger they might imagine against my country. Having performed a hundred miles of this journey, I unexpectedly fell in with the column that marched upon Vigo, and having communicated with General Alton, I was confirmed in my determination to proceed to Vigo, as all communication between him and the main body of the army had for some time ceased. As it appeared that the enemy had not got scent of this small column, and there was not the smallest probability of anything interesting taking place at the embarkation at Vigo, it became a very earnest object with me to reach Corunna, where it did not seem likely that affairs would have so insipid a complexion. I was therefore very well pleased to find that my friend Burgoyne had been sent to Vigo, and was to wait there until the embarkation was effected. At this time it was pretty confidently believed at headquarters that I had fallen into the hands of the enemy. This left me fully at liberty to proceed with the transports to Corunna, and Sir Samuel Hood, whom I had formerly known in the Baltic, was so kind as to offer me a passage in the *Barfleur*. It would be needless to describe the anxiety I felt respecting what might be the

state of affairs at Corunna, where I was sensible that the army must have been some days. I supposed and hoped that some natural advantages would enable them to repel for so long a time the forces of France, but this might not be the case, and when we arrived that beautiful army might be no more. I got into the harbour in the *Minerva* frigate on the evening of the 14th January. I went immediately to Sir John Moore, who received me most kindly, and notwithstanding the cruel anxiety he must have suffered, still supported that most engaging exterior so endearing to his friends and so prepossessing to strangers on whom he did not think proper to frown. I then sought out my friends and brother officers, and was greeted by them as one risen from the dead. I, too, felt inexpressible pleasure at getting again amongst my companions, and in feeling satisfied by the tranquillity at Corunna that things were not going on badly ; to find my friend Lefebure, too, one of the party, and almost re-established in health (for owing to excessive anxiety and fatigue in his attendance on the army of Blake, he was attacked and nearly carried to the grave by a fever) gave me the highest pleasure.

He spread a mattress for me on the floor, and I slept as undisturbed as if the French had not passed the Pyrenees. I found that the whole effective forces of the British occupied a position about three miles from the walls of Corunna, which they had held since the 12th, and where they had hutted themselves. This position in a military point of view was very bad, for it was immediately opposed to one of greatly superior strength and elevation, which ground the British, being the defensive and smaller force, could not possess, their object being to contract the front presented to the enemy, who had the

power to attack with unlimited numbers. They were therefore obliged to relinquish the commanding ground to the enemy, and to make up by their superior firmness and courage the great defects of their position.

I know not if you understand plan drawing well enough to be assisted by a small hasty outline. The position of the British was bad because commanded by that of the enemy, but more especially because the right was liable to be turned—⊕. The hill itself, G, was very well against assault, because the side was very much intersected

by steep banks and fences which, defended by our troops, could not be carried. The sketch I have given you is on the first impression of memory, and without the wish to be accurate, just to help you by a spilt-port-wine drawing to the sort of thing. The fortification of Corunna (xxx) was infinitely better than any entrenchment thrown up occasionally. It was much improved and strengthened by us, and though its being fatally commanded, without bomb proof, and many other faults and disadvantages, natural and incurred, would prevent its pretending to withstand a regular siege, yet as a barrier against assault for a certain time it was as good as could be; 1500 men might stand behind it and defy 20,000. Nothing, therefore, could be better to cover the tail of an embarkation. The outer position was maintained that the fleet might not be molested, which it might have been, for instance, from St. Lucia, etc., that the first business of the embarkation might be neither looked into nor molested, and that the tranquillity of the town might be as long as possible preserved. And now, after this explanation, I shall continue my narrative.

On the morning of the 15th, after breakfast, upon hearing some popping and that the enemy were making some demonstration, I borrowed Lefebure's horse (having left both my own at Vigo) and rode to the English position.

The enemy were thrusting out their sharpshooters in all directions, a species of warfare or battle which they understand the best. Ours, however, were not backward, and gave them at least shot for shot. A distant cannonade was soon after commenced on both sides, the French firing at our groups of officers, and indeed at individuals, for I was honoured twice in this way,

VIEW OF THE BRITISH AND FRENCH POSITIONS BEFORE CORUNNA, TAKEN FROM THE CITADEL.

a b British Line. *c d* French Line. *e* Magazine blown up 14th Jan. 1809.
f The village of Elvina. *g g* Heights occupied by the French on the morning of 17th Jan.

From an illustration in "Campaign of Lt.-Gen. Sir John Moore, K.B." (1809).

and my friend Lefebure's horse had a narrow escape. They then made a parade of their force and several movements on their heights as if they meant something, but merely meaning, I fancy, to know if we still held our ground and with what force. Sir John Moore was out all day, and I followed in his suite over our whole position. He spoke to all officers as he went along, giving cautions, orders, and instructions, and looked wistfully at the enemy, apparently wishing with painful eagerness for a battle. Those who suppose these wishes were excited by any thought of his own fame, do not know Sir John Moore. He wrote to Sir S. Hood that he was anxious for an engagement, because he thought it would be the only means of securing an unmolested embarkation. The sharpshooting and cannonading continued throughout the day, but the number of killed and wounded on our side was inconsiderable, and probably was no greater on that of the enemy.

On the morning of the 16th no skirmishing was heard from the outposts, and everything wore the face of an understanding on the part of the enemy that it was now their business to fight us. As long as we remained embattled upon our position we thought it was not their business, and feared they waited a more favourable opportunity, which must soon be afforded them. For Sir John Moore was determined, much as he wished to give them a check, not to wait any longer, for every day, while it added to their strength, brought with it the chance of a foul wind, which could not be too much dreaded if it lasted long enough to drive us into the town, and to give time to the French to establish batteries on the margin of the harbour for the destruction of the fleet.

At one o'clock I was charged with the erection of a

battery in the town and some other works on the ramparts. At about three o'clock we heard the firing begin, sharpshooting first, and then more general, and so much cannonade as convinced me it must be more serious than on the preceding day. Nothing I could say or do could prevail upon the soldiers to lay aside the air of the last extremity of fatigue which they had assumed. The shovel of earth approached the top of the bank as leisurely as the finger of a clock marches round the dial. I was therefore a good deal struck with admiration at their behaviour when at four o'clock an order came for them to join their regiments, which were marching to the field. They threw down their tools, jumped to their arms, hallooed and frisked as boys do when loosed from school, these poor, tattered, half-dead-looking devils. I was no less pleased to be left at liberty. An Engineer has no appropriate place or defined duty in an open battle, but he is always acceptable in the field if mounted, because he is generally a good sensible smart fellow that looks about him, and is trustworthy in the communication and explanations of orders.

What we generally do, therefore, is to offer our several services as aides-de-camp to the several generals whom we may pitch upon or fall in with; and had I been mounted I should have gone straight to General Moore upon finding myself at liberty. But now a horse was my first object. The firing rather increased than slackened. I had never been present at a general action, and I wished painfully for a horse. Thinks I, "I'll walk towards the scene of things, and I may meet a horse that has lost his master." I went a little way and overtook a gunner with a saddle on his back.

"What are you going to do with that?" said I.

"I am taking it to St. Lucia," said he.

"What for?"

"It is there that all the artillery horses are."

"Oh, ho!" A thought struck me, and I followed him. When I arrived I went straight to an officer of gunner drivers and explained to him my situation. The obliging fellow instantly ordered a horse to be saddled, to my great delight. I asked him, "What news from the field?" "General Baird is killed," said he. I galloped off, and on my way up I overtook an artillery officer, who told me General Moore was dangerously wounded. I know not how it was, but I certainly galloped on with much less count of personal danger. The enemy had so placed two guns that the overshots invariably came whizzing down the road. As they passed one another I leaned on one side, and thought each destined for my head.

The object of my search now was General Hope. I spied a clump of officers standing just behind the two lines engaged. From the situation they had taken up I thought this group most likely to be General Hope and his suite, so I hastened to it, and was not disappointed. He was looking very attentively at the two uninterrupted lines of fire though he said hardly anything, just sent an order in a quiet way now and then, and whenever the fire immediately before him seemed to slacken, he appeared instinctively to potter down to some place where hotter firing was. I was very glad to find myself so little disturbed by the whizzing of balls. The fire was very hot, and several men and horses of our group were struck, but I was thinking more of the novel sight before me, and glorying in the brave obstinacy of our people, who after so furious and long-continued and unabated an

attack still refused to yield one inch to the column after column, relieving each other, that assailed them.

When first indeed I reached General Hope's party, I looked up at a clear part of the sky and silently begged of God that should a ball this day despatch me, He would forgive me my sins and take me to heaven, and after that I felt finely settled and elevated and indifferent to the event, while the cheering and volleying of our soldiers warmed my heart.

As it was growing dusk a roar of musketry was volleyed on the left, followed by a roar of huzzas quite as loud. General Hope asked, "What's that?" "The 59th coming up fresh, sir."

Colonel Graham came up and told him (the firing had almost ceased) that the enemy still possessed a village which was thought too near to us, and asked if it should be taken. General Hope desired that some companies of the 15th might take it, and soon after an officer came up and announced the capture. The firing had totally ceased. General Hope rode round the position, and then went to Corunna to make such arrangements as might be required. We got to the town about eight o'clock. I rode to Sir John Moore's quarters, and going upstairs met Colonel Graham. He told me Sir John was lying on his mattress dying, that he heard him groan. Perhaps had I gone in, pressed his hand, and got a kind word from him, it would have been a source of pleasure to me now, but then I had no stomach for it. His shoulder and part of his left side were carried away by cannon shot. His great good spirit left his body at nine o'clock.

General Hope's letter[1] is as accurate and chastely true as it is simple, elevated, and beautiful; so great

[1] Appendix.

a degree of accuracy one would scarcely have expected, or thought compatible with the elegance of the language, the smoothness and entireness of the narrative. I advise you, if you have forgotten it, or did not know that it was something *more* than a beautiful piece of writing, to read it again.

Our obstinate battle, the coming in of our wounded, and the melancholy death of our chief had a very great effect upon the feelings of the people of Corunna. "This is for us! this is for us! Poor English, they bleed for us!"

This sort of thing soon worked itself into a transport of generous enthusiasm, which was both beneficial and satisfactory to us.

At about four o'clock on the morning of the 17th, when my companions and I got up, we found that nearly all the army was embarked. The wind was beginning to blow very hard, which made the embarkation very difficult, but, thank God, it blew the right way. On the 16th Sir John Moore had desired Fletcher, chief engineer, to name the number of men he thought necessary to occupy the town line, and to furnish a minute distribution of them upon the different works.

This Fletcher did, and I went round with him and General Beresford (who was entrusted with the forlorn hope), that Fletcher might explain the distribution to him.

Had the French not been so severely cowed and beaten as they were, and had come on to the attack at dawn, Beresford with 1500 men would have held that line while the embarkation was completing, and probably at night have withdrawn to the citadel, protecting that and his own embarkation with a small portion of his force. Then

these last would have rushed to the boats in waiting, jumped in, and trusted to the gates and ditches to keep out the enemy until they had shoved off from the shore.

But the impressive lesson the French had received rendered these operations unnecessary; and had not General Hope determined by doing things with the leisure he could command, to do them completely, the whole fleet might have been out at sea on the 17th before a Frenchman had ventured to show his nose.

But it was resolved to embark the sick and wounded, to bury General Moore, and therefore to keep the 1500 men upon the line until evening.

I went with Squire (a friend of mine in the Engineers) walking about the line, and at about seven o'clock we fell in with General Hope, and accompanied him all over the peninsula behind the walls of Corunna. He spoke with much satisfaction of the result of the battle. The troops, he said, had been withdrawn without the knowledge or suspicion of the enemy, deceived by their remaining fires.

At about ten o'clock, I think, a few Frenchmen appeared slinking into the houses near the walls of Corunna, and the Spaniards, acting up to the magnitude of their hatred to every Frenchman, banged at each individual with a 32-pounder. They were sharpshooting this way all day long, though at first we could not conceive the cause of such a heavy cannonade.

General Hope asked us to breakfast with him. "Squire, Boothby, will you come and have some chocolate?" were not unacceptable words. I have loved and admired this quiet, modest, superior being ever since I have known him.

I believe the Spaniards were entirely aware of our determination to embark, yet their enthusiastic blaze in

the good cause continued to increase. "They would die in the ruins of their walls." It even pervaded the women, who all day long were seen with cartridges and wads upon their heads for the service of the batteries.

They were jealous of our interference on the walls, which they wished to defend themselves, so that orders were given to our people not to appear on the walls, the portion destined for their defence being posted behind the ramparts, which were covered with all sorts and both sexes of Spaniards.

Everybody commanded, everybody fired, everybody hallooed, everybody ordered silence, everybody forbade the fire, everybody thought musketry best, and everybody cannon. In short, you have no notion of the loud misrule which prevailed.

However gratifying to us the display of such a spirit might be, or however beneficial to cover and complete our retreat, I believe a scrupulous care was had neither to promote nor increase it.

It was a spontaneous burst, coming up itself, and impossible to be checked—so much unexpected by us that arrangements were made for the last party to spike all the guns in the place. And while we could not but admire the honesty of their zeal, we lamented that it might increase the calamities of the capture, but this, I am happy to find, has not been the case.

It is said that the Governor candidly acknowledged that he should not attempt to stand a siege in so defective a place, but promised that as long as his walls gave protection to an Englishman or an English ship, he would never surrender.

The ground now in possession of the French would enable them to cannonade the shipping which still

remained in the harbour as thick as a wood, although for the most part filled with troops.

The General had urged this point with Sir S. Hood, who urged it strongly to the Admiral, De Courcy. It is said that the transports did get the order to proceed to sea the moment they had received their complement of troops.

If so, they, with a degree of idiotic disobedience not unusual nor incompatible with the character of masters of transports, took no heed.

Certain it is that we in the town were rather longing to see a French battery open upon them, which we thought would make them get under way with a signal and beneficial expedition.

But the fact was that we did not despise them half enough, nor know of what extreme cowardice and rascality they were capable.

General Hope determined to be the last man on shore, and desired to have some Engineers remain with him, in which number I was. But at about two o'clock, when the General found that no preparations were making against our line, and that the enemy contented himself with preparing a battery on the top of the height overlooking the shipping, he expressed a wish that we all should embark, as at dusk the boats would be so much occupied that we might find it difficult to get off.

We therefore proceeded together in search of a bit of victuals into the inner town, induced the people to unlock a high tavern, and sat down to a plate of cabbage soup.

It was while thus employed that the French battery opened upon the shipping. It consisted of two field-

pieces, which the fears of the French had situated in such a manner as to be as little hurtful as possible.

Instead of going to the top of the hill, had they ventured down to an old stone fort (which we had abandoned) with their guns *à fleur d'eau*, they would probably have hulled some ship or other every shot, but their plunging fire could only touch one spot, and if that spot were not a ship, the ball went innocuously to the bottom.

But the end which the caution of the enemy would not permit him to attain was effectually given to him by the cowardice of the masters of the transports. The wind was blowing very strong, and the first shot from the enemy was the signal for them to cut their cables. Thus, being all adrift at once, it is only wonderful that more did not strike upon the leeward rocks. Seven, I believe, struck, three were got off, and four, after being cleared, were burnt by us, and beautifully lighted the last of the embarkation. The transports that were got off had been previously abandoned by the masters.

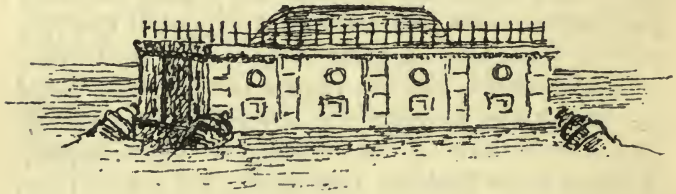
A midshipman of the *Barfleur* told me that on going alongside of a transport on the rocks, the master threw his trunk into the boat, jumped in after it, and then, before a single soldier was out, he cried, "Shove off, or she'll bilge." He was knocked backwards by a sailor.

We got on board a man-of-war's boat, which put me

on board the *Barfleur* to get something I had left there. I was invited to go home in her, which I gladly accepted.

The embarkation being completed, General Beresford came on board at two o'clock in the morning, and when the fleet was collected it sailed for Old England. . . .

After taking the trouble to write this very long letter, my dear B., shall you be able to get through it? I beg at any rate that you will not destroy it, as it completes my Spanish Journal, and I have no copy of this or any other narrative of that period of my proceedings.—Your most affectionate brother, CHARLES.



JOHANNES MOORE
Exercitûs Britannici dux præbio occisus

CORUNNA, 1808

ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of the night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

PLYMOUTH DOCK, *January* 28, 1809.

EVER DEAREST FATHER—You will not be very sorry to hear of my arrival in England in good health, but, on the other hand, I have not a penny that I know of, nor a shirt nearer than Lisbon.

I shall come up to London without delay, find out where you are, and endeavour to spend some time amongst you, to lay down my head, and settle my affairs.

The man I looked up to as a god, and held in the most cordial respect and affection, after devoting his life to the service of his country, is praised by some and blamed by others.

I know the latter to be the ignorant, but consequently the most talkative, and your catchpenny Generals come forward and tell you how they could have done better. All this makes me sick, and cools my military ardour. For can the utmost blindness of self-love make me think I can ever equal the virtues or military worth of Moore! And yet, as the result of his laborious services, a doubt comes in every man's mind whether he would now take upon himself that General's reputation. When dying, though perfectly sensible, he had great difficulty at last to articulate. He said gently, however, that he had endeavoured to serve his country diligently and conscien-

tiously, and he hoped it would be satisfied with what he had done. His latest anxiety seemed to be for victory. "*Are they beat? Are they beat?*" he repeatedly asked. He wished to send some message to General Hope, who had succeeded him in the command. "Hope, Hope," he said at intervals, but could not articulate more. His last words were, "Tell my mother." He could no longer speak, and expired. Was not this the death of a hero and a good man? God bless you.—Your CHARLES.

The loss of men and money in Spain, I think, are amply compensated for by the acquisition of military fame, but the loss of Sir John Moore at such a time admits of no consolation.

BATH, *January* 28, 1809.

DEAREST MOTHER—The press on the road, the waters, etc., have made me travel slower, but I set off for London to-morrow, whence you shall hear from me.

We are three Engineers here together, one of whom is my friend Lefebure, the pleasantest and right-thinkingest man in the world. The people here show distinction to our rusty habits, particularly the fair sex, who advance to converse with us, to the astonishment of the well-dressed beaux.

I hope soon to embrace you and my Louisa, and all of you. God bless you, dear people. CHARLES.

On returning home after the glorious battle of Corunna, which terminated Moore's celebrated retreat and his life together, I conceived a thorough dislike and hatred of the military service. My

MAJOR BOOTHBY, 51st Regiment.
Afterwards Sir William Boothby, Bart.
Father of Captain Charles Boothby, R.E.

patron was dead, and as a reward for services which I thought inestimable, his memory was reviled by his ungrateful countrymen, and tarnished by crafty, self-interested politicians, who, willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike, took the most impalpable means of offending his sacred memory.

All this increased the disgust which the sight of military operations in a devoted country had excited in my mind.

Bilious with these thoughts, I took the sweet medicine of family endearments.

I did not expect a speedy summons to the wars, for the only theatre which seemed to offer us a part in the drama was just closed, and I therefore promised myself some months of sweet repose and enjoyment, as a change rendered most delightful by those fatigues and dangers which entitled me to welcome it without blushing.

The pictures which had been given me of my family's distress between the beginning of those horrid accounts from Spain, and the hearing from me after the battle of Corunna made me shudder at the thought of renewing such frightful anxiety ; for while delighting in my father's affection for his children, I was always frightened at it. The violent expression of grief or the admission of immensurate apprehension in a female are less impressive because more consonant to her softer character ; but when the safety of his children

was concerned, my father lost this distinction. The masculine firmness and well-tempered equality of his mind no longer served him, and he, my mother, and my sister, equally giving way to their fears for me, vainly looked to each other for support. And what a task for my brother . . . to be obliged to laugh at their fears while smothering his own!

Early in the month of March the whole village circle dined at my father's house—Milnes, Lumley, Cleavers, etc.; happiness prevailed, and I was glad. After dinner my brother, opening the post-bag, drew out a large Government letter for me. My father's eyes followed it across the table with infinite disquiet,[1] my mother's with dismay, and Louisa paled a little. Under such eyes it was necessary to command my own countenance.

I told my father calmly that it was an order for foreign service.

Nothing could represent such an order to them in a flattering point of view. All their fears, all their anxieties were to be renewed, and perhaps in the end not to be so happily relieved. I therefore made no comments, but professed that the future now opened to me was flattering to my prospects, and I further added that I considered

[1] It was by his father's desire that Captain Charles Boothby entered the Army instead of preparing for Holy Orders, and this intensified the anguish in parting with his son throughout the war, as was often stated by Captain C. Boothby in later years.

John Hoppner.

RAFELA, WIFE OF SIR WILLIAM BOOTHBY, BART.

Mother of Captain Charles Boothby, R.E.

active service in Europe as a safeguard from the more distant and unhealthy colonies.

But in fact I was but ill satisfied with the summons, for the Austrian war was but vaguely rumoured, and nothing but the *éclat* and spunk of some dashing and prompt expedition could make going abroad agreeable to me. My own regrets, however, I was once again obliged to smother, and my own tastes to kick downstairs that I might communicate some degree of consistency and firmness to my aching family, and in this task my brother was my second self.

The next day the whole party met again at the Lumleys'. It will appear strange when I say that we were in better spirits than I wished, for in spite of all I could say, they would not abandon the hope that some event or other would put off the expedition.

As the post time drew near, my father grew grave, and I could see he dreaded a final summons ; and even as he dreaded, a large Government letter, like the one before, was put into my hand. I dare not look at my father. My mother, to be out of the way, ran upstairs.

When I had glanced over it, with what alacrity did I put into my father's hand what I knew would quiet his old heart and illumine his benignant features. It was a simple counter order.

My mother and sister were not long before

dancing with joy. It was an harmonious uproar, very delightful to see, and I joined in it with all my heart; to rejoice when they were rejoicing was too natural to my heart to be restrained.

The next day my brother and myself went to spend a night at Welbeck. On returning, the little party met us at the end of the village; they walked slow, and were sorrowful.

The counter order was annulled, and the order for foreign service in force.

For all that the world holds I would not retrace the bitterness of separation.

My brother drove me to Newark, but I was glad to get rid of him, glad when I had escaped my whole kindred, and was left at liberty to weep without adding to their tears.

To have the business of leave-taking over cheered my spirits. I once more felt free, and turned my thoughts upon my companions, those dear companions with whom for years I had been traversing the seas and the lands of Europe.

The passage to Lisbon was boisterous and disagreeable. We set sail on the 17th March 1809, sprang a leak, were run aboard of in the night, and expected to go down, and, in short, were forced to acknowledge that a transport is full of horror.

We landed at Lisbon on the 2nd April, and found it generally expected that Sir John Craddock would re-embark his army in a very few days.

The force under his command was said to amount to 17,000, and Marshal Beresford with his Portuguese was called 25,000.

On the other hand, Soult had taken possession of Oporto with 13,000, or, according to some, 17,000. Victor was menacing the Alemtejo with 40,000, and another movable corps of 10,000 had shown itself in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo.

Taking this rumoured state of things for granted, the re-embarkation of the army (to a man that knew the nature of Iberian troops) seemed at the first glance to be the most salutary measure that could be adopted.

LISBON, *2nd April* 1809.

MY DEAREST LOU—After a disagreeable voyage we arrived in the Tagus to-day at two o'clock. I do not intend this for a letter, but to take the first opportunity to tell you of my safe arrival.

The French have taken Oporto, and we are supposed to be in force on the frontier.

I would make a bet that I see you again before the expiration of the summer, for they dare not stay to come in contact with the French army, at least I think so.

Nothing ever was more dead than this town. Oh, intolerably dead! No news here.

I shall write longer by the next opportunity.

With every best spring of the heart to you all,

CHARLES.

Lisbon and the Tagus

To one who enters the Tagus in a fine season there is something inexpressibly captivating wherever he turns his eyes.

The magnificent rock or mountain, forming a gigantic portal to the mouth of the river, is remarkable for the richness and variety of colour, the grandeur of its size, and the wildness and taste of its form.

From this feature, towards Lisbon, towns, orange groves, forts, and palaces make every yard a picture, and as he approaches Lisbon the size and style of the buildings advance; the great convents, dazzling white, the activity of the great road, the grinning batteries, the fury of the bar, the whirling of the current, the antique richness and eminent shape of the Tower of Belim, and then the splendid burst of the city, with her thronged quays and mounting palaces, will long prevent the visitor from perceiving that the southern bank of the river has nothing but loftiness to recommend it.

A traveller who has seen Messina from the Straits immediately knows what is wanting to Lisbon, viewed from the Tagus.

Messina presents to his view all that can be beautiful in a superb city, embosomed in all that is luxuriant and romantic in Nature.

At the foot of her fair hills she occupies, with a splendid and uniform length of architecture, the margin of the sea, and is even better seen through the light fretwork of masts and rigging, upon which sailors of all nations and in all costumes busily twine their pliant forms, adding to her inanimate beauties an interesting display of wealth and commerce. The city is backed by hills, clothed with the most various and luxuriant vegetation; some are crowned by forts and covered with the brightest verdure, which Flora has enamelled with a lavish hand; others hang umbrageous woods or many-coloured thickets over their wild precipices. Upon the slopes of these hills, rising above each other in theatric pride and architectural magnificence, grand slashes of palace, convent, and church are nested in this beautiful bed of vegetable profusion.

On the other hand, the Italian mountains, which may be called the other bank of this azure river, display every imaginable charm to snatch his eyes from a successful rival. "Beautiful! thrice beautiful! incomparable Messina!" he exclaims. "Never did mine eyes behold, nor my imagination form, a scene whose laughing charms surpassed, or even equalled, thine."

After this he looks upon Lisbon, towering upon her hills, a vast mass of splendid structures. All is building; a house-seller's shop, a proud

and pompous city stretching her sceptre over the red waves of the hasty Tagus.

"Queen of the river with the golden waves," says the courteous traveller, "thy magnificent appearance excites my admiration. Permit me to tread upon thy spacious marts, to enter thy palaces, to contemplate and wonder at thy riches."

He pushes for the shore, where disappointment awaits him, conducts him over all parts of the city, serves him at dinner and prepares his bed, reconducts him to his ship, and with him ascends the side, from whence he will no longer delight in those beauties which he knows to be deceptive.

The streets of Lisbon are generally good, and many of them fine; there are no mean houses, and the greater part are handsome and uniform in height and size. There are but few squares, and those are not remarkable.

The quays are very fine, and some noble streets give upon them through magnificent gates, particularly the Rua Aurta, or Street of the Jewellers and Gold-workers. This street, quite straight, broad, and handsomely built, begins at the principal square and issues through a superb gate upon the quay, where a colossal equestrian statue gives it an imposing termination.

But the shops of this street, though abounding in precious stones and precious metal, are extremely mean and exactly alike, each containing a little

working equipage for the jeweller (at which he sits), and the window displays a few clumsy glazed boxes, in which his precious commodities are stored.

But as these shops, though mean, are the best, the buyer, being pressed for the want of a commodity, is obliged to hunt for it. The art of alluring money from the pocket of the passenger by a rich and astonishing display of merchandise which he does not want, carried to its height in London, seems in Lisbon to be totally unknown.

The private houses are, some of them, superbly built and richly furnished, but scarcely any of them are commodious, and there is nothing that can be called the environs of a capital.

A public garden, which, though sheltered and well kept, is small, formal, and uninteresting; and one theatre, which, though formerly supplied with the first Italian performers, would not be admired at a provincial town in England. The equipages, although of course diminished in number, absolutely surprise by their barbarity; a clumsy little body, seated upon two huge leathern straps, enormous wheels, and two noble mules, is the only thing to be seen in the shape of a carriage; and from the melancholy relics of the Court, which I had an opportunity of observing, I should doubt if it ever exhibited any elegance or splendour.

The streets are not only (even in this burning weather) covered with dry filth and squalid rags,

but are lined with naked beggars and disgusting cripples, who bare and often augment their deformities and afflictions to arouse the dormant compassion of the rich.

But however laughable, it is really dreadful to walk in these streets by night, for your foot slides about in soft things, and the whizzing over head and the splash! splash! splash! that assails your ears make you expect to be covered with refuse every moment, for the city is not lighted at all—a circumstance which must have been formerly as favourable to assassination as it is now to these nightly discharges.

If in the night it is to the last degree shocking to walk the streets of Lisbon, it is not very agreeable during the day. The inequality of the ground fatigues, the importunity of the beggars plagues, and the filth of the streets offends you, while nothing remarkable to the right or left diverts the peevishness of disgust or rewards the diligence of curiosity. There are no hotels, nor inns, at least that can serve a decent man.

I cannot leave Lisbon without noticing the Aqueduct, which is one of the most stupendous and striking structures I ever beheld. It stretches right across a deep valley, and without attempting to recollect its dimensions or to speak accurately on the subject, the impression it has left with me is that a First-rate, with royals and studding-sails set, could

pass through the principal arch without touching in any part. To stand under this arch is almost stupefying, and the gigantic size of the whole is well illustrated by some houses close to it.

Residence in Lisbon

April 1809.—As my stay is remembered with indifference, it was not marked by any high degree of satisfaction. Although I did not pretend to form a deliberate opinion upon the affairs of the Peninsula, yet my involuntary belief was that there would be no campaign.

I considered Sir John Moore's retreat as a lesson likely to teach caution to the British Government, and that they would not now venture to stake the flower of her army on the fate of Spain against the wishes of the nation, seeing that they could hardly answer for having done so when the popular voice was loud in their favour. I thought that unless the Spaniards themselves demonstrated that, in a military light, they could balance their enemies, and were capable in the line of operations of supporting their character as the main army, (which hitherto they had plainly shown they could not do), any further assistance of British troops would be firmly withheld.

The character of the Commander-in-Chief at that time confirmed me in this opinion respecting

the intentions of the Government. Because he was not a man of known military talents, and it was likely enough that, since the employment of General Whitelock, Sir Henry Dalrymple, and Sir Harry Burrard, the favourite principle with our latter statesmen—" that experience and reputation are not required in a fully instructed General "—had been abandoned.

As I considered the kingdom of Portugal incapable of defence, except by an army nearly equal to the offensive one, so I felt assured that when the crisis of its fate arrived, a British army that sought to protect it would " stand alone."

I was led to believe that so soon as a very superior French army should have leisure to move against Portugal, the British army would withdraw and resign her to a fate which it could not control.

As these ideas, however erroneous and indiscreet, possessed my mind, in spite of the warlike breathings of some that I conversed with, I could not help considering my return to England as neither improbable nor very remote, and instead, therefore, of bracing myself for the field, I considered how I might render the time I passed at Lisbon as agreeable as might be, in which pursuit I expected much assistance from some letters of recommendation of which I was the bearer.

The letters on which I most depended were

given me by a dear friend and relation to an Englishman of the first rank and consequence in Lisbon, who was invested with a delegated power, and supreme in his particular department, and as this personage had his family at Lisbon, an introduction to him had a very promising aspect.

My other letter, given me by a military acquaintance, was to an Austrian Chevalier, also a person of consequence in Lisbon, residing there with his family.

I could not in reason expect any great things from being the bearer of a letter from a person with whom I had no particular intimacy, and of which I was not the particular object, but only mentioned as being so good as to take charge of the letter. I carried both on the same day.

The Austrian Chevalier was laid up with the gout. I left the letter and a card.

The Englishman was also laid up with the gout. I left a letter for himself and another for his lady, and with each a card, and having thus arranged my lines I returned.

The next morning I received a note from the Austrian, contrived with the most engaging and elegant politeness, the substance of which was, that the Chevalier, sensible of the honour I had done him in bringing him a letter from his friend and mine, trusted that I would dispense with the ceremony of visiting, in favour of an invalid, and

allow him and his family to make an acquaintance from which they promised themselves great pleasure, and that, when he had made my acquaintance, he trusted he should be able to persuade me to give him the pleasure of my company as much as I could, and to be a frequent inmate in his house.

It was not long before I made a second visit, and though the Chevalier was still in bed, yet his daughters were so good as to receive me, and that in so agreeable and sincere a manner, accompanied by such an honest invitation from their father, that, very much pleased, I was resolved it should not be my fault if I did not reap the full advantages of such engaging conduct.

My story with respect to the Englishman is sooner told. The fate of my letters to him will perhaps never be known, as he took not the slightest notice of them or their carrier.

I was billeted in the house of an obliging Italian in the best street, where the Commander-in-Chief, the Engineer mess, and everything that it was desirable to be near to, were situated.

The mess was very bad, but the mates (as is almost always the case in the corps to which I have the pleasure to belong) were very good and entertaining. Burgos, Mortimer, and myself formed an indissoluble trio, from which union I cannot express the pride and pleasure I have

derived for several years, and which I hope will last me through life.

Besides Burgos and Mortimer were several interesting characters which I shall have occasion to notice as I go along, and among others was little Archer, a friend of my boyhood; Captain Notpat, whom I scarcely knew; and Captain Packman, convivial, festive, and good-natured to a great degree, and several younger men. Our Chief, a man of indisputable worth and bland manners, used also to honour us with his society.

I had not dined here many days before my little friend Archer took me into his room and desired me to carry his defiance to Captain Notpat, who had offended him beyond reparation.

Before I inquired into particulars I reviled my little friend for being too warlike in this particular, as it was not the first nor the second time that I had known him in similar circumstances. He defended himself as well as he could, declared himself averse to duelling, and said he should be very glad if the Captain would act so as to let the affair end peaceably.

Upon this I declared myself very ready to act in quality of mediator if the affair would admit of adjustment, and he would promise to be ruled by my advice, but, at the same time, I declared my unvarying resolution not to interfere if matters took a hostile turn.

Fully master then of my friend's story, and armed with full powers to treat, I knocked at the Captain's door. He was not gone to bed, and seemed preparing for a field-day.

He received me involuntarily as his adversary's second, and ceremoniously begged me to be seated.

My friend, I found, had stated the matter very fairly. The Captain had been provoked at table rather by a teasing manner than any tangible offence, and in revenge he had told my friend in broad terms that he asserted an untruth, and that he might consider the accusation in any light he pleased. Now, though the Captain is a man whose good qualities do sink his imperfections into insignificance, yet had he some certain simplicity or want of usage of the world unfitting his situation and line of life, and this laid him a little open to quizzing, a game at which my friend was not unskilled and much too apt; but fighting is not the way to oppose quizzing, and it appeared to me that in justice and fairness the Captain stood as the unprovoked assailant.

I represented with what force I could the melancholy consequences which might ensue, and which he must be sensible would be laid at his door. "You acknowledge," said I, "that you gave an insult which you knew could not be passed over, but which you were determined should stop the provoking manner which my friend had for some

time pointed at you? Is this the only way in which you can oppose the flippancy of a boy? You have given him an insult which obliges him to call you out, for unless you do away the insult, I will never advise him not to do what I would do myself; and have you turned over in your mind what may be the state of things to-morrow evening? The best that can happen to you, according to my opinion of your feelings, is to receive your adversary's bullet; and in that case have you reflected upon what grounds you think yourself entitled to close the days of your parents in misery, and to cast a lasting grief upon all your relations? Perhaps to-morrow evening that youth against whom you have no enmity, with whom you have lived in friendship, and whom you know to be worthy, will be stretched in the ghastliness of a violent death, and weltering in the blood which you have lightly shed. What will be your feelings on looking at such a spectacle, the entire work of your own hands? It will not be his fault, for if he submits to an insult he will be despised, and he had better die; but by sending me to you he has opened the door to atonement, and I expect the proof of your courage and magnanimity will be to make it with candour, than which nothing is more noble or more suitable to the character of a gentleman and a man of honour."

The Captain did my address the honour to open

his eyes, and saw that it would be infinitely better to avoid an action. He wrote a candid note, to which my friend returned a friendly answer.

I was thanked by both parties, and retired at 2 o'clock A.M., extremely satisfied with myself to have gained so important and very difficult a victory, for my dispute with the Captain was much longer than boots it to set down.

On the 4th April a fleet of transports, having on board six regiments under the orders of General Hill, entered the Tagus, which force was landed on the 5th, and incorporated with the army of Portugal, and on the 6th the regiments of which it was composed marched by different routes to join the respective brigades to which Sir J. Craddock's arrangements attached them.

The arrival of this force, and still more the rumoured appointment of Sir A. Wellesley to the command in Portugal, turned the train of my ideas; and soon after there followed the general cry of "Forward," and an intimation to us that we had better mount ourselves as fast as possible.

Whether this bold determination were caused by the Austrian War (which was no longer uncertain), and extended to the liberation of Spain, or whether it were supposed that Soult had put himself into a *cul-de-sac*, and the campaign had no further object than to destroy him, I could

not judge, because I was ignorant of the amount of the French force actually in Spain, and also ignorant of the nature and extent of the Spanish forces, with which in that country we must of necessity co-operate.

It was, however, pretty certain that knocks were toward, and so it behoved to provide myself with a thick doublet.

The rest of my residence in Lisbon, but a few days, was fully taken up in buying horses and in making travelling arrangements. I was so lucky as to get a wee mulette worth her weight in gold, and I called her Sukey.

When the French entered Oporto by storm, the most important capture they made was two British officers of engineers, Captain Goldfinch and Lieutenant Thompson (a boy). Now Captain Goldfinch left at Lisbon in charge of Captain Packman a fine red-brown stallion, a horse fiery in his gait, gentle in his curvets, soft in his manage, swift in his courses, and no mauler of leather. Thirty pounds was the price that had been paid for him, at which sum he was offered to me, upon condition that in case of the owner's return it should be at his option to reclaim him. I snatched at this offer, for the horse if sold outright would have fetched half as much more. So far, so well, my charger and my baggager were excellent. I now only wanted a second charger, and the devil

and Burgos advised me to buy an English mare that was worn to the bones, but might be got into condition and be worth double what was asked.

This was downright gambling, and I lost, as will appear in the sequel.

In the arrangements made by the chief engineer, Burgos and myself were attached to the right column, consisting of a brigade of Guards under General Harry Campbell, and a brigade of Infantry under General A. Campbell, who in the absence of General Sherbrooke commanded the column.

Now General Sherbrooke and General H. Campbell were Nottinghamshire friends, and therefore the Guards were likely to be forward; this, added to the society of Burgos as a campaigning chum, was the very arrangement for which I was disposed to intrigue. It had, however, taken place in consequence of changes in the distribution of the army, for Burgos had gone to another division under a former plan two days ago, but was now to receive orders to join me as soon as possible. Captain Notpat received sudden orders to go to Abrantes in pursuance of an application from the Marshal Beresford. Captain Packman was to move with the Chief, as well as my friend Mortimer, which, with a few others, formed the party *du génie* moving with headquarters.

Now my servant's name was Louis, and he was

an Italian. Louis, when I picked him up, looked like a very decayed gentleman, his clothes having the cut gentle, but the thread bare, the assortment incongruous, and the articles ill-adapted to his shape. His Hessian boots came above his knees, and were partly obscured by the eaves of his nankeen pantaloons, that had been washed so often as would perhaps have made a Blackamoor white. The warp and the woof of a blue spotted waistcoat were disunited in the pockets and buttons, and his coat was made for a much larger man. His hat was broken in that part of the brim which meets the hand in salutations. His hair was sandy, lanky, long, and dishevelled. On a dirty shirt was displayed a large brooch, the *gage d'amour* of some sentimental lass, for he had that sleek, effeminate, sodden, yet bearded visage often thought handsome in pictures by means of regular features, and known to be taking in reality among some of the opposite sex. He was about thirty, had a sepulchral voice, and seemed to have destroyed his constitution; yet was he a wit and an accomplished beau in his own circle, and very probably styled "the charming Louis."

He got me my milk and eggs of a morning very carefully, but I saw that he was no Bernardo. When I consulted Louis on the line of march, he informed me with much respect that he was unable to walk from infirmity, and seeing me

embarrassed about my mare's sore back, he was so active and obliging as to seek out one who was willing to make a swap with me.

The beast offered in exchange was so rippish that I rejected him, and endeavoured to patch the matter by hiring a beast for Louis the next day, which was to be his care, and so all things were arranged for my departure.

I had taken leave of the Austrian Chevalier, and performed all due and accustomed rights, nor had I any regret at the thoughts of quitting this celebrated city. I write letters home.

LISBON, *Sunday*, *April* 9.

MY DEAREST MAMSEY—We have a report here that Sir Arthur Wellesley is at hand. I have no expectation of any actual service against the French, for their force in this part of the world is so superior to ours (and will, I am convinced, continue so) that I have no doubt of our quitting the country as soon as they turn their attention to us.

But if unexpectedly they should, mistaking our force, or too confident, advance towards us with an equal front, we shall drub them well.

When I come to you again, which I guess will be before winter, I shall stay a long, long time. I have been obliged to lay out an immense sum on horses, which are immoderately dear.

I have managed so, however, as that I shall not lose much, in case of being obliged to leave them behind. Ask Louisa if she would like the prettiest little mulette that ever was?

You must not expect long letters, for I am very busy. And when one's mind is called aside by fifty things at once, one cannot write a gossipy letter.

I have sent B. twenty pages about Spain, and he will send it to you, if you desire. It will complete my journal.

I wrote to General Stewart as soon as I got here, and have a very kind communicative letter from him in return. He is at no great distance, and I think we may meet ere long.

General Sherbrooke, too, I have seen, who appears remarkably well.

I expect to quit Lisbon in a day or two.

Give my immense love to dear old Dad, etc., etc.—
—Yours, my dearest Mamsey, CHARLES.

DEPARTURE FROM LISBON

April 16, 1809.—About the middle of the month of April I left the capital of Portugal. I was to bear-lead a party of artificers and some mules laden with intrenching tools, and among other *désagréments* Mr. Louis came to me already thoroughly exhausted, and could not for love nor money procure a beast.

"Then walk," said I.

"Pardon me," said he, "'tis wholly out of my power."

"Then stay behind," returned I, chafed at his little control over difficulties.

"'Tis what I shall be reduced to," answered he, with a fallen air, "if my master cannot mount me."

"My good fellow," then said I in another tone, "bring me the villain who offered me that misery in exchange for the mare."

He immediately went off, and soon returned.

I was busied with other matters. I was predetermined on the exchange, which was instantly concluded, and gave the order for the march.

My charger bounded under me with a most curveted agility, which, added to a very martial neigh, would have made me as proud as Marshal Ney[1] himself had it not been that the spectacle of my other nag much dashed and diluted the spirit of my exultation. As for Louis he will certainly go to the devil, for there was not somehow room enough on his back whereon to strap my writing-case, for though it was made on purpose for a man's back, Louis had hung it round his neck, and resembled a Jack that had stolen the locket of a giantess. This embarrassed and bruised his arms, which were both employed to tug at the first bridle he had ever laid hands upon, so that the jade, finding no encouragement to violate her own inclination, would go head foremost into a doorway, the upper part of which she found open, and being buffeted away by the indignant housewife, she would swiftly

[1] Said to be the proudest man in France.

wheel round, to the infinite terror of Louis, and do the same thing by some other door on the opposite side of the street.

Waiting as I was, to see what sort of a figure my valet cut as he went along, and being confounded at the melancholy state of things—my writing-case banging his breast, and the studied awkwardness which he added to the villainy of the beast—I felt there was but one way to save myself from committing some egregious extravagance. So after assailing him with a deal of bad language and worse Italian, I galloped away, and giving a charge respecting the Italian to my good tall sergeant, resolved never to bestow on him another thought, and, very happy to have escaped, I walked my horse along the banks of the Tagus, giving full range to that cheery meditation inspired by youth and fine weather.

Country between Lisbon, Villa Franca, and the Tagus

April 1809.—None of the roads leading into the town of Lisbon announce one's approach to a great capital. They are universally paved, the sides of the road overhung with vines and trees, with awkward country houses, and now and then a tasteless palace.

The road from Cintra to Lisbon by Ociras is

the best furnished, and more diversified by the contrivances of wealth than any by which I have approached that metropolis.

By the right bank of the Tagus to Santarem nothing is at all interesting until Sacavem. The banks of the Tagus are very tame here as to scenery, and at Sacavem, or a little above it, fenny islands of considerable breadth divide the river into two main streams, which begin about thirteen leagues from the mouth of the Tagus, and end about seven leagues.

I have never had any opportunity of examining the localities of this part of the river, but its banks are not formidable.

But to return to my ride on the road to Villa Franca, at which place I arrived in the afternoon.

The Juez de Fuéro happened to be reviewing his lands bordering the Tagus, and was up to his ears in vegetation. I sent to him, but in vain. He walked from one field to another very composedly, discussing the produce with some other land-learned man, and as my patience began to exhaust, Colonel Perponcher arrived on a very fine black horse.

The Colonel is a Dutchman who had long served the British, and when I first knew him commanded in the island of Gozo, in which were no other troops than a battalion of Dillon's, which (when we met at Villa Franca) was still in the

Mediterranean, whither he intended to proceed to resume the command.

"Well," said I, "how do you get on, Colonel, with your brigade?"

"Wat brigaade? Wo tol you I av a brigaade?"

"I was told that you were appointed to the command of two battalions of Portuguese."

"Well, if I was? You call two battalions brigaade? Pretty brigaade! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, some of our Brigadiers have no more than two regiments under them. What do you call a brigade?"

"Ah, that is de very thing, by ——, with you. A General is nothing, because you av General for all the two regiments. Why, in the Austrian service! Ha! ha! Brigaade! You call that a brigaade?"

It was only now and then that the Colonel committed a little agreeable foreignness in speaking English; and as I knew him to be a gentlemanlike, well-informed man, and believed him to be an officer of great merit, I was not discouraged by his crustiness, the cause of which I determined to find out; and therefore letting the matter drop, I told him that if, as I supposed, he wanted the Juez de Fuéro, he must go to the river for him, as I had endeavoured to fish him out in vain.

"What," said I, turning to his servant, "why don't Sr. Juez come? Is he a Frenchman?"

Here Colonel Perponcher interrupted me with some warmth, and advised me to be more prudent. "These sort of things," said he wisely, "won't do with them, for —— sake take care; you don't know what you may do."

I could no longer forbear laughing at the subtlety of his ill-humour, which vented itself in this manner under the appearance of *sagesse*, for he had too much discrimination not to perceive that my question was calculated to spur the judge to show by his alacrity in assisting Englishmen that he was not a Frenchman, the very name of which was plague, pestilence, and famine to a Portuguese. The Colonel, seeing that I really could not help laughing, began to smile himself, and proposed that we should lodge together, to which I readily assented. The Juez, having returned up to the breech in wholesome soil, gave us the billet we desired. On leaving him I observed that my charger was dead lame.

The death of a first cousin would in numerous instances be less distressing than the lameness of one's best horse at the moment that his services are indispensable. We were conducted to a large house with fine stables, the groom of which knew perfectly well what ailed my horse, recommended fomentation of hot wine mixed with hog's lard, honey, and cow dung, and assured me it would be of no consequence.

I eagerly believed what he said, because if I had not I should have been unhappy all the evening, and if the fellow lied, to-morrow morning would be time enough to grieve. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Our host was a wealthy Portuguese, and had some guests of his own nation already in his house, an elderly man with his son, a youth of sixteen, very tall, good-looking, and intelligent, also, what is extremely rare for a Portuguese, speaking French very well.

The master of the house offered us some biscuit and wine, which we declined. He then asked what we would take. "Some dinner," we replied. "Aye," said he, "but that can't be ready till night. Won't you take something first—a bit of water melon or some oranges?"

The idea of fooling away a lusty appetite upon marshmallows was equally repugnant to the habits of us both, and so we determined to wait, although I was perfectly up to the management of our host, which was by pulling his own ten o'clock supper a little way back towards nine, and giving our five o'clock dinner a most unfeeling stretch towards the same point to make both ends meet and unite in one meal. As I had been in this predicament some fifty or sixty times before, I summoned my patience and a natural capability I have for fasting, while the Colonel saw it grow dark with a mixture of surprise, hunger, and impatience. Poor Louis,

who really believed that it was impossible for him to walk six tedious leagues, or twenty-four miles, arrived completely done, for he had not only surpassed his imagined powers, but had been obliged to bear his part in dragging and heaving that wretched animal that was to have carried him. I found I had been taken in, and determined to make the best of it, and with actual labour the beast was pushed into the stable, where it fell to at the manger with a beastly voracity.

One cause I found of Colonel Perponcher's chagrin was the absence of snuff, and this I was fortunately able to supply, having a large box of Prince's Mixture in my pocket.

We sat together some time talking of the Mediterranean, and of his brother, whom I had met at Göthenburg, and at last he discovered the main cause of his vexation and return to Lisbon nearly as follows:—"You must understand that in volunteering my services with the Portuguese army, and in determining to meet the very numerous and noisome vexations to which the situation exposed me (implicating my character with the conduct of raw recruits of strange nations and striving to reclaim and organise a mutinous rabble), it is natural to suppose that however well I might wish the righteous cause in which we are assisting these swarths, yet that I should look also for some personal advantage as

the attendant of success." And it was, I suppose, "just this personal advantage" which now seemed more than ever doubtful as time went on.

May 14, 1809.—I heard this morning that Sir Arthur Wellesley has had an action with the enemy.

I was differently and very disagreeably employed, as I went up to Lamego with a British brigade, which was to countenance Beresford and his myrmidons. The enemy came before Lamego, intending, I suppose, to sack and destroy, but finding troops there, they retired. The country is exceedingly strong, and I hoped they would not defend it. It was not my wish to see the Portuguese in action. Let who will take the credit of serving with them, I will not. Accordingly I was very glad to find that the enemy had no intention to dispute the country, either having heard that Soult had been beat, or intending to reinforce him.

Having passed the Douro without halting at Lamego, we stopped at Peizo, and marched the next morning to Amarante.

When about two leagues from our destination it began to rain heavily as if to prepare us for the gloomy, wretched scene that awaited us.

We were thoroughly wet through (I having no baggage) when the beauteous Amarante burst upon our view, the fine-looking houses promising a comfortable rest. What was our aggravated

disgust at finding that everything was sacked, burnt, and murdered, not a single house but was completely reduced to its shell wall. Here the venerable master of a mansion lay stretched on his back amid the black ruins of his peaceful habitation, and a ghastly wound disfigured his neck. . . . It was a horrid spectacle!! But I will not go on with the picture, it exceeds description, and swells one's hatred to these ruthless and wanton destroyers.

This place, garrisoned by Portuguese troops under Sylvesan, resisted for two days the French under Loison, (the plague of Portugal), and so this inhuman monster thus revenged himself.

ABRANTES, *June* 18, 1809.

MY LOUISA—I heard that there had been blows, and wrote to tell you I was out of harm's way.

Nothing can be finer than the passage of the Douro, which in his despatches Sir A. Wellesley makes too little of; in short, it is plain he cannot write, for he did the same at Vimiera. However, he is dashing and able, and if a fair game lies before him, he will not, I hope, be able to cover the fame of his victories by clumsy relations. . . .

Captain Goldfinch of the Engineers, with a fine little Scotch boy (a lieutenant), fell with Oporto into the hands of the French, and made their escape in the late bustle. The respect (they say) which all French who were at Corunna bear to the memory of Moore, and to the English in general, is quite gratifying.

They recite a dispute between a French officer and

several others, the former maintaining that the English were victorious, the others, not.

Our advocate read General Hope's letter,[1] asking at every sentence, "N'est-il pas vrai? N'est-il pas bien dit?" etc., etc., and when he came to the simile of General Wolfe's death he made a very elegant admiration of it.

I was attached to the brigade of General Tilson, who is my friend, and it was with the Portuguese army. We went to Chaves, and penetrated into Galicia. I took the place of an officer who fell ill, otherwise I belong to the brigade of Guards under Harry Campbell, whom I like greatly.

In addition to my mortification at being out of the way, the first notification I had of General Paget's arrival was accompanied by the news of his having lost a limb, my sorrow for which wholly defeated any attempt to rejoice at our successes. People who did not know him talked a vast deal about the manner in which he bore his sufferings. I say nothing of it, because I know him to be perfect, and know upon what he leans. . . . It is a comfort to learn that the loss is not likely to affect his constitution, as he is said to recover wonderfully fast.

Devil a bit of nobleness have I about me, my dear Lou. I cannot bear this infernal war, that has killed Moore and maimed Paget, disputing about a country that—— But I won't talk politics. If Austria, though beaten and overrun, can entertain Buonaparte for a season, perhaps Wellesley may do something for the Spaniards.

The French fight us very ill, whether from a want of hatred or courage. If what had happened to Soult had happened to an English general, he would have been disgraced for ever, for he was shamefully surprised.

[1] See Appendix.

But England, although she has every right to expect worse generals than France, is much more rigid with them in articles of skill and judgment; for if she can by any means attribute a disaster to the error of a general, she is not only savage but sanguinary. And this makes very good generals and very brave men so vastly afraid of responsibility, that when they assume command they appear cowardly and indecisive. . . .

Don't let there be a shade of melancholy in your letters; it disquiets me vastly. Why should you be melancholy? God is very good to us, and we must not pine if we are not always all together as if in heaven. Therefore write very comically about friends and home. . . .

Eternal blessings crown my darling Lou, and guardian angels hover over her. CHARLES.

CORIA, *July* 8, 1809.

It is quite a relief, dearest Lou, to be transferred from the filthy styes of the Portuguese to the clean houses of the Spaniards. And as I am shaking off the dust contracted in Portugal, so I am scraping my tongue of those odious inarticulate sounds which compose their language, and gargling vinegar that my throat may be capable of touching with the true Castilian burr the energetic language of Spain.

Alas! I have lost one of my first comforts, a new blue, patent, silver-mounted, morocco writing-case; all my letter-paper, pens, ink, letters, secrets, verses, etc., etc.; also dear Lady N——'s series of useless boxes—all lost by the rascal Pedro, Bernardo's opposite in everything. The devil take it, though I have lost it a week ago, I cannot recover my temper.

Hitherto I pass my time very pleasantly. I have got a fine young engineer to take care of, whom I row, all the time that he does not sleep, about his vanity; not but that I acknowledge myself to be as vain as he, but that I defy him to have found it out, unless I had told him of it. He is coming into very fine order.

Poor Harry Campbell has been some time unwell, but I hope he is now throwing it off.

General Sherbrooke, to whose division I belong, makes it very pleasant to me. I dine with him mostly, and like him vastly. I think of him very highly as a general. He thinks of Sir John Moore just as I do.

To-morrow we go to Plaçentia, which is much larger than this very pretty town.

Here there is an old castle and walls inhabited by cranes, which interest me very much, perching on the house-tops and church steeples, and cowering over the town.

That fellow there, I at first thought was standing upon the stalk of a weather-cock, but I found by a spy-glass that they were his own long legs, with his great feet happy upon the stone ball.

The air seems fresher here than in Portugal. Sweet F. E. wrote me such a dear note in Mamsey's letter. I wonder how she could contrive to make it so pleasant and yet so proper. For me, I could do no such thing. Were I to write to her warm, kind, affectionate words, my heart would dictate fluently enough, but I am sure they would not pass the school of decorum.

The mistress would say, "You must scratch out there 'dearest F.' Lop away this 'love' and that 'love'"; and so word by word I should see my poor letter robbed of all its graces, looking like a tobacconist's with "Humble servant to command" at the bottom.

What if I should not fill this sheet! It is very big, and I have to give my letter to General Sherbrooke in a quarter of an hour, and you see I write very close.

My poor chum has just lost a horse, which, though I put on outward signs of condolence, I am not sorry for. As to being bridled, he never could think of such a thing. He would always go when he liked it, and where also. He would look very stupid, to entice the unwary behind him; and then, with both feet and all his might, lunge out, as much as to say, "D—— thee, I have thee now." In the same manner he would most innocently pretend to come and rub his head upon you in a dawdling, sleepy sort of way, and then get your leg or arm in his jaws and try as hard as he could to crack it. For these and many other pretty accomplishments

His master loved him dearly,
And mourns him now sincerely,
While I say, "Poor thing" merely,
But feel at heart quite cheerly.
We'll go as fast, or nearly,
Without, as with him, clearly.

Now to take my leave, and remain, as ever, your

CHARLES.

CASTEL BRANCO, *July* 1809.

I received dear Mamsey's letter, by which my mind was relieved respecting her anxiety.

The moment I heard there was fighting I wrote, but feared you would not get my letter in time enough to be spared that cruel suspense.

It will at least be some time before you need begin to think of being anxious again.

The French, it is understood, are retiring very fast, and will probably not dispute anything south of the Ebro. A long march is before us . . . we only know as far as Placentia. I miss my poor Bernardo very much, and would give anything to meet with him again, which I think I may do, if we go towards Madrid.

This fine battle of the Danube has cheered us again, perhaps ere you receive this you will know how fallaciously; but I will hope that you are in possession of recent victories for which we are yet to Huzza![1]

[1] The continuation of the Journals of Captain Charles Boothby will be found in *A Prisoner of France*, already published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

APPENDIX

Between St. Eufemia and Monte Leone,
July 6, 1806.

My dearest Father—In the first place I give you joy of a most complete victory gained by a body of English troops over a French force very superior in number, another proof that the extraordinary bravery of our countrymen is not solely to be attributed to salt provisions and sea air. This army had been reviled as fugitive in consequence of the wise retreat of Sir J. Craig from Naples.

General Regnier, the old calumniator of British troops, had threatened a speedy invasion of Sicily.

It was generally believed that the Calabrians, a ferocious race, held the French in abhorrence, and Sir J. Stuart's plan, as far as I have been able to make out, was to raise the country—arm it—and then give the people a lesson in the art of war by beating the French. It was presumed that the effect of this would be to render the country uninhabitable to the French, and finally to deliver the territory from the general scourge of continental tranquillity.

Sir John left Messina on the night of the 30th of June, in pursuance of his object, which was then unknown.

At about midnight of the 1st of July the transports

were collected in the Bay of St. Eufemia. Orders were then given for the landing at two o'clock. It was not expected that there was any enemy at hand, but upon the Light Infantry running forward, a firing commenced, which continued in bush-fighting the greater part of the morning, the enemy consisting of about three hundred Poles, scattered about in a very thick brushwood, they retiring and the Light Infantry pursuing. . . . They ran at the enemy like lions, and the event of the day was—about twenty of the enemy wounded (some badly), two officers, and about one hundred prisoners.

We had only one man wounded.

The army then took a position, one flank upon the town of Nicastro, and the other below the village of Eufemia. Until the 2nd, the reports concerning the enemy were various. . . . On the 2nd the enemy was discovered on the heights above the plain of Maida. He exhibited lights at night, and it was reported that he intended battle. In the course of the next day some information was obtained, and the enemy then was supposed to consist of between two and three thousand men. On the night of the 3rd the order of march was given to commence at two o'clock.

The enemy still continuing his lights, some time after daylight it was suspected that he had withdrawn. His position, however, was at right angles with the beach, and so far from it as to admit of operations on his left flank, which was weak from the nature of the ground. This the enemy could not avoid, from our being masters of the water, upon which was Sir Sidney Smith with a line-of-battle ship and three frigates. The British marched with their flanks in line and centre in column, the right flank on the sea, the left exposed, so that in the approach the

corresponding flank of each force was exposed to the operations of the other. The Frenchman, seeing his left threatened, changed his position with admirable order, and formed on the Englishman's left, on which the French cavalry charged. The 20th regiment, having just landed, immediately advanced in support of this flank to meet the cavalry with fixed bayonets, which forced them to retire, the Artillery playing upon their retreat. The French Light Infantry now charged ours, which advanced to meet it. The two regiments were point to point, when at this anxious moment the enemy to a man fled in the utmost confusion, we pursuing. The slaughter of this regiment was dreadful. Other regiments now charged and volleyed, as is usual in battles, and, as I hope will always be the case, the victory fell on us, the enemy flying with the utmost precipitation, and we having no cavalry, he escaped. The slaughter on the side of the French was immense and almost incredible when compared to ours. In killed, wounded, and taken, it has been estimated at 3000, while ours exactly amounts to so many hundreds. If I were a Frenchman I would tell you what I think of the British troops, but the modesty of an Englishman imposes silence when the merits of his countrymen are the subject. Fighting appears their delight, and they seek the enemy with the ardour of sportsmen; let him, however, drop his arms, and he is safe; let him be wounded, he is pitied and assisted—in short, upon my honour, I think the lion and the lamb are here most strikingly united.

I could recite several interesting anecdotes, such as battles generally give rise to, but I am much hurried. We only lost one officer and forty men killed. The officer's servant had one leg shattered and the other badly wounded, yet his own misery he did not think of. "But

my poor master was killed," said he. "I hope, however, the day was ours. Well, then, I die content." "Here" (said a Highlander) "is this —— brute that has been firing at me and wounded me in so many places." "Water! water!" cried the wretch. The Highlander revenged himself immediately with his canteen!

A general officer was among the prisoners, severely wounded, and the Commander-in-Chief was also severely wounded. The French force, from returns taken, is considered to have amounted to upwards of 7,000; ours was 4,500, so that considering the vast superiority and other circumstances in favour of the enemy, the victory was as brilliant as one could wish. . . . An extraordinary coincidence with respect to the armies was observed. General Sir J. Stuart was opposed to General Regnier, a man of acknowledged military eminence, who had called Sir John *a man of no talents*. The two Light Infantries were immediately opposed, as were two regiments of Watteville in the different services. Our Highland Regiment was opposed to their 42nd (to cover embarkation), our 31st to theirs.

After having advanced some miles after the enemy our army marched back to the position it had left in the morning. The action began at half-past eight and the firing ceased at 11 on the 4th of July. On the 5th the army marched to this place near the sea, and about a mile from the field of battle.

I am now sitting on the ground sheltered by a round tent. . . . I write this on my hat. Adieu, my dearest father.—Your ever affectionate and dutiful son,

C. Boothby.

July 6, 1806.

Monte Leone, *July* 11, 1806.

My ever dearest Mother— . . . The day after I wrote you an account of the battle we advanced some miles beyond the field towards the Adriatic, just under the town of Maida. The enemy had retired to Catanzaro, and it was generally expected that we should seek another battle before he could reinforce himself. It was judged, however, that the coming up with him was precarious, and the advantage of the chance of beating him still more—not adequate to the inconvenience of harassing the victors this burning weather, which reasoning was probably strengthened by the risk of any junction having been formed between two parties of the enemy's force. No prejudgment would have given victory to five thousand men against eight, supposed to be the best troops in the world, fully prepared for the enterprise against them, having all the local advantages and local knowledge, commanded by a General of the greatest reputation, and particularly for manœuvring skill.

Our General went into the field under the idea that the force he was to attack was between two and three thousand men.

The fatal error of the French General was that, obstinately blind to experience, he despised his enemy—an enemy which the battles of Egypt should have taught him to consider at least equal to himself. He had suffered prejudice to mislead him until his slaughtered and flying troops and the severe personal wound forced open his eyes; but he opened them too late. In defiance of the general principle to avoid an invading enemy until you have involved him in a country of which he is ignorant, and from your own knowledge are certain to

destroy him, General Regnier descended from the advantages of his position to fight front to front in the plain.

With the battle of the 21st of March before his eyes, he tells his troops that those very Egyptian regiments cannot stand the bayonet. The deluded Frenchmen charge with confidence, and, expecting to pursue hares, are met by lions.

The same error which has been so fatal to so many Generals was fatal to Menon, and was deservedly still more fatal to Regnier ; for Menon could not know us, and Regnier would not.

But I stray from the point.

After staying a day under Maida the troops marched to Monte Leone, and there the General missed his baggage, which did not turn up until yesterday, when the General's cook gave a very good account of himself. The inhabitants of the country were to be deceived as to the intentions of the retrograde movement, and consequently what conversation could be gleaned from the General's table tended to an advance to Catanzaro. The troops marched backwards at two in the morning, but the baggage, with a guard of thirty men, not being properly attended to, was not quite so alert, but marched about an hour later towards the enemy, whose outposts (taking this little force for our advanced guard) retired and gave intelligence of the approach of the English army, which, corresponding with the report of our intentions, the enemy left Catanzaro to thirty men commanded by a cook, and retreated with precipitation to the borders of the Adriatic. The quick cook, smelling the rat, squeezed himself into the General's coat and personated the General, until, finding himself neither attacked by

the French nor joined by the English, he could retire without disgrace and seek the true situation of his allies.

The design of the march through Calabria was to seize the enemy's garrisons and stores all the way to Reggio, which is just opposite Messina. This has already been done, as Reggio has been taken by a party from Messina, so that we now expect to embark from Pizzo, which lies just before this place. But *nothing you know is certain.*

In taking possession of the stores we have seen innumerable papers. One letter from Regnier[1] says, "When I have been with the English I shall come to you. They are only 12,000. I shall very soon finish with them." Somewhere else he says he will take good care that we shall not reach our shipping again. Indeed everything betrays a most ridiculous confidence, arising not only from the consciousness of great merit (which was just), but from a most unreasonable contempt of an enemy which had before shown itself superior. Every prisoner whom I have heard speak upon the subject acknowledges to have been deceived, and condemns the order to charge an unbroken regiment. The French soldiers are generally remarkably fine men.

My dearest mother, I have not written you a very proper letter for a lady, but to make it a little more acceptable it assures you of my perfect health and spirits and constant love and affection to all of you. Adieu, my dearest mother.—Your most affectionate and devoted son, C. B.

[1] Written to a French General at Reggio.

1808

Expedition to Sweden

Two Letters to Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart., from Captain Charles Boothby [1]

Quite private. Don't speak of this.

July 1, 1808.

My dear Uncle—We are certainly bound for England. Sir John Moore was made prisoner at Stockholm, and escaped in disguise, having, I suppose, been previously provided with couriers' passes, etc.

I am now going on board the *Victory* to ask Sir John if there will be any objection to your going in this ship, and as no objection can be made, you had better, if it suits you, put yourself afloat as soon as possible, as we shall sail to-morrow.

If you think of any comforts for yourself on the voyage, procure them. We have no tea.

God bless you.

You may as well make use of the boat that brought Jack, bringing him also with you. C. B.

To Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart.,
Seagerlind's Hotel.

2nd July 1808.

My dear Uncle—The information I sent you yesterday was from the Fountain head, and is indeed perfectly true.

[1] Written off the coast of Sweden.

The General found himself, by his instructions, obliged to return to England, but the King wished him to wait for despatches from England. This the General declined, upon which he received a message in the night not to leave Stockholm without the King's consent.

Sir John sent a messenger to embark the army and horses immediately, and then remonstrated through the minister. No attention was paid, until a second remonstrance was made, when the prohibition was repeated.

Sir John then made his escape in his travelling dress. The Secretary of Legation drove him beyond the first stage in his curricle, and a messenger was despatched by Mr. Thornton with orders to take him up on the road. This is incredible, but *certainly* true.

I went on board the *Victory* yesterday. Sir J. M. was very kind, and went himself to the Admiral to get an order for your coming on board this ship (which I carried through its several stages), and she is prepared to receive you, and Mr. Christer will describe her accommodations. If you come you will be sorry to learn that I am not going straight to England, being ordered on board the *Superb*, at the request of Admiral Keats, to *reconnoitre* the little Isle of Sproe in the Belt, after which I shall be sent to England by the first ship of war that goes. Pray, if I do not see you this evening (for I shall not go on board the *Admiral* till to-morrow), communicate this to Edwinstowe. It is an excursion which I am delighted to make, because it is creditable, useful, and agreeable. I hope to see you here this evening. In the meantime believe me ever most affectionately yours, C. B.

Your fellow passengers are very pleasant young men —quite young.

Major Cockburn, the General's secretary, arrived

to-day. He reports that on Wednesday the King did not know of Sir John's departure, which took place on Monday. When his Majesty does discover it, he will not unlikely take some very strong, furious measures. Therefore pray do not delay getting off.

1809

CORUNNA

Before reading the official despatches on the battle of Corunna it is important to have some idea of the plan adopted by the enemy, and it is with the greatest interest we read that,[1] "When Buonaparte received intelligence that the British were moving to the Duero," he said, 'Moore is the only General now fit to contend with me; I shall advance against him in person.'

"Orders were then sent to the Duke of Dalmatia to give way, if attacked, and to decoy the British to Burgos, or as far eastward as possible, and at the same time to push on a corps towards Leon, on their left flank. And should they attempt to retreat, he was ordered to impede this by every means in his power. The corps on the road to Badajoz was stopt, and ordered to proceed towards Salamanca, while he himself moved rapidly with all disposable force to Madrid, and the Escurial, directly to Benaventa. Neither Buonaparte nor any of his Generals had the least doubt of surrounding the British with between 60 and 70,000 men before they could reach Galicia.

[1] Extract from the *Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain Commanded by His Excellency General Sir John Moore, K.B.*, etc., etc., etc. By James Moore, Esq. Published 1809.

"Sir John Moore, as appears both by his letters and his conduct, saw clearly the whole of this plan; he had prepared for the danger, calculated the time, and has acquired the glory of being *the first General who has frustrated Buonaparte.*"

LETTER from Lieut.-Gen. Sir DAVID BAIRD to Lord Viscount CASTLEREAGH, Secretary of State.

London Gazette Extraordinary

DOWNING STREET, *January* 24, 1809.

The Honourable Captain Hope arrived late last night with a Despatch from Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, of which the following is a copy:—

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "VILLE DE PARIS,"
AT SEA, *January* 18, 1809.

MY LORD—By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the Enemy on the 16th instant, it has become my duty to acquaint your Lordship that the French[1] army attacked the British[2] troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

A severe wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your Lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested, to

[1] French army over 20,000. [2] British army about 15,000.

the enclosed report of Lieutenant-General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions in direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of His Majesty's troops is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the Enemy at every point of attack.

The honourable Captain Gordon, my Aide-de-Camp, will have the honour of delivering this despatch, and will be able to give your Lordship any further information which may be required.—I have the honour to be, etc.,

D. Baird, Lieut.-Gen.

Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh.

Letter from Lieut.-Gen. Hope to Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Baird, containing the report after the battle of Corunna, 16th January 1809.

His Majesty's Ship "Audacious,"
Off Corunna, *January* 18, 1809.

Sir—In compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant.

It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day the Enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at that extremity of the strong

and commanding position which on the morning of the 15th he had taken in our immediate front.

This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the Enemy was met by the Commander of the Forces, and by yourself, at the head of the 42d regiment and the brigade under Major-General Lord William Bentinck.

The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest. I lament to say that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but by the most determined bravery not only repelled every attempt of the Enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged.

The Enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement which was made by Major-General Paget, with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army, by a vigorous attack defeated this intention. The Major-General, having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and 1st battalion 52nd regiments, drove the Enemy before him; and in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the Enemy's position. This circumstance, with the posi-

tion of Lieutenant-General Fraser's division (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line), induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter.

They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major-General Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders. Upon the left, the Enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our piquets, which, however, in general maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line.

From this post, however, he was soon expelled, with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2nd battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls. Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the Enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing ceased. The different brigades were reassembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the piquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an Enemy, who, from his numbers and

the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous determination of the late Commander of the Forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th for the purpose of embarkation, the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were in fact far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked, having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The piquets remained at their posts until five on the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

By the unremitted exertions of Captains the Honourable H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serret, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie of the Royal Navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral de Courcy, were entrusted with the service of embarking the army, and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major-Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before daylight.

The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was

alternately to form our rearguard, occupied the land front of the town of Corunna ; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town.

The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But, notwithstanding this circumstance and the manifold defects of the place, there being no apprehension that the rearguard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon, Major-General Beresford, with that zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish Governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope, that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best Soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harassing service. The superior numbers and advantageous position of the Enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our Country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amidst many

disadvantageous circumstances. The army, which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Duero afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people also afforded the Enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain.

You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued.

These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect. When every one that had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me, in making this report, to select particular instances for your approbation.

The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under Major-Generals Lord William Bentinck and Manningham and Leith, and the brigade of Guards under Major-General Warde.

To these officers, and the troops under their immediate orders, the greatest praise is due.

Major-General Hill and Colonel Catlin Crauford, with their brigades on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42nd, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of Guards, and the 26th regiment.

From Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quartermaster-General, and the Officers of the General Staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret, that the illness of Brigadier-General Clinton, Adjutant-General, deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to Brigadier-General Slade during the action, for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked.

The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under way, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate, I should say, that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from seven to eight hundred ; that of the Enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above number. We have some prisoners, but I have not been able to obtain an account of the number ; it is not, however, considerable. Several Officers of rank have fallen or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, 92nd regiment, Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed ; Lieutenant-

Colonel Winch, 4th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, 26th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Fane, 59th regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Griffith, Guards, Majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded.

To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his Country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the consolation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the Enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British Soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his Country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory; like Wolfe also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that Country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

It remains for me only to express my hope, that you will speedily be restored to the service of your Country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.—I have the honour to be, etc.,

JOHN HOPE, Lieut.-Gen.

To Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird, etc., etc., etc.

Last Orders given to the Army of Spain by the Great General, Sir John Moore, K.B.

Headquarters, Coruña,
January 16, 1809.

G. O.—The Commander of the Forces directs that commanding officers of regiments will as soon as possible after they embark make themselves acquainted with what ships the men of their regiments are embarked, both sick and convalescents, and that they will make out the most correct states of their respective corps; that they will state the number of sick present, also those left at different places, and mention at the back of the return where the men returned on command are employed.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint Lt.-Col. Douglas to be Assist. Qr.-Mr.-General. Appt. to bear date 5th Decr. 1808.

Hon. Capt. James Stanhope, 1st Guards, is appointed extra Aide-de-Camp to the C. of the Forces.

John Moore.

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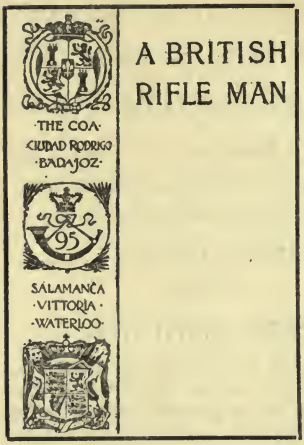

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